We this week present to our friends and the public, the first number of the Auburn Miscellany. It will be the endeavor of the publisher to present this weekly octavo, as a family visitor, fraught with such matter as may interest and amuse. Its low price and its arrangement for binding the literary pages with or without the news and advertising department, though novel, it will be perceived, presents in a convenient form for preserving, either set of pages separate. After being at considerable expense in getting up the work, we hazard the experiment, whether a publication of this kind can flourish in Auburn, or whether the chilling frown and withering breath of disapproval blight the hope of success that is anticipated.

The literary department commences with the first chapter of an original tale, which will be continued through the succeeding numbers each week, until completed.

The terms of publication are fixed—being 50 cts. in advance for six months, and no subscription received for a less period. No departure from this arrangement will be made.

Any introductory remarks by way of high-sounding promises of what will appear in the succeeding numbers of the Miscellany, are deemed superfluous. This number, therefore, is submitted to the young ladies and gentlemen of our community, as a specimen number, with the hope that it may elicit their patronage.

Gentlemen holding subscription papers for the Miscellany will confer a favor by forwarding them with subscribers' names, as soon as possible.

Those wishing to insert notices in the Miscellany, will please hand them into the office early on Monday mornings.

Exchange.—To all brother typists or quill drivers to whom we send our hebdomadal octavo, we wish to “swap even,” as we can’t pay any boot these dear times. We will be honest, and grant, to some who we hope will “trade papers” with us, that we shall get a bargain in quantity and quality of matter from them; but as the latter is what we want, we will send it back to them with what little addition we can pick up around, to make it as near square as possible. Recollect, though, we don’t want any stiff or torn sheets that the devil won’t take.

News in a Nut-Skell.

Some people have queer ideas about filling the news department of a paper—wanting the whole world in a nut-shell, and then want some one to crack it all up fine and pick out the meat. Now, to gratify such, if any there may be who take the Miscellany for the news department, we intend to give our news something after that sort:—We will collect the nuts of news as they come to us, crack them, and pick out the best pieces of meat for our patrons, and dish them up. From the latest papers come to hand, we serve the following:—

Samuel Slater, the father of cotton manufactories in this country, recently died in Rhode-Island, the field of his useful labors, leaving, it is said, a property estimated at nearly two millions of dollars.—It is stated that Mr. Philip Brooks of Va., found on his plantation recently, a diamond weighing 5 parts. It is pronounced the pure carbon, and said to be worth $15,000.—The legislature adjourned on Monday the 31st inst. after a session of 126 days.

Among the laws passed during the session, is one for the erection of a separate building at each of the State Prisons, to contain forty cells, and to be so arranged that more may be added if necessary, for the confinement of the female convicts.—It appears by official documents, that within the last ten years the revenue of the state of Louisiana has been doubled, its population trebled, and its resources and commerce almost quadrupled.—Who will believe it, and yet it is stated as true, that the land on which Cincinnati, (Ohio) is located, was sold within forty years for forty-seven dollars!—The lumber business in Maine must be profitable. An account says twenty millions of dollars worth of lumber are annually exported from that state!—A few days since a whale drifted on shore at East Hampton beach, L. I.—it was forty feet long, and had no apparent wound of any kind.—It is stated that the Governor of Ohio has issued orders for raising 10,000 men to march to Manassas; with this force he is determined to run the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan, if he fights for it. We are sorry to see our western brethren fighting about land which they all have so much of it.—The last O-her-im-papers state that many of the farmers by their improvements have lost their cattle for want of food, &c.
The Auburn Miscellany

Library in the Capitol at Washington, contains twenty-five thousand volumes. — By the papers we receive that the Cholera has made its appearance in Memphis, (Tenn.); eight or ten cases had occurred in the course of three or four days. — A vessel has arrived in Philadelphia, bringing a Tiger from Balsora, said to be the largest species of that animal ever brought into the United States. — Mr. James Stewart, his wife and niece, of Butler co., Ohio, were nearly crushed to death by the falling of a tree across their waggon, as they were passing along the road; their horses escaped unhurt. — A girl seven or eight years old, was murdered in the town of Newfield, Tompkins co., on the 28th ult., by a lad of about sixteen years of age. He has been committed to the jail at Ithaca. — On the 2nd inst, a fire occurred at Wilmington, N. C., which destroyed property to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. — An Ostrich made its escape from a caravan travelling through Mass. near Ware. The ostrich outran the horses that went in pursuit of it, and was only caught after a long chase, after it had hid its head in some leaves, imagining the rest of its body also out of sight. — A St. John's paper mentions an invention of a singular kind, placed at the redder head of a vessel, which will show the distance the vessel has sailed. — The Charleston Courier was delayed in being printed one day this month; in consequence of one of the hands being inebriate and precipitating one page of the press through the window into the street. — A Newport paper gives an account of a horse that undertook to eat up a cow that was in the barn with him. The horse had no oats, and took a fancy to have some fresh beef; he ate about a foot square of the cow's back. — A few days since, in Jersey, a hawk was found dead that had swallowed a living rattlesnake; the serpent had cut out of its living tomb — he was about 11 inches in length. — Connecticut is getting to be as fine an State, particularly some sections. Windham county, it is stated, produces yearly five tons of silk, valued at five hundred thousand dollars, and if reeled, would be worth double that sum. Massachusetts is also getting silky. A law was passed on the 7th ult., allowing a bounty from the state Treasury for two years, of fifty cents upon every pound of silk reeled or thrown from cocoons produced by silk worms raised in the community. — A fire broke out in the woods about five miles from Bridgeton, N. J., a week or two since, destroying about one thousand acres of land, and consumed one hundred cords of wood piled in an account of the importations of Matthias, published on the 29th, by the Harpers.

Liberty. — Mr. Charles Spalding, of Sumner Hill, in this county, has issued proposals for publishing a volume of "Poems and Prose, on many of the Historical events and scenes of the United States, and various other subjects." — An extract from one of the poetical pieces of the proposed work may be found in our columns to-day.

Variegated. — During the exhibition of the caravan in our village yesterday, a wag of a fellow who had come from all the way out of town 'to see the show,' stood pondering for some time at one of our Grocer's signs with a long string of articles printed, beginning "For sale, rum, brandy, gin," &c. &c. At length he read it audible in ces: —

For Sale —
Rum and Brandy,
Gin, Wisk-i-n-E,
Coffee and Tea,
Butter, Lard, Salt Pork, &c.

A Mr. Henry Price, of Brooklyn, is preparing a balloon in which he is to ascend and soar through the other clouds, in company with a lady. His balloon is said to be of muslin, covered with India rubber. If they start on their aerial tour, we hope they will visit the moon, and let the lady get the summer evening fashions of that planet, for dresses, &c. Because it would be so very fine the coming summer to have some of our dazzling fair dressed in moonbeam silks, and lunar-ray silks — moon-straw hats decorated with sun-flowers, fashioned in the shape of a new moon, and comet-tail ribbons for strings.

Theatrical Extraordinary: Comedie Dramatique — By the N. Y. papers we perceive that the Drama in that city is undergoing a kind of dogmatical improvement. A Mr. Coney, from Liverpool, has arrived in the city with two dogs trained for the stage; one of them is a Tragedian, and is said to go through the most exciting scenes, dying upon the stage, &c. with wonderful skill. The British prints speak of these canines performers of the sock and buckskin as among the most extraordinary performers that ever trod the stage. The owner has brought over with him appropriate dramas written for their capacities, and is well supplied with music, dresses, &c., and it is said, intends to make a theatrical tour of the U. S.

The Legislature of this state during their recent session, passed 311 acts. Among them we notice one to prohibit the circulation of small bills. Providence the rough places are made smooth. Though time, in a measure, with its desolating hand has levelled the earth on battlements; and majestic trees, towering high, now stand upon some parts of them, as sentinel, having braved the tempests of revolving seasons, and grown from sprout to maturity; they lead the mind back through the vista of years that are past, to dwell on scenes that have transpired beneath their unchangeable branches.

The early scenes of this region of country, when the brave and intrepid Sullivan passed through it, with his dauntless band of continental heroes, traversing its pathless wilds, opposed step by step, by the red men who tenanted it, have been recounted by historians, contemporaneous with the era in which they were enacted; and of the bloody track of his detachment of the revolutionary army through these once savage wilds, and the privations and hardships they endured, records have been kept in memory by many of the actors, though the most of these actors have descended to the tomb.

It was previous to Sullivan's expedition that the scenes of the present tale transpired, to commence which, we must carry our readers back to the highest point of navigation on the North River, to an occurrence in the early history of its settlement. —

It was one afternoon in the month of September, that two Dutch settlers were standing on the bank of the Hudson, near a small cluster of rude houses.

"See you that far-off sail, booming up the river?" said one of them, Derrick Van Heister, to the other, his brother-in-law, Dan Van Valkenburgh, a stout, thick-
built youth, of about nineteen; "there are guilders on board that craft," continued he, and he doubled his finger and thumb in a circle, peeping through, to survey the vessel as she cut through the little billows.

"Gilders, did you say, hub Hettter?" asked the youth.

"You; or there is on board what will be its equivalent in guilders," answered Van Hetter.

"It may be so," responded Van Valkenburgh.

"I know it—I know it," repeated Hetter, always positive, whether right or wrong. "What say you to such a yonder, De Faun?" continued he, turning to a rather gigantic figure, with a French look, that at the moment came up by their side.

"What say I to that clipper, down by the bend of the river?" asked De Faun.

"You—has she not the useful on board her?" asked Derrick.

"No—she's an American steamer, that comes and goes, and never lands," replied he, "her skipper sleeps with one eye open—he knows the pirates of the ocean, besides the land pirates of these parts, as well as you, Derrick."

"And what do I know?" muttered Hetter, reddening up to his eyes.

"Ye know enough to gain a gibbet yet for your vile plunders of the craft that trade here," retorted De Faun.

"Stop there now," said the youth, "nouccus against Derrick."

"No, no," interrupted Derrick—"nor accuse me of plunder, when you are in alliance with all the natives between the rivers."

"It's a lie—and he who says it shall eat his words, and sink or swim in the stream," loudly answered De Faun, whose countenance all at once swelled with rage while his eyes flashed like fire.

"I may eat my own words; but not swallow yours," said Hetter, drawing himself up, and pulling his old red cap more firmly on his head.

"Then take that to chew first," said De Faun, raising his brawny arm, and giving Derrick a blow which might have felled a bullock.

"And here I spit it at you," angrily retorted Derrick, as he returned the salutation with his heavy fist full in the face of De Faun.

"You'll swallow yet, or choke," replied De Faun, as he recovered from the blow of Derrick, and threw himself forward, grasping him by the throat with a tenacity that soon caused the naturally dark complexion of his antagonist to turn to a deeper hue, and his eyes and tongue to start, while he gasped beneath the iron grip of his adversary.

"Hold! De Faun," ejaculated Van Valkenburgh, on seeing them, "or by mine Got, I'll tear that hand of yours from its joint!"

De Faun knew the herculean strength of the youth who addressed him, but his naturally fiery disposition was excited, and he still claspers Van Hetter.

"Will you let loose?" vociferated the youth.

"No," returned De Faun.

"Then you'll not hold your pipe tonight with one hand," answered Van Valkenburgh, seizing the hand that grasped the throat of his brother-in-law, and with a giant strength crushed the bones until he relaxed his hold; when Van Hetter, black and strangeld, fell to the ground almost lifeless: "See that, you knaves," continued the youth, as with a tremendous effort he hurled De Faun from him, twisting the limb he held in his grasp to the parting of the joint, when he let go; and De Faun found himself immediately some eight or ten feet off. "Did I not tell you I'd disjoin it?" he resolutely exclaimed.

The grasping Van Hetter now slowly recovered as he lay on the ground; but could not speak; while De Faun, writhing with pain from his dislocated limb, maddened to desperation, rushed towards the settlement, apparently determined on revenge.

As soon as Van Hetter had recovered sufficiently to articulate, he, tergumant like, vented his strangled throat with a torrent of epithets against De Faun—

"Cursed pimp of the river cruisers!" exclaimed he, "low, base informer, and hypocrite! Traitor to his neighbors! Does he think to stop a Van Hetter's trade?—Here, Dan," continued he, raising himself up, and addressing Van Valkenburgh, "hear me! that creeping slave De Faun, shall die for this—I have sworn it."

"No, Bub; take not that from any one which you can never return. Recollect blood for blood may be required of thee," mildly replied the youth. "De Faun must have his time."

"It's short—it's short!" muttered Derrick, reeling around, still weak from the throlette of De Faun. "But look, Dan! look at the craft, she is making for the landing."

"She is, sure," replied the youth. "Can you see the guilders, Derrick?" added he laughing at his brother-in-law.

"I still see them," answered he, fixing his eyes on the vessel as she cut her way up the river.

"Honest, I hope," said Dan.

"Yaw," ironically replied Derrick; "but see! there comes that cursed pimp De Faun, with four of his clan."

"It is so," muttered the youth. "Derrick, if they are for fight, 'stand you still, and I will meet them.'"

[To be continued]
as she was going to visit her son on board his ship. While she was turning to get a cup for the stranger, she discovered two peering below the frock of the old lady, and with presence of mind she be- stook to stratagem to make a discovery—whereupon, taking a large cooch that was used to sound the work people from the field, she stepped to the back door and blwo a blast or two, but on entering the room again, her visitor had departed, leaving the half finished cup of water on the floor, and was seen with his frock tucked up under his arms, scaling the stone fences towards the woods of a thick cedar swamp.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

What is there more strong in life, and enduring even to death, than maternal affection? We give one forcible illustration:—It happened a few years ago, that a poor woman in the south of France, while she was busied in her garden, had the misfortune to be attacked by a wolf, who tore a hole in her side. The animal was accidentally frightened and fled. The poor woman, feeling the injury was mortal, but even in the extremity of her sufferings, intent on the wants of her infant whom she had left in the house, applied her hand to the wound to close it, and returning to her child, gave nourishment to her babe and expired.

EVILS AND THEIR REMEDIES.

1. Evil, corns. Remedy, soft soles. 2. Evil, love. Remedy, marriage. 3. Evil, a small hat. Remedy, stretch it. 4. Evil, to fall over the tongue of a waggon forty feet long, in a dark night. Remedy, talk to the owner about it. 5. Evil, want of appetite. Remedy, hard work. 6. Evil, a dunning letter. Remedy, owe nothing. 7. Evil, to go into a public room to see the latest newspaper, and find it in the hands of a man who has begun at the first column, and is spelling his way clear thro’. Remedy, cry fire. 8. Evil, a thing out of place. Remedy, never have a place for any thing.

Lady Morgan, in her late work on France, mentions having seen a horrible relic in the museum of a private gentleman. It was a copy of the Constitution of 1793, bound in human skin! It had been the copy of a terrorist, who paid the forfeit of his atrocious on the scaffold.

Scrape.

Novel Salvation.—The mode of saluting each other in Otelhie, is that when two persons meet they rub their noses together. What a mark of civility it must be if one should have a bad cold!

Zenob, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine, one day, while being beaten for a theft, by ,exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zenob, "and to be corrected also."

A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed "torrents of tears." "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeltipling son, "she must have had a cataract in either eye."

A schoolmaster said of himself, "I am like a hone, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

EPGRAMS.

If one has served thee, tell the deed to many; He that has served many, tell it to not any. Appearance may deceive us—understand. A pure white glove may hide a spotted hand. Whilst different aims in different lights appear, What is the chiefest good?—A conscience clear. Since rolling ages in their course began, What has been man's worst wo?—His fellow man. Who's rich?—Who needs not to increase his store. Who's poor?—Who has much yet longs for more.

CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

[In Extract from C. Spelling's unpublished volume of prose and verse.]

LUKE VII. 11-16.

Behold now coming from the city Nain, With slow and solemn move, a pensive train: Before, with mournful step, a corpse they bear, And near, a woman weeps in deep despair; She's a widow!—but not for her husband now, Does she to heavy sorrow bow.

But as they bear him out beyond the gate, What heavenly bliss for her there! await! For here One meek yet mighty, comes along, With his disciples and a pressing throng: Who often spake as man did never speak, And health and strength gave to the sick and weak; Who bid the dead come from the silent tomb, And forth they came from 'midst the solemn gloom.

And as he saw the mother wept in grief, He soft compassion felt to give relief, "And said to her, Weep not!" as to show Some comfort he was able to bestow—

And then he closer came and touched the bier; And quick the bearers stopped his words to hear, When lo! he spake the words, "young man arise!" And now behold he quickly open his eyes— Into his body comes a heavenly flame, That in a moment animates his frame."

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the last arrival it seems that the American Indemnity Bill, had been brought up in the French Chamber of Deputies, and caused considerable discussion, but no vote had yet been taken upon it. The English Ministry are defeated in the House of Commons on an important question, and it is stated in consequence thereof, that they have resigned. Paris papers announce the sudden death of Prince Augustus, of Portugal. Reports say he was poisoned. An English paper says the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, is enceinte.

The U. S. frigate Constitution, Capt. Elliott, had arrived at Havana. The Commodore had started post-haste for Paris. A native of Portosk, in Lithuania, has recently died at the age of 188 years; he served under Gustavus Adolphus in the thirty years war.

In looking over some old papers printed in the "for - out," a year or two since, for the purpose of gleaning some bits on "scrapes" for our Miscellany, we found one with one side completely mutilated, caused by the breaking down of one of the forms just as the unfortunate devil of a printer was putting it to press. The fiery dog, however, comforted himself under the accident, that the next day was Christmas, and he would have plenty of p".

A beef-staller caught stealing beef by the beef itself. A friend relates to us an amusing piece of thievish, which took place not long since, not a thousand miles from our goodly village:—Two persons undertook to steal a piece of beef from a neighbor who had killed an ox and left it over night in his barn, suspended with a stick between the flanks, in the usual way; they agreed that one should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations, when the stick slipped from under him, the ribs closed in and fairly locked him inside the carcass, his arms extending above his head, and his feet pressing from the neck of the animal; his companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who, upon opening his barn at sun-rise, greeted him with a hearty "good morning."

Baking Bread at Cape Cod.—We don't believe, although we have seen it stated in print, that the fair sex of this fishy region, bake their jenny cakes on the soles of their feet,—we give the account, however, because it is news. A correspondent of a Boston paper says,—"Speaking of girls I must not forget to relate the manner in which they bake their bread: a batch is mixed in the evening, made into cakes of a suitable size and placed on their feet; they then stretch themselves at length upon the floor, with their feet in front of a roaring hot fire, and in the morning the bread will be ready for the table. I have seen a dozen girls in this position in a single room, all laying round the hearth like so many tom-cats in a frying pan, with a lot of bread on each of their feet as big as a salt fish."

A knock-down sailor.—An American sea captain while at Havana, a month or two since, on returning to his vessel late in the evening, was hailed by the guard; but not choosing to answer the soldier Don, they attempted to arrest him with a corporal and fourteen men. He wrested a musket from one of them and beat off the rest, shouldered his musket and marched for the deck; subsequently he was taken however, on an alarm being given. The Governor or it is said released him.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

Published on Tuesdays, at No. 3 Centre Buildings, By Frederick Prince.

To whom letters and communications (post paid) may be addressed.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

Price fifty cents per half year, payable in advance.

THE MISCELLANY will be printed every Tuesday, in a form of eight pages, large octavo. The four inner pages will be devoted entirely to miscellaneous matter, in folio form, regularly pagd. The two first and two last pages are designed for news and advertisements, thus arranging the publication in such a way as to present the miscellaneous matter entire for binding in a convenient form book, making at the end of the year a volume of two hundred and eight pages exclusive of those devoted to advertisements and the news of the day. The object of the publisher is to furnish to the people of the village of Auburn and county of Cayuga a cheap publicaion, and one that will come within the means of all. The extreme low price of the paper being calculated to put it in the power of every one, even the youth, to avail themselves of reading matter in a convenient form for preserving, the publisher flatters himself few will refuse giving encouragement to such publication.

N. WEAVER, M. D., Surgeon and Botanic Physician, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have them make a trial of his Medicine, and then judge for themselves, and he is perfectly willing that the merits, or demerits, of his practice may be decided upon by the bar of public opinion.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

MUSEUM RECEIPTS.—S. BARBER has added to the common Rooms, No. 3 Centre Buildings, where he invites his young friends to call and patronize him. Refreshments, comprising all the delicacies of the season, constantly on hand; soda water, ices, cakes, fruit, nuts, &c. may be had. Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.—A constant supply of wheat, cockle and echemes Wire-Cloth, woven with galvanized steel, and perfect in meshes—also wrought-Iron Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had at an advantage. May 15th, 1835.

J. KNAPP continues Sign Painting, Gilding, Perspective Drawing, &c. at his room, No. 7 Centre Buildings, 2d story, Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

KEYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentlemen's and children's Cloth Caps. Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call. Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

P. JACKSON wishes to inform the public that he intends keeping for sale all kinds of hats, and will be happy to supply all orders. Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

TAKE NOTICE:—J. McDonald & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Stable and Harness Making business, in all its various branches, at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings, where they will sell all articles in their line as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

FRENCH MILL STONES, manufactured from selected stocks and warrant superior to any others made in the state, can be had at the Museum Rooms, May 15th, 1835. A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Fowler is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call. May 15th, 1835.

FRESH FRUIT, &c.—Just received, fresh Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, &c. at the Museum Rooms, May 15th, 1835. S. BARBER.

"Hire your diminished hands by little stars!"

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK, such as gentlemen's metallic Wigs, Toupees, and Whigsters, also ladies' Everlasting Curls, Ringlets, Puffs, French Puffs on rounds; just received from New-York, at Prince Jackson's Hair Dressing Shop, Genesee-st. near the bridge. Ladies' Wigs may be had by leaving orders. Long hair taken in exchange for curls. Old curls dressed, making them as good as new, on the shortest notice.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS.—I have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Baker Cloths, which are worth more money, fine yarn, and quality of the other and any other cloths in market. They are to be sold at a very low price. Miller & Wriggles are requested to call and examine them.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

CONFECTIONERY.—Confections of all kinds, kept constantly on hand at the Museum Rooms, May 15th, 1835, A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

WANTED.—An apprentice to the Printing Business. A smart, active lad about 14 years of age, will meet with good encouragement. Apply at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

JOB PRINTING.—Cards, Handbills, Circulars, &c., &c., done with dispatch at this office.

LAW BLANKS.—Deeds—Mortgage & War for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

JUSTICES' BLANKS, for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

A HISTORY of the Auburn Miscellaneous, printed at the office.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

Preston, Conn., by a man named Rabbles—the victor was a lad about 12 years of age— the wretch took an axe, split the youth down, and then chopped and mangled his limbs remains most horribly, severing his head, legs, &c. — According to Williams’ Register for 1835, the number of lawyers in this state is 2039. Physicians—2640. — A man by the name of Draper has been tried and sentenced to three months’ imprisonment and a fine of $15, for throwing a dead cat into a neighbor’s well in Utica.

Fearsome young Van Valkenburgh stood, alternately eyeing the vessel and the approaching party. The long, low-built black hull of the craft was so different from any he was in the habit of seeing, that he could not conjecture what she was. His thoughts, however, of the vessel were quickly directed into another channel as the five men neared him.

Slowly De Faun and the four men came towards the bank, the former holding his mainned arm and hand with the other. At a short distance they all stopped and held an apparent consultation for some minutes. At length they moved again towards where Derrick and Dan were standing. “You see they were two to one,” muttered De Faun to his followers.

Dan walked a few steps forward to meet them, when De Faun, boiling with rage, and excited with the pain of his broken, dislocated limb, drew a long knife and rushed upon him, calling upon the others to come on.

With a dexterous motion of his arm, the youth parried the blow aimed at him by the enraged De Faun, and immediately grappled with in him, hurling him in an instant to the ground, with a force that left him almost lifeless. “Am I a mad dog?” said he, “that I should be attacked in this way?”

The companions of De Faun stopped a moment, and gazed upon the youth. His eyes were emitting the excited gleams of his indignant feelings, yet he stood over his prostrate foe without offering any other violence. He stood upon his defence alone, and seemed conscious of his superior strength.

De Faun stirred not now, for the force with which he had been hurled to the ground, had stunned him. Van Hetter on seeing the struggle of Dan with De Faun, with hasty strides moved to assist him, his blood heated with anger. “Hold! Van Hetter,” said the youth, “I am sufficient for him, and his comrades are peacable.”

By this time the vessel had rounded to at the landing; and Van Hetter turning on his heel, left the spot, proceeding towards her, and was soon followed by the rest, leaving De Faun laying upon the ground where Dan had hurled him.

It was now for the first time, that Van Hetter discovered that the little vessel had port-holes, and that she was armed with cannon. She also was built different from the craft that occasionally stemmed the river so far up; and among a crowd of men who appeared upon her deck, they observed one who wore the dress of a naval officer. No indications from the vessel appearing to invite them on board, they stood looking at her until twilight faded away, and the evening shades mantled surrounding objects in darkness, when Van Hetter with the rest, slowly moved towards their habitations, wondering what the object of the craft could be.

Early the next morning, the whole body of settlers there were on the look out, to watch the motions of those who were on board the vessel; on the afterpart of the deck of which they discovered a cluster gathered together, and among them, much to their surprise, saw De Faun.

“What means that?” asked Van Hetter of his brother-in-law.
mer was so common, and continuing some times for weeks, excited but little surprise. Day after day, however, rolled away, and nothing was seen or heard from either of them.

Of the party that De Faun had accompanied up the river in the boat, no one had learnt anything. Some of the settlers whose curiosity could ill brook to remain unsatisfied, after a day or two, rigged themselves for a hunting excursion, and ascended the river. After an absence of a week, they returned, no wiser than before, though they had tracked them following a part of the Mohawk. The disturbances among the French and Indians deterring their further penetration into the interior, they had come back vexed and perplexed.

We here leave them to nurse their unsatisfied curiosity, and carry our readers to that point where the principal scenes to be recorded in the following pages, were acted.

A brighter moon and clearer sky never hung over the trackless, gloomy forest which once covered the spot on which now stands the village of Auburn; at the era of our tale presenting a wild, uneven face of country, over which the red men of the Six Nations strode. The sun had sunk in the far-off western horizon, and the dubious light of night-fall had passed—desolate silence reigned around, scarce broken—and nature seemed reposing in solitude, as a party of six persons reached the brow of a lofty eminence, thinly studded with towering trees, a spot since denominated by the early settlers of this region as Fort Hill:

Among this party was one of noble, youthful appearance, with a hardy look and sun-burnt countenance, wearing the half-dress uniform of the colonial navy. He kept rather aloof from the others, and seemed anxiously on the look out; he was accompanied by a stout looking man in a sailor dress, who had but one leg, and an athletic African black, who was called Moses. These two, the sailor and black, appeared unusually attached to the young officer, whom they addressed as Captain. Another of the party was a large, middle-aged man, who had apparently been a soldier, carrying a ponderous sword in a metal scabbard, which he walked with, using it for the purpose of a staff. One of the others was a tall female, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, dressed in a riding habit and gray beaver cap. The leader, or guide of the whole, was a stout built man, having particular charge of the girl, who he addressed by the name of Ella, which together with a large wolf-dog, belonging to the youthful captain, and an Indian pack horse, composed the whole company.

"Here is an old deserted place of defence," said Allen, the leader of the party,—"none will better answer our purpose to stop a short time," continued he, turning to the left and striking into a kind of winding path which seemed to lead to the summit of the hill, while the rest followed, weary with travelling.

Having ascended about half way, he suddenly halted, and gathering some dry leaves and sticks together, set them in a blaze, with the light flaring above and below them. A noise on the eminence soon told the necessity of this manoeuvre, for sundry growls and appalling yells, with the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry sticks, gave evidence that some of the four-footed tenants of the forest were near. Their loud breathing could be distinctly heard, and low, sullen, fearful growls were emitted at intervals.

"Let each of the party take a blazing faggot, until we reach the summit," said Allen, seizing one himself, and dauntlessly pursuing his way up the mount.
ly do we suffer the bright images of fancy to be torn from us! They are the familiar friends of our earlier and more innocent years—they are the companions of our solitary hours, and though too often beguiling and ruinous to the mind, still we love to cherish and entertain them. We gain them first, we part with them last.—The wind whispers all is sweet and mysterious tone in our ear, and we are fain to believe it the expressed and audible voice of a spirit. The grass and the flowers, we love to think, have all their inhabitants—"the fairy people of the green," whose existence and enjoyments are proportionable to the beauty of their dwelling-place. The stars burn above us with their far and intense, and spiritual lustre, and we persuade ourselves that intelligences as bright and pure exist upon them, who feel an interest in our welfare. All things, animate, or inanimate, we make the guardians of our purest pleasures, the sources of our most delicate thought, the objects and shrines of our worship. True, there comes a time when these delusions must end. But how often does manhood, harassed by cares, wish again for the earnest and passionate fancy—the fervor and enthusiasm of the boy.

The dangers of a word.—Richelieu one day vaunted among his courtiers, that out of any four different words he could extract matter to send any man to the dungeon. One of his attendants immediately wrote upon a card, "One and Two make Three." "Three make only one," explained the cardinal; "It is blasphemy against our holy Trinity; to the Bastille with him."

Musical Dog.—A letter from Naples mentions a most extraordinary little poodle dog, who at the command of his mistress, perched himself on a music stool, and howled the chromatic scale, and at the same time the keys of the pianoforte with his four paws: he concluded his performance by a long shake, after which he made his bow and jumped down.

Rather tart.—A lady who presumed to make some observation, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make paradise a purgatory; and if some physicians, replied the lady, were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert.

Straps.

What a name!—The following is the name of a Pond in the state of Massachusetts—Chargoggagoggmanchoggagogg! "What will you be helped to?" said the landlady at a country tavern, with nothing on the table but mush and milk.

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications—which were, that he never lay long in bed or wanted a great coat.

A young lady while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion prevented her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir!" she simpered, "if it comes to that you must ask my permission first."

A gentleman just recovering from a fit of the gout, received from an illiterate friend a letter, commencing, "This leaves me hopping." In his reply, he drolly observed, "Your letter found me just as it left you—hopping."

EPIGRAMS.

What is the brightest gem that deck a wife, And what her noblest dowry?—A spotless life.

What woman's charioteer?—Of whom fame tears to his And tongue of scandal never once came nigh.

SPRING.

O linger not, thou bright and sunny Spring, Fair nature's child! companion of glad hours! But o'er the earth thy gorgeous mantle flies, And hastens onward with thy buds and flowers.

Let thy sweet form be seen—thy thrilling voice Peal gently on the ear from bough and brake; Bid nature in her loveliness rejoice, And all her slumbering energies awake!

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Who has not known a mother's tenderness? Through every period of her anxious life, It is the same, holy feeling: O There's naught of earth so pure, so hallowed, In sickness and in sorrow, I have proved How tenderly she loves, how deeply feels For the young oping blossom of her being.

Figure of Speech.—At a training in one of the northern counties of this state, several years since, the professional merits of two drummers, a certain Ben Morse, drum major to the regiment, and a very uncertain Tom Burnham, a candidate for the same office, were discussed very freely by the soldiers, over a pint tumbler of blue-ruin, at a cake and beer shen­ tee, just without the army. Some maintained that Burnham was the best musician; others again that Morse had not his superior in the six counties, when horn, lantern jawed, fuddled-faced chap, some six feet four, without either stockings or shoes, elbowed his way into the ring, with an old rusty Queen Ann's fife in one hand, and a card of rye gingerbread in the other, and after picking his teeth with his bayo­ net, and wiping his face on something that served as an apology for a coat sleeve, addressed one of the company thus:—"Tell me you what it is, Corporal Cowan, I grant that Morse can beat Burnham in drumming our training tunes, but when you come to the real sentimental—I tell you corporal (and he spoke the words with great emphasis) Tom Burnham can drum Ben Morse's shirt tail off!"

How to catch 'em.—The natives of the Indian Archipelago have a peculiar mode of catching monkeys. They make an opening in the top of a cocoa nut, large enough to admit a monkey's hand; through this opening they extract the kernel, and introduce lumps of sugar into the shell, which they fasten to the branch of a tree, leaving a person to watch it. As soon as the monkey perceives the shell, he proceeds to examine it, and on ascertaining the contents, inserts a hand, grasps a piece of the sugar, and eats it; it finds it impossible to withdraw its hand with the sugar in it, yet such is the avidity of this greedy animal, that it will not let the sugar go to waste, but actually perseveres in its efforts to extract it, until it is taken by the person on watch. Are there not bipeds in this country who resemble the monkey, in their unwillingness to let go the lump of sugar?

Anecdote.—Some weeks since, a pedestrian from New-England called at a public house in this vicinity, and ordered a beef steak for breakfast. It was soon prepared, when Jonathan seated himself, for the purpose of breaking a twenty-four hour's fast. After vainly attempting to dissect the tempting slice which lay before him, he looked for a moment at his knife and then called a servant, who soon appeared with the usual inquiry—"Anything wanting, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am—I want another knife."

"What all the one you have got?" asked the maid snappishly.

"Why, nothin' particular, ma'am, only I have been lookin' at it for a pretty good spell, and darn me if I can tell which edge is the thinnest.""
THE AUBURN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will give a Concert of the Oratorio Music on Thursday evening next, at the Baptist Church. Admission free. A collection will be taken up in the course of the evening.

AUBURN, May 29th, 1835.

1

BARGAINS FOR CASH!—E. A. Wood, having made arrangements, since his return from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E. W. Williams in the Tanning business, is desirous of closing his mercantile concern as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 31, 1835.

FRENCH BURL STONE STONES, manufactured from selected stones and warranted superior to any others made in the state, will be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Fowler is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

FRESH FRUIT, &c.—Just received, fresh Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, &c. at the Museum Repository. S. BARBER, May 19th, 1835.

"Hide your diminished heads, ye little stars!"

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK, such as gentlemen's metallic Wigs, Toupees, and Whiskers; also ladies' Everlastling Curls, Ringlets, Puffs, Frize Puffs on combs; just received from New-York. The Prince Jackson's Hair Dressing Shop, Geneese-street, have the largest and best Lady's Wigs may be had by leaving orders. Long hair parted, making them as good as new, on the shortest notice.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTED CLOTHS, are just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Bolting Cloths, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloths in market, and are requested to call and examine them. A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

INFECTIOUS.—Confections of all sorts, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

S. BARBER, May 19th, 1835.

J. KNAPP continues Sign Painting, Gilding, Perspective Drawing, &c. at his room, No. 7 Centre Buildings. Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

EYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentlemen's and children's Cloths, &c. Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

TAKEN NOTICE!—J. McDonald & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Saddle and Harness Making business, in all its various branches, at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings, where they will sell all articles in line as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.


MUSEUM RECESS.—S. Barber, has fitted up the commodious Rooms, No. 3 Centre Buildings, where he invites his young friends to call and patronize him. Refreshments, comprising all the delicacies of the season, are constantly on hand; soda water, pies, cakes, fruit, nuts, &c. may be found.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.—A constant supply of wheat, cockle and chess Wire-Cloth, we have good leads, and perfect in meshes—also wrought-Iron Mill Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

Theey can be purchased at

P. JACKSON wishes to inform the public that he intends keeping for sale all kinds of clothing, and will be happy to supply all orders, at the New York prices.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

J. Jackson.

WANTED.—An apprentice to the Printing Business. A smart, active lad about 14 years of age, will meet with good encouragement. Apply at this office, No 3 Centre Buildings.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

J. KEEN, Printer, will print any job, of private or business concern, with the utmost dispatch. Auburn.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

BOOK PRINTING neatly executed at the office of the Auburn Miscellany.

RECEIVED.—We here continue a list of agents for the Auburn Miscellany in different places:

In Weedport, subscriptions will be received by J. Holmes, at the Post-Office.

In Jordan, by Charles Van Tyne.

In Syracuse, by John Dunfurd, Jr.

In Oswego, Isaac R. Jackson.

In Cato, William Dickinson.

In Waterloo, James C. Wood.

News in a Nut-Skull.

A Sunday paper has been established in the city of New-York—the first we believe this side of the Atlantic.—Gaw-Yeh-Gwa, head chief of the Seneca Nation, died at the Indian Reservation a few days since; he was buried by the side of his ancient friend and chief, Red Jacket.—The alterations made in our militia law disappoints the Federal trainings that have been so common for a few years.—Rhode Island goes into the silk business seriously.

A company in Providence called the Valencia Silk Company, has been established. New England silk will be all the rage ere long. A Yankee printer in Hartford, Conn. has caught the cue of the silk manufacturing business, and issued proposals for a paper to be called the "Culturalist."—A dog was killed a few days since in one of our western counties, that had aroused the whole country against him—the radical having it is stated, killed in the counties of Livingston, Monroe and Genesee, about seven hundred sheep and lambs: such a destruction of nation by one dog, we never heard of before.—Two editors in Cincinnati have had a fight; one attacked the other with a cane, but after a few smart strokes, was knocked down by his antagonist.—A lady in Middletown, N. J. advertised for a husband; she gives her age as past twenty: Webb of the N. Y. Courirer says the age is indefinite, by saying she is past twenty; there is no security but that she may be on the wrong side of forty or fifty, and advises no young man to accept her offer until she shows her teeth!—A desolating fire occurred in New-York on Thursday night last. The destruction was principally on Broadway, Greenwich and Washington streets.—The last public execution in this state, under the present statute, took place on the 15th ult. at Mayville, Cattaraugus co., when Joseph Damon was executed. Fifteen thousand persons are said to have been present; the rope slipped, and he fell; it was readjusted and the law complied with.—Some close calculator says the increase of population in the United States is one thousand souls every day.—The Chinese girl, Miss Aong Moy, with her little feet, has been to the south and exhibited them to the big-footed planters and negroes in that section; they thought her wonderful, judging from their own understandings. She has returned to New-York, and exhibits at the
American Museum.—A horrible scene occurred at Mobile a week or two since. Two negroes who were convicted for the murder of two children, were tried and sentenced to be hung. The populace waited not for the time of execution, but forthwith took the culprit to the spot where they committed the crime, and burnt them both to death. In palliation of this taking justice out of the hands of the proper authorities, it is stated that one of the children murdered by the wretches, was a little girl who was subjected to outrages too horrid for personal, and then murdered, after they had killed her little brother, whom vain attempts to prevent the outrage on his sister.—By the last mail we learn that the loss estimated by the late fire in New-York, will amount to one hundred thousand dollars!—The same mail brings a report of the loss of a steamboat on the Mississippi by the bursting of the boiler, in which upwards of forty persons were killed or severely injured.

Good.—The last arrivals bring the gratifying intelligence that the French Chambers are at length passed the indemnity bill for paying our citizens the twenty-five millions of francs, with the interest due thereon. This will be thrilling news to those of our countrymen who are to receive it. We hope they will long keep it at their finger ends. It was a matter of doubt among many we believe, whether the French would count out the shiners. The question appears to be settled now. They will undoubtedly swell the debt scales.

Money-Making.—Flax-alogs.—What contrivances are not resorted to turn an honest penny? The animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms are resorted to; fish, flesh and fowl—the reptile and insect tribe—in fact, everything under the sun, seems to be fast getting into requisition—every thing appears to be yoked to the car of enterprise, and man indeed begins to feel it over all other parts of creation. The march of mind, and civilization, strides over all the elements, subduing them and their inhabitants. The wildest beasts of the forest are caught, tamed, and become docile, and are exhibited to our gazing wonder. The most deadly and venomous serpents are domesticated and handled with impunity before us. But of all the enterprise, cunning ingenuity and perseverance, in bringing “wants and things” under subjection, the civilizing of bed-bugs and fleas is last we have heard of.—Start not, reader!—they say such is the drive of fleas, and exhibit them harnessed to miniature wagons and carriages, and drives them before his audience. This man with his theological instincts should be patronized; for he who benefits man and mankind, should not be left to peny and want. His ingenuity will be handed down to posterity, and he will be pronounced one of the world’s benefactors, that is, if he succeeds in his sanguine expectations. Only think of bringing all the fleas into subjection—putting a bite into their mouths, and converting them to other purposes than playing their bit tricks of biting us biters. Who has felt that sudden rip of one of these nimble, skipping, little rascals, will not rejoice that the era has arrived when they are to be civilized, and trained for usefulness. We hope there is no bite in the account.

Auburn Miscellanies.—O, the miseries of this mundane sphere!—Go where you will—do what you may—whatever the weather, whatever the time may be—incidents of minery will occur. Who in this place, has not experienced some of the following within a few weeks:

Going up Genesee-street in the dry time, wind blowing a gale from the west, and holding your head down; to prevent running against your neighbor, you raise it to see your way clear, when a sudden cloud of dust fills your eyes and nose.

Walking quickily up or down street, and turning your head as you pass, to recognize a friend, while you encounter a piece of the side walk higher or lower than the rest, which brings you forward with a sudden jar all over, or you stubborn too, and have to tread light for a rod or two from exquisite pain.

Entering your neighbor’s store or house, where the draft from the door to unexpected velocity, catching your finger or some part of your dress.

Going through our streets in a dark evening without any lantern, you attempt to avoid the humber, & where they are building; and you suddenly find yourself sprawling on a heap of rubbish, or knock your shinage against a timber prepared for the work that is going on.

Ignorance of fear.—A fact related by an old sailor of a child of one of the crew of the English ship of war Peacock, during her action with the U.S. sloop of war Hornet, in the late war. During the hottest of the battle, when destruction and death were all around him, the little three years old fellow was not the least terrified; but amused himself in chasing a goat between the decks. He persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, “Now I’ve caught you, Nancy.”

I SAW HIM SMILE.

BY A LADY.

I saw him smile, and oh! it seemed So like the sunny smiles of heaven, That when he vowed, I fondly dreamed Such vows to none but me were given.

But man is like the fickle breeze That fawns around each lovely flower, And steals a kiss, then onward flies, To revel in some greater bower.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

Whatever is your lot in life, Be still the good and loving wife; Content with little, meek with riches, But let the Husband wear the breeches.

THE GENEROUS CREDITOR.

I owe you a doubting, says Frank, in a pet, Never mind it, says Tim, I forgive you the debt.

EPITAPH ON A GLUTON.

Beneath this stone there lies a sinner, Who died from eating too much dinner.

Continental Money, and an Old Fowl.—Conversing with one of the old revolutionary soldiers a few days since, he remarked he was paid off for seven years’ service in defence of the liberty we now enjoy, in Contential money. The depreciated value of that coinage for cash was so low after his discharge, that the amount he received was scarce sufficient to defray his expenses to his home, only about two hundred miles. On one occasion he paid thirty dollars for a gift of rum, and fifty dollars for a meal of victuals, one dish of which was a roasted goose, old and tough, which on leaving the public house, he put into his knapsack, and travelled on towards his home with it; and though not very economical in the labors of attempting to eat his purchase, delighted his mastication powers of entirely making way with the old fowl, until he arrived at home ten or twelve days after, when Hector, his father’s dog, undertook to pick one leg left remaining, but after trying some time left it with a howl of disappointment.

A Doll and Musquito Battle.—A friend relates to us the fight of a doll with a swarm of musquitoes, last week in one of our northern towns. Passing along the road he discovered his bullish in a low marshy piece of ground, surrounded by myriads of the sharp-billed gentry. Like a vapor cloud, they had hovered over him, with their singing sounding in his ears, while thousands were settled on and going him. Furious he was lashing his tail, and tearing up the earth with his hoof and horns, and bellowing with rage at his countless foes. How the light terminated, our informant did not know, as haste prevented his seeing the sequel. We presume his bullish had to quit the premises of the musquito tribe.

"A feather bed, six chairs, and a set of silver tea spoons, is all the portion of your pretty Yankee girls away there east where you live, I reckon," said a Georgian to a Yankee pedlar.

"Not by a dagg’d sight, Mister! I tell you what the party critters have a settin’ out."

"What kind of a settin’ out, stranger?"

"Why, such a one as carries them through life without the aid of niggers, I guess."

"Niggers, sir, what have they to do with the business?"

"O, nothing, only I’m told a handsome southern gal whose dad is rich, receives when she’s married, something like a whole head of niggers to start with."

Rule in Singing.—Never pronounce the words distinctly. The ladies should, and in truth they do generally attend to this rule, and for an excellent reason. The hearer’s attention is not diverted to any idea the words might convey, but is left entirely to the luxury of sound.

This couplet, for instance—

At anchor laid, remote from home; boiling very sweet spirit, come, should be sung thus—


We intend ere long to give some reminiscences of events among the early inhabitants of our village.

Died.

In this village on the 28th ult. William W. Baldwin, son of W. A. Baldwin of Newton, Sussex co. N. J., aged two years and five months.
TUE\DAY, JUNE 2, 1835.

ORIGINAL.

The Twin Brothers.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHAPTER III.

Slowly now the party, each with a burning brand gleaming before him, moved along the side of the hill, while an occasional wild scream sounded above, and the trampling of animals was heard as if leaving their coverts.

"Curse these ca
tamounts and bears!" audibly exclaimed Bob Walker, one of the party, the old weather-beaten sailor with a wooden leg, as they advanced a short distance—"I'd rather brave a real northeastern with a heavy sea, or encounter an English man-of-war at close quarters, than be laid broadside and broadside with one of them. Fair fight, and no biting or gouging, I like; but blast me, if I understand this fighting of every species of God's creation, creeping and upright, that moves on the face of his footstool."

"Hold, Walker," said the strong, athletic personage of the company, who carried the sword, and whom they called Bond—"you must look sharp, or the grapples of some of these wild inhabitants will fasten on you. They board one without any ceremony."

"I know it," replied Walker; "but is it a fact, Master Bond, that these bears hug a man to death?"

He had scarce uttered the question, when a sullen growl just above his head, saluted his ears, and the grating sounds of something sliding over the rough bark of a tree close by him, arrested his attention, as well as some of the rest of the party.

"There is one of the gentlemen you was enquiring about, Bob. You can shake hands with him if you choose," said Bond to the old sailor.

Walker immediately raised his blazing faggot, and discovered a tolerable sized bear descending the tree. "Better keep aloft, shipmate," said he, springing towards him and fearlessly fastening his hands in the long hair with which he was covered.

The bear stopped an instant on being taken hold of, and then began slowly to ascend the tree, Walker holding on with all his strength, to pull him to the ground. Bruin however, raised himself, and slowly moved up the trunk of the tree, Walker holding on with both hands. After being raised some five or six feet, and finding he was in a fair way of getting farther above terra firma than he wished with such company, Walker let go and dropped upon the ground. He lay a moment and then gathered himself up from his fall, and eyeing the ascending bear, drily muttered to himself, "Curse you, I had a short ride anyhow, you lubber" and looking around, found he was alone. Quickly picking up his fire-branch, which lay blazing on the ground, as he threw it down when he seiz'd the bear, he hastened after the rest of the party, damming the "black devil's tails," he having received a slight scratch from one of the hind claws of the bear, while hanging on to him.

As he overtook the rest, Bond burst into a laugh. "Why, Bob, your friend in the tree seemed to want your company."

"Yes, he scratched a slight acquaintance," replied Walker, dryly—"but look here, Master Bond, he's no sailor."

"No sailor!—yah! yah! yah!—Guess Massa Walker never see bear before," laughingly said Moses, the black.

"Where should I see one, chalky?
D'you 'spose I was brought up in the woods?"

"Gosh! no, Massa Bob, guess not," replied Moses, with a continued broad grin.

The party having now nearly reached the top of the eminence, clambered over a mound of earth which of a sudden presented itself before them, and seemed to extend in a circular form enclosing an area of several rods in diameter. Within this earthen wall or bulwark, stood several large trees, whose branches seemed locked and interwoven; with each other, forming a kind of canopy, high above; and the ground was covered with broken limbs and dry branches of them and the thick forest around.

On entering this area, the party clustered together; the evening air surcharged with dampness, was beginning to cause a heavy dew, which in disilling showers fell from the leaves and branches of the trees upon them.

"There certainly has been scenes of war upon this spot," said the captain, addressing Allen.

"It was evidently a place of defence," replied he.

"By whom was it erected?"

"The whites, I believe have never been satisfactorily informed. The marks of time stamp it at so remote a period, that no one pretends to date its erection. One thing alone is evident now, that at stated periods the natives assemble here and take up a temporary residence; but from appearances, none have visited it for that purpose of late."

The brief conversation of Allen and the captain was here cut short by the necessity of making preparations for rendering themselves comfortable for a short time.

All hands immediately were busy in gathering something together for a fire; and in making some kind of temporary shelter for the night. The light cloth tent of Ella, the female companion of the party, was raised, and a quantity of dry leaves collected on one side for a couch, and in a few minutes a large blazing fire sent its gleams of light over the enclosure, which, together with the bright moon, illuminated the whole area around.

Weary with travelling, Ella entered the tent which had been made as comfortable for her as possible, and throwing herself on the rude couch, soon was lost in sleep.

Allen after having seen that his charge was as well sheltered as the circumstances of the place would admit, and partaken with the rest of the party some refreshments, wrapped himself in his thick overcoat and betook him to rest.

In the meantime the youthful companion, whom Walker called captain, retired at some distance; and was soon seen by Bond on the top of the wall, moving slowly along gazing upon the moon and countless stars which lit the heavens.

"Your shipmate seems to have taken the first watch," said Bond, addressing himself to Walker, laughing and pointing to the young man.

"He looking out for squalls, massa Bob, ain't he?" asked Moses with a knowing wink.

A withering frown from Walker answered the black, and the words addressed to Bond, of "believe there, master Bond, say no more—you don't know him," immediately stopped the laughter of Bond.

"One question I must ask, Walker," said Bond: "Do you know who he is?"

"Aye," replied Bob, "as well as I know myself—I have known him from a cabin-boy to his present station."

"You must be well acquainted then," continued Bond.

"Yes," said Walker, "but make fast now, Master Bond, and say no more.—That young man knows his duty upon deck, or below; if he is watching now, something is in the wind, rely upon it."

"One would suppose you thought yourself on shipboard," replied Bond.

"No," muttered Walker, "never was so far out of sight of water in my life."

"No, no, Massa Bob never lib so far in woods afore," said Moses, looking Bond in the face, "nor me neither."

Another look from Walker, again silenced the black's tongue; and Bond finding him in no very communicative humor, left them and threw himself by the side of Allen for the night; while Walker stretched himself by the fire, and was soon sound asleep, snoring loud enough to frighten any of the four footed tenants of the wilderness from molesting him.

The black in the meantime sat looking at his master, who could be seen by the glare of light pacing to and fro on the high ridge of earth which surrounded them; but soon finding himself sleepy, crawled along side of Bob, and in a few moments responded to the sonorous breathing of his companion.

The stillness of the forest around was unbroken, except by the sound of a distant rush of water which came faintly upon the ear with the soft evening wind, and the captain maintained his station upon the parapet, though occasionally moving from point to point, appearing to be on the look out. At length he muttered to himself, "It must be near this place where the girl's father is embossed; the whole range of country tells me the spot is not far distant." And again he moved to another point upon the ridge, where an opening appeared far into the forest, as if some branch of an awful tempest in its desolating track, had cut its way into the deep recesses; for by the bright moon beams he could see the ground strewn with up-rooted trees and broken trunks, for a considerable distance. Here he stood wrapped in his thoughts, until the moon had sunk so low as to shroud in darkness the opening before him. Pressing his repeater, he found that it was past the midnight hour, and he descended towards the smouldering fire which had burned down & emitted but little light. Throwing a quantity of the dry fuel on the bed of embers, he sat for some time, when the cracking of the burning fagots woke the black.

[to be continued]
uncertain in his direction, the Miscellany will venture to assure those who may con-
descend to observe his deaftory progress, that nothing shall employ his attention but
such things as are conducive to amusement, and productive of utility. To "shoot folly as it flies," is the province of a noble
soul; and he has most merit, who does the greatest good to mankind. Humani-
ty takes pride in exerting itself for this
purpose, and he who pursues it, will never fail reaping his reward. It is a task worthy
of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the scholar: and although the Mis-
cellany moves in neither of these spheres,
yet his humble site may add something to the general stock—and if so, the re-
flection of being useful in his day, will have a cheering influence on his mind, when
the eye of life shall have dissipated his morning sun, and overshadowed his noon-tide ray.

REMEMBER ME, DEAREST.
Remember me, dearest, as one who passed
Like a vision across thy way,
Was smiling thy smile, when its light was cast
On the beautiful and the gay—
Whose heart was never saddened thy young career
In the glad and the brilliant hill,
And yet, when those next to all most dear,
Heath loved the best of all.

Remember me then with a silent thought,
Sometimes in thy hours of glee,
As one whose spirit a moment caught
A vision of truth from thee!

When thou turnest thy face skyward,
Will meet in its threshold gleam,
A spell to brighten Life's fleeting ray,
And illuminate its fading dream!

The world is like a vast sea; mankind
Like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous
boso.
Our prudence in its sails, the
sciences serve us for cars, good or bad
fortune are the favorable or contrary
winds; and our judgment is the rudder.

Without this last, the vessel is tossed on
every billow, and will find shipwreck in
every breeze. In a word—obscurity and
indignity are the parents of vigilance and
economy; vigilance and economy, of rich-
es and honor; riches and honor, of pride
and luxury; pride and luxury, of impuri-
ty and idleness; and impurity and idle-
ness again produce indignity and obscu-
ritv.

The Miscellany.

Historical Doubts.—An auctioneer at
a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with
the following candid observation:—"This
ladies and gentlemen, is the helmet of Ro-
nulus, the Roman founder; but whether
a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell!"

A young lady asked a gentleman while
in the garden, which he thought the pret-
iciest, the tulips or roses. "Oh, your
two-lips," he replied, "before all the ro-
es in the world."

A lady's maid advertises that she is a
perfect mistress of all the secrets of the
bottle; and that she can translate rods
and winks!

One of the officers of the Russian le-
guage at Washington was named Bloma-
nozoff—Blow-my-nose-off.

There are two eventful periods in the
life of woman; one, when she wonders
who shall have—the other, when she
wonders who will have her.

A bachelor being in company a short
time ago with some married ladies, was
asked why he did not take a wife. To
which he answered that he had taken
many, but that the husbands made such a
confounded noise about it, that he was
obliged to leave off.

EPIGRAMS.

What marks the wise?—When wrong'd for suffer'd ill,
To have the power to hurt, but want the will.
What speaks the fool?—When hate and spleen devour;
To have the will to hurt, but want the power.

AUBURN MISCELLANY.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY, AT FIFTY CENTS PER HALF YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I. AUBURN, N. Y., JUNE 9, 1835.

No. 4.

[The Our Paper.—Great enquiry being made for
the back numbers of our paper, those who wish to
become subscribers are informed that they can be
supplied from the commencement.

Auburn and Syracuse Rail Road.—The Report
of the Chief Engineer, E. F. Johnson, states that
the distance by the route recently surveyed between
the two places is 701 miles; and that the inclina-
tion of the road on this route will only average 10-1-3
feet per mile. The survey of another route was
commenced yesterday morning. So far as all the
surveys that have been made can settle the question,
there is no difficulty in the practicability of construct-
ing the road within the limits of the capital stock.

Old Times, and the Present, in Auburn.—Sixteen
or eighteen years ago, and what was this village,
compared to what it now is? A mud-hole with scarce a
side-walk—a few stores, and a number of scattering
dwelling houses. Compare Genesee-st. in 1816, to
what it now exhibits in 1835. What few merchants
there were, occupied some old dilapidated building,
standing in the mud. Now see the blocks of brick
and stone stores and ware-houses, ranging the sides
of a hard macadamised street with good walks on
each side, almost the whole length of the corporate
bounds. At that time the luxuries of the cities
scarce found their way so far into the interior of
the state. See now the fruits and products of almost
every clime and country, are displayed to our view.
Groceries which only kept a few dried herrings and
raisins, now are converted into Recesses and eat-
ing houses, where the luxuries of the sea and all the
deficiencies of city refreshments are kept. Oranges
are almost as plenty for sale as apples, and cocoa
nips as potatoes. Fine apples and soda-water are now
as cheap as common as gingerbread and beer were then.
But our limits this week will not permit us to go
farther.

Courtsey.—The editors of the Saturday Cour-
ery of the city of brotherly love, Philadelphia,
have we perceive, noticed, in a good natured, yarkey,
have we notice, that some of our readers are re-
supposing to see such a big sheet as theirs, suitable and friendly
in number ones; but as they did not send us on one
of their papers, we opine they want to make a jicker
with us, and swap[hed on the town.

We are sorry for it, because we like the paper well. We guess
we know however, where the shoe pinches; there's a
little larger than ours, by about three times and
over, so, of course we can't complain. If we are
right in our guess, and we reckon we are—suppose,
brothers Woodward & Clark, you send on yours
once a month, and we send ours to you once a week.
What say you to that trade—yes, or no? Ours is
a weekly at $1 per year—yours at $3, and richly
worth it. We will say nothing about the difference.

News in a Nut-Skell.

Two editors in Mass. are quarrelling in their pa-
pers; one of them threatens the other to "upset
his appenent, and spill all his whortleberries." We
suppose if they come together, they will also knock
each other in. A physician in [Boston has in-
vented a machine for harmonizing and facing
granite or any other kind of stone. He has applied
for a patent. If it is useful, we hope his machine for
smoothing rocks may be as profitable as commuting
the pills of the rich graham. —A number of industri-
ous and enterprising young women have formed them-

MISCELLANY.

Scrip.

[31]
ARRON MISCCELLANY.

Register states that in the city of New-York there are 65 different papers published, exclusive of Magazines. A directory is about being published in the city of Buffalo. A Mississippi paper gives a description of a Kentucky Giant that paid them a visit. The man was stated to be seven feet three inches in height, and weighed 225 pounds—only 21 years of age. It is stated that half a million of dollars worth of Peach trees were destroyed in New-Jersey, during the late severe winter. They are carrying on the civilization of flas to a greater perfection in England than in this country. At an exhibition in London, flas were exhibited dressed in breeches, coats and petticoats. We infer those dressed in the latter costume must be the females. It is a fact, we have not heard so much said about flas, as of late, since the days of the invention of the Frenchman's flas-powders. A singular verdict in a case of assault and battery, was rendered recently in Vermont. The jury decided that the plaintiff should be taken to the whipping-post and receive thirty-nine lashes; and that his lawyer should pay the costs of prosecution.

The largest lion ever exhibited in this country is now at Baltimore. A little kitten, about the size of one of his paws, was put into his cage, of which he took no notice, more than to avoid in his movements treading upon it. A week or two since a man by the name of Braddy, in an attempt at crossing the river above Niagara Falls, was carried by the restless current over the awful fall and precipitated into the frightful gulf below. Counterfeit Spanish quarter dollars are said to be in circulation in New-Jersey—two men have been taken up for passing a one of them. A young lady, a foreigner, was killed on board a canal boat a few days since between Schenectady and Little Falls; she was sitting on the deck reading, with her head resting on a trunk, when the boat passed under a low bridge, caught and crushed in a horrid manner. Her brother was with her—they had been in the country a few days. The Cholera is said has broke out in East and West Baton Rouge.

A Miss Fanny Kemble, an English actress who visited this country a year or two since and picked up a husband in Philadelphia, returned to England and has been writing a book. It is published; and if report speaks true, she ought to have her tongue clipped for telling so many lies about the Yankees and Jonathans of our country. We have not seen her production, but understand she beats old mother Trollope's work all hollow. If these English lally-book-makers don't stop, we know no other way than to send aunt Ann Royal over and pull caps with them.

Mrs. Hale's Magazine for May, mentions a new reformation that is attempting to be brought about: Two societies have been formed calling themselves the Anti-Corset Society. One it seems is in this State, in Peterborough, and the other is in Atkinson, Me. In addition it is said there are many "familial" associations of this sort in our country, and that the whole number is rapidly increasing.

Earthquake.—A destructive earthquake has occurred in Chili, which it is said has converted two cities into a heap of ruins and overthrown a number of villages, and spread death and ruin throughout a large extent of country.

A Detroit paper announces that a large waterfall, apparently not less than 75 feet in length, and five feet in circumference, made its appearance in the Detroit river, and passed the city with his head erected some 5 or 8 feet; and finally disappeared in the depth of the river. This is a considerable stretch of a snake story for a western editor; but don't begin with our old sea serpent, down east, which one editor estimated in length from snout to tip, of tail, at about one hundred and fifty feet; besides the bumps on his back, which probably if smoothed down, would have stretched him longer. To be sure, the Detroit snake story is rather too large to swallow whole, now; but when an editor puts these big whispers in print, there is no use of making "two bites of a cherry" about it—he ought to go to the whole snake!

A difference. The Philadelphia Saturday Courier says their paper is the largest family journal in the United States. Ours we verify and sincerely believe is the smallest. We laughed out the other day on comparing our eight octavo pages with the double sheet of the Courier & Enquirer, printed in the same form, in N. York; we owned beat.

A tailor in one of the western states was recently jilted out of his love to whom he wished to stitch himself in a double seam, by a rival who swallowed the remnant of his hopes, and rent her affections for him in such a manner, as to snap the thread of love that was about to stitch them together.

It is said by some writer, that men in office must have public minds as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at the public cost. How many who receive the latter, have none of the former.

Massa Captain—no sleep to-night—s'pose he lay down and let Moses watch for breakers," said the black, rubbing his stiffened limbs which had become chilled. "No; sleep pig, while you can. I am not in want of it. There are no breakers ahead," replied he.

"Nigger won't sleep when young master is awake—rather watch him while he take him rest with master Bob," rejoined the black.

"Be it so, then," answered the youth, and he threw himself by the side of Walker, while Moses added to the fire and secured himself by his side.

The dawn of the morning found the party stirring, and they commenced adding to the temporary shelters they had hastily erected the evening before. While thus at work, the thick clustering branches of the stately trees which stood within the enclosure, became the object of much interest to them: A huge black mass appeared among their branches, which was soon discovered to be an eagle's nest, then occupied with that majestic monarch of birds, and a young brood. The male eagle was seen sailing through the air around the hill apparently watching its mate with its young eaglets. Ever and anon he would soar high towards the heavens, until like a speck in the distance, he could scarcely be seen; and then descend with the quickness of an arrow, perching upon some conspicuous spot near, where with a fearless and intent gaze, he appeared eyeing with suspicion the party located below; and neither shouts or missiles would frighten him from his station. Occasionally one or two of the young eaglets would attempt to soar away; but their still most unfledged wings being unable to bear them aloft, they settled back upon the top branches of the surrounding trees.
again. In one of their short aerial excursions, one of them came to the ground, near by where Walker was bustling himself, who, with an unusual quick movement, seized it ere it could rise on the wing. Scarce, however, had he got it in his hands, when a rushing sound salute his ears, and looking up, beheld the parent bird flying almost with the quickness of a sunbeam past him, and instantly wheeling, rose some distance above them, and then quickly descended towards him with open beak and wide spread claws, as if intent on the rescue of its offspring.

"Curse you for a privateer!" exclaimed Bob; "here, take the prize," and he tossed the bird he held in his hands towards the descending parent.

With the start Walker had given him, the young eagle rose, and succeeded in reaching the lower branches of some of the surrounding trees, while Walker inwardly thanked his stars that by the timely release of his prize, he had escaped an encounter with the old eagle.

"I like the spark of that old bird," muttered he to himself, "that loud enough for Bond, who had that instant come up to hear him.

"Ha! Bob, you seem to monopolize all the acquaintance of the wild tenants of this place, both flesh and fowl; that bird you caught would have dined you and the Captain finely."

"The Captain never messed on an American eagle; he would as soon feed on his countryman's flesh; and Bob Walker is not the cannibal to eat that bird, the emblem of a free spirit," quickly replied Walker. "No," continued he, "I would sooner rock upon the rough billows of old ocean amidst the storms and gales of the equinoctial term, and suffer short allowance of a gilt of grog and half a biscuit a day, ere I would do that, Master Bond."

"I thought the young Captain seemed to look at the eagles with a longing eye. He has been watching them for sometime"—returned Bond.

An expressive look from the black directed towards Walker, caught the eye of Bond at this instant, and he turned them upwards towards the cluster of branches above, where the nest of the eagle was, and discovered the captain trying to make his way through them, he having ascended one of the trees.

For some time previous to this, Bond had noticed the captain standing upon the parapet with a small pocket-glass, looking with intense earnestness at the black mass among the branches which composed the nest, and saw him repeatedly wipe the glasses through which he was peeping.

"Captain trying to get through a bird's hole, massa Bob," said the black.

"There's no other way of conveying aloft from where he is, d'ye see, you nigger!" retorted Walker.

"Guess not, though massa always go outside the top when he go aloft at sea," replied the black.

They all now stood watching him for some time, as he made efforts to get up to the nest, breaking off branch after branch to permit himself to reach it. At length they discovered him with eagerness grasping something above his head and thrust it into his bosom; and immediately after leisurely descended.

"He's found something—guess! May be it's the lost ___" muttered the black, looking earnestly at Walker.

"God grant it—" replied Bob, "tho' it cannot be!" He was about finishing the sentence which Bond was eagerly listening to, when they discovered him fall several feet to the ground, having lost his hold of the tree he was descending.

The black was quickly by his side, and Walker hobbled after as fast as one leg would let him; unfortunately, however, er, in his eagerness he stepped his wooden stump in a small hole in the ground, and in his hurry was thrown prostrate, leaving a part of his substitute for another leg in the earth.

"You are a fortunate dog," said Bond, raising him up; "his not every broken leg that can be mend as easy as yours."

"I know it," replied Bob, seating himself; "but above all, and never mind me! See whether the Captain is righted from his upset."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The following is an old favorite sea song, in the ballad style. In days of long since, it has been sung by belles and beans. It has lost none of its merit by time. By request of some of our fair patrons, we place it in the Miscellany.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice I heard,
He stood up, and cast his eyes below.

The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quickly as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poising in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O! Susie, Susie, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful companion that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, "sailors, when away,
At every port a mistress find."

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present wherever I go.

Running down a Whale.—Much has been said, and more written, about the thrift and sagacity of Yankees. Their apiness in turning every untoward accident to their advantage has long been pro-
verbal. The following narrative will go
to illustrate this part of their character:

Some 15 years since, a sloop of fifty
tons or upwards, was fitted on the Con-
necticut river for the West Indies, with
a cargo of small stock, consisting of sheep,
pigs, poultry, &c. On the morning of the
third day, when they were about equi-
distant from the gulf stream and Montauk,
a monstrous whale was espied a little a-
head fast asleep. The captain, as jovial
and laughter-loving a Jonathan as ever
made cucumber seed out of basswood,
called all hands upon deck. "Boys," said
he, "I'll play the lubber a Yankee trick.
Look out for a little fun."

There was a smart breeze blowing,
and the captain taking the helm run the sloop
smack upon the whale. The levithan
not liking such familiarity, raised his huge
tail, and with a single sweep carried away
the bowsprit up to the night-heads. Here
is a pretty battle of fish, as the cook said
when he upset the lobster.

"There, captain, by golly," said the
mate, "you've got fun enough for all hands
now."

"Ahem—I swow," said the captain,
"who would have thought o'that? Well,
if we can't go to Turk's Island we'll try
Martha's Vineyard. Put her away for
Gayhead."

In less than a week the sloop reached
the Vineyard, the pigs and poultry were
sold, and the sheep turned out to pasture.
In another week the vessel was repaired,
a sufficiency of salt on board, and on her
way for the Banks of Newfoundland. A
load of fish was soon caught, and the sloop
Good Intent made five hundred dollars by
the attempt of the captain to make a little
fun by running down a whale.

Anecdote.—Not long since, two sailors
passing along by a tailor's shop, observ-
ing a tailor at work with his coat off, and
having the back of his waistcoat patched
with different colors of cloth, induced the
son of Neptune to crack a joke upon the
poor fellow, when one of the tars cried
out to the other, "Look ye, Jack, did ye
ever see so many sorts of cabbage grow
on one stump before?"

"Have you heard the news, aunt Dolly?"
said a little ragged urchin, running into
the house.

"No, deary.
"

"Well, I'll tell you, aunty."

"What is it, my little man?"

"You know our Frank run away and
gone to sea?"

"Yes."

"Well, the French it is said are going
to pay 25,000,000 of Frank's belonging to
us, and I guess aunty, our Frank will be
among them."

Scrapes.
An Irish gentleman lately bought a du-
con with his intimate friend, because he
coolly asserted that he was born without
a shirt to his back!

"Have you dined?" said a gentleman to
his friend. "I have, upon your honor," said
he. "Then," says the first, "if you have
dined upon your honor, you have
made a very scanty meal."
Riches without charity, are worth noth-
ing. They are a blessing only to him who
makes them a blessing to others.
The tongue of a viper is less hurtful
than that of a slanderer; and the gilded
scars of a rattlesnake less dreadful than
the purse of the oppressor.

A song of a Waltzimg Lady.

She is pretty, I agree,
But she waltzes, sir, you see;
And I would not give a fig
For a dancing whig.

Gospel Melody.

Song of the Angel.

Array'd in clouds of golden light,
More bright than Heaven's reposeful bow,

Judah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below:

How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the lay'd tones he sang!

"Good-will henceforth to man be given;

The light of glory beams on earth;

Let angels hark the harps of Heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth:

On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing!
And Judah's children hail their King!

The Scold.

To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost stinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter—in the boot,
To feel the gravel out one's foot;
Or a cursed flea within the stocking
Chase up and down—are very shocking;
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen.
To be detected when most in hurry,
Might put Griselda in a hurry;
But these, and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife!

The World.

This is the best world that earthling live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in:
But to borrow, or beg, or to man's own
It is the worst world that ever was known.

Antipathy.—The Bachelor and the Cat.—A gen-
tleman, (who, by the by was an old bachelor,) was in
the frequent habit of spending an evening at a
friend's house, and of varying the monotonous soli-
mitude of his life by passing a few hours of social che-
rist with the family; but his intimacy was interrup-
ted by a very singular and unexpected circum-
stance. A cat, (probably the favorite pet of some
stance,) immediately without even a moment's

\[\text{Back, she would commence her assault with astonishing}
\text{spite and fury, and would not cease, till she had}
\text{driven her unfortunate antagonist from the room;}
\text{when she would return to her corner, as calm as}
\text{if nothing had taken place.}
\]

The Salsbury (N. E.) Watchman, tells of a sin-
gular suit brought by warrant in a county not far
off.—A man of note, polished and erudite, brought
an action against an illiterate wright for writing a
lore-letter. The charge was fifty cents, and the
plaintiff recovered. The defendant alleged that the
letter was not of Square A's own making, for that
he had stolen half of it from an old Valentine, par-
cularly the words—

The Rose is red, the Violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you.

Again, the words—
Round in the ring that has no end,
So is my love to you my friend.

That these plagiarisms, together with the bad spell-
ing had made the gal laugh at him, and he thought
he ought not to pay, but the magistrate thought that
the Square had done his best, so he gave judgment for
the plaintiff.

If we are getting to be a wool-gathering
people. It is stated that the whole amount of wool rais-
ed last year in the United States, was seventy-five
millions of pounds—three millions is said to have
been imported from abroad. All this has been manu-
factured in our American factories. We like this.

Rain.—Since our last the hearts of all have been
made glad by some few refreshing showers, which
have partially moistened the parched earth. Vege-
tation still needs more rain,—it seems indispensa-
necessary for the good of the growing products
of this part of our country.

Agent.—We here continue a list of agents for
the Miscellany in different places:

In Weedsport, subscriptions will be received by J.
Holmes, at the Post-Office.

In Jordan, by Charles Van Tyne.

In Syraucuse, by John Dursfeld, Jr.

In Oswago, Isaac R. Jackson.

In Cato, William Dickinson.

In Waterloo, James C. Wood.

Died.

In this village on Saturday last, Mr. Isaac John-
son, a hero of the Revolution, and formerly one of
the proprietors of the Auburn Museum, aged about
90 years.
TAKENOTE!—J. McDanel & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Saddle and Harness Making business, in all its various branches, at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings, where they will sell all articles at their line price cheaper as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

AUBURN, May 18th, 1835.

FRENCH BURR MILL STONES, manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any others made in the state, can be had on application to

A. D. LEONARD.

AUBURN, May 18th, 1835.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Fow- er is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

AUBURN, May 19th, 1835.

FRESH FRUIT, &c.—Just received, fresh Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, & Money, on S. BARBER.

AUBURN, May 19th, 1835.

"Hide your diminutive heads, ye little stars!"

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK, such as gentleman's, metallic Wire, Tonsils, and Whiskers; also ladies' Everlasting Curbs, Ringlets, Puffs, Fringe Puffs on comb; just received from New-York, at France Jackson's Hair Dressing Shop, Genesee, near the bridge. Ladies' Wigs may be had by leaving orders. New-York, May 18th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHES, have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Jazeret Cloths, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloth in the market. Millers and Mill-Wrights are requested to call and examine them.

A. D. LEONARD.

AUBURN, May 18th, 1835.

CONFECTORY.—Confections of all kinds, kept constantly on hand at the Museum

No. 5 Centre Buildings, S. BARBER.

AUBURN, May 19th, 1835.

J. JACKSON wishes to inform the public that he intends keeping for sale all kinds of Orders, at the New-York prices. May 19th, 1835.

AUGUSTUS BLANKS, for sale at this office,

3 Centre Buildings—5d story.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY is published on Tuesdays, No. 3 Centre Buildings,

By FREDERICK PRINCE.

To whom letters and communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AUBURN, May 19th, 1835.
The countenance of the old sailor for a moment as he sat alone assumed a rueful expression at the mishap of his wooden leg; but brightened somewhat at hearing the cheerful sound of the captain's voice, who fortunately had received no injury from his fall from the tree. Seeing the situation of Walker, he rose, and smiling stepped towards him. "What! another splinter wound, Bob, ha!" said he.

"Not exactly, sir; though I'm thinking it will want a little splintering on the larboard side here," replied Bob, still looking a little ruefully at his shattered stump.

"Just by way of a strengthening plaster, I suppose," interrupted Bond laughing at the quizzical plight of the old sailor.

"Just so, Master Bond," returned Walker. "Here, Nig," looking towards the black, "take your jack-knife and cut a small wood plaster for your shipmate's shin, and bind it on with this," pulling a ball of tarred flax out of his pocket. "I always keep spare rigging about me on the land or water, you see; but there's no need of one's carrying extra spars about him in this wooden country—one has no difficulty in rigging out jurymen here—plenty at hand on deck in every direction."

Moses, the black, soon cut a suitable stick from one of the fallen branches of the trees around them, and with skill adjusted the broken fragment of Walker's wooden limb, binding it on in such a way, that he was soon on his legs again.

Bond here asked Bob how he lost his leg originally.

"Never mind that," replied he, "it's a long while ago. This much I will tell you, it was not bit off;" "Nor shot?"

"No."

"Nor frozen?"

"No."

"How then?—Nor jammed off?"

"No."

"It must have been cut off, then," continued Bond, a little vexed at the equivocal, ambiguous manner he was getting so unimportant information.

"No," replied Bob, it was not cut off."

"Tore off, Massa Bond," answered the black, "splinter tore him off."

"Yes, tore off! You see chalky's told the truth," at length answered Bob, his countenance exhibiting an inward laugh, at the long, unsatisfied curiosity of Bond.

"It's horrid thing, massa Bond, to have limb tore right off one's body," said the black.

"Yes," spoke Bond in reply, drily, tho' still unsatisfied with the manner in which Walker lost his leg.

"I helped him to cockpit for surgeon; and carried down young Massa-captain, soon arter," continued the black.

"Who?" asked Bond.

"Massa captain, who stands out there—he small midshipman at that time; but never fear fight or blood, no more than Massa Bob."

"Belay there, Moses, the haunchards of your tongue," exclaimed Walker. "If you have done a good turn to your shipmates, keep it to yourself, I say—they will never forget it."

The words of Walker cut short the communicative conversation of the blacks at this time, and Bob stumped around to try the strength of Moses' surgical oper...
ration on his wooden leg. "She is sound as solid oak again," said he, flourishing his timber leg around his colored companion's head.

"He's last a short voyage now, I guess," said the black, rising, and turning from the spot following after the captain, leaving Bond and Walker together.

Bond now wished, yet hesitated, to ask Walker some more questions, as his curiosity was raised to an unusual pitch. At length, after a few moments, he remarked, "Why Bob, you have seen some hard times in company with the young Captain?"

"Yes, we've seen the rough as well as the smooth," replied he.

"And weathered many a storm, I should think," said Bond.

"Aye, sir," rejoined Walker, changing his quid of tobacco for a fresh one. "But some how or other, you've a kind of enquiring turn, Master Bond; just lay to a spell, and ask no more questions, will you?"

Bond bit his lips at this quietus to his anticipated hopes of gratifying his curiosity, merely answering, "I love to hear the long yarns of an old sailor, who has so many scenes to recount."

"No doubt, Master Bond," said Bob, "but I am not in the reeling trim to spin you out a long yarn, just now."

In the meantime Allen, who had for the most part of the day been off in the forest, now came up, requesting them to attend the captain and himself a few moments, as they were about leaving them on a short excursion, and wished to leave Ella in their charge during their absence.

The captain immediately beckoned Walker a moment aside from the rest, where they had a conference together for a moment or two, the former showing him something, which he pulled from his bosom.

The old sailor appeared in his element on the result of the consultation, and the sight of what was shown him by the captain, and stumped around almost in a perfect ecstasy.

It was not long after, before Allen, with the captain and the black, left the Hill, winding their way through the forest in a northerly direction. "A safe voyage and speedy return, captain," said Walker, as he parted with them; and you, Nig," continued he, addressing Moses, "keep your land tacks within haul of your shipmates, lest some Indian pirate run foul of you, and make carrion of your hull for the crews."

"Never fear old nigger, Massa Bob," replied the black, twisting the band of the old sailor in the vice-like grasp of his own—"Moses keep in the wake of the captain."

Walker sat some time after they had gone near the entrance of the shelter of Ella, apparently in a deep study;—and Bond was humming an old tune of "woods and wilds," occasionally directing a word or two between the sanzas, to the girl in the tent.

"So it seems we are to keep garrison, while our friends are absent," said Ella to Bond. "God grant that we may not be molested by the natives before their return, though I am told the Cayugas are peaceable to the whites."

"I don't know much of them, Miss," replied Bond, "but trust we shall remain quiet. If they come, however, Walker and myself will sell our lives as dearly as possible in your defence."

"Yes, madam," interrupted Bob, "our life is at your service, and we shall not part with it cowardly."

"I have no fears of that," softly articulated Ella, "but what can two do against perhaps a hundred savages, thirsting for blood?"

"Do," said Walker, his eyes brightening at the mention of fight or danger, "Why, sweep the decks of them?"

Ella smiled at the animation of Bob, and his fearlessness of danger, and missing on her unpleasant situation, remained silent, resolving to trust for the best, conscious that murmurs and repining would be of little avail.

The remainder of the day wore away heavily, but in the evening Walker recounted some sea-faring scenes, though not particularly interesting to Ella, yet helped to beguile the time; and at a late hour she threw herself on her rude bed, while Bond and Walker alternately watched and kept a fire light, to prevent the interruption of the wild beasts, which they could distinctly hear after night fall, in the forest which stretched around in every direction.

Though retired for the purpose, Ella could not sleep, fancy continually picturing to her a ruthless band of natives, ready to inflict any species of torture and savage cruelty, which, together with the wild howling issuing occasionally from the forest, drove sleep from her eyes. She rose early, harrassed with the frightful images her imagination had conjured up. The morning was fine, and she ascended the highest part of the earthen ridge, which circumscribed this part of the mount. The faint, distant sound of running water could be heard in the stillness, and the sun like a globe of fire, appeared rising out of the dense forest in the far east.

Continuing for some time casting her eyes around, she noticed that Bond and Walker were stirring, and heedlessly she descended the hill on the east side and entered a kind of partial opening which extended a short distance striking a part of the woods which was now thinly studied with trees, and leisurely wandered further on.

[TO BE CONTINUED]
very heart; but as I possess no such genius, you must be content with the simple facts.

Her beautiful ringlets hung in wild disorder about her face and neck—her eyes, which in their natural state must have been fascinating, were now strained almost to bursting, with a deadly gaze—and, by the appearance of the colored carpet, there could not be a remaining drop of blood in her veins.

For the first time in my life, I lost for a moment, all presence of mind, and power of action, and sank almost lifeless to the floor; but, recovering a little, made an attempt to raise the unfortunate 'fair one,' to ascertain if any life remained—but my limbs refused their duty. My next attempt was to call for assistance, but my tongue also refused to obey. There was now but one alternative—I must try and reach the parlor. With great effort, I descended the stairs, and opening the parlor door, reached the nearest seat, and dropped almost senseless upon it. The company, amounting to about twelve, part of whom were females—rose almost involuntarily to their feet as I entered, and with one voice asked, "Mr. A. what has happened to you?" I could merely articulate "A dead lady in K's room!"

The most of the party were unable to move, their consternation was so great; but one or two, more calm than the rest, started for the scene. A thought at that moment rushed through my brain which struck more terror to my breast than all I had witnessed. I was but a stranger in the house—I was gone up stairs, I knew not how long, my shock was so great;—they might account for the noise we heard previous to my going up, some other way, and—charge the murder to me! Mustering, therefore, all my remaining strength, I sprang forward, and grasping the foremost of the party by the arm, who was now ascending the stairs, exclaimed—"Hold, sir, for a moment, hold!—the lady never possessed life!"

A Portrait had fallen from a nail.

B. I.

Original Anecdote.—A certain German who had but a slight acquaintance with the English language, was once invited to take tea with a married lady and her sister. Having observed previously when in company, that he was at a loss in pronouncing the word mistake, which in his dialect approached rather nearly to must-tick, he examined a dictionary containing many provincial definitions, and found mistake, "to get the wrong sow by the ear." He accordingly took tea, and while sipping a cup of it, he cast a very knowing look towards the sister and said, "I drink American ladies are not so vint of coffee as the German ladies is, Miss Mary." At this the young lady looked at her sister and said, "my sister's name is Mary, mine is Jane." "Ah!" said the German, "ah, pardon, I had de wrong sow on the ear.

Let no one count the number of his friends, till they have been bolted in the sieve of his own adversity; for there is much brawn in prosperous friendship.

It has been ascertained that more than sixty thousand species of animals inhabit the air, the earth and the waters, besides many thousands which have not come within the observation of the naturalist.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

As much beauty as preserves affection,
As much brightness as shuns deception;
Of modest daintiness, as claims protection,
A mind subervient and conscious of attention,
And every passion held in due subjection,
Yet faults enough to keep her from perfection:
First find all this, and then make your selection;
When her you find, no longer tarry
But take her hand and marry.
**AUBURN MISCELLANY.**

**PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY, AT FIFTY CENTS PER HALF YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.**

**VOL. I.**

**AUBURN, N. Y., JUNE 23, 1835.**

**No. 6.**

*F* A number of our citizens having expressed a wish to see our paper, who have not subscribed for it, we this week send it to many in the hope they will become patrons. On making it manifest, the back numbers will be furnished.

**F** We feel thankful to our brother types who have so readily exchanged papers with us, and for the flattering notice many have taken of our little sheet. Such favors are gratifying, and will be duly remembered.

**Our Village.**—On starting the Miscellany we spoke of our village. We now see our brother printers upset as following in the track, and well they may. Few places are like Auburn; its rapid strides in improvements for the last five years, challenge a comparison with any other village of its size in the state. Within the last six months, an extensive change of owners of property has taken place, and sites have fallen into the hands of enterprising business men, who, we hope, will not be stinted in their operations. From present appearances, the traveller who visits our place six months hence, will find a change, not invisible, but susceptible ofocular demonstration.

Taking a short tour off north a day or two since, we noticed some of the effects of the recent hurricanes. A great destruction of glass in the windows of houses that were exposed, had been experienced. We mentioned in our last that the number of panels of glass destroyed in this village was about 2,000, we are now informed we were wide of the mark. A friend informs us that 10,000 would have been much nearer.

**R**ather Cool.—So cold was the weather here yesterday, that fires seemed almost indispensable for comfort. "What do you mean it is so cold?" says one. "I don’t know," says another, "unless some of those balloon travellers have got before the sun, and keep its heat from us."

Independence.—Extravagance is making to get up a celebration in the village for the coming fourth of July. A committee of arrangements we learn have been appointed. We hope they will succeed, and arouse some spirit in the bosoms of our citizens, to at least commemorate the birth day of the liberty they enjoy, respectable for a place like Auburn, which can if it will, do things as they should be done.

**Fire Works.**—We could not help noticing a day or two since, in passing Buttre’s Bazaar, among a multitude of other things, some rare looking rockets, torpedoes, crackers, &c. If our patriotic youth don’t patronize him on the coming fourth, we shall lose our guess.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox, formerly of New York, has been inaugurated as Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Theological Seminary in this village.

**News in a Nut-Shell.**

It is stated that the island of Juan Fernandez has been destroyed by an earthquake.—An Irish paper says there are two mules in Ballymohou that will go to a pump, and while one holds his mouth to the spout, the other works the pump handle by alternately raising and depressing his shoulders—when the one is satisfied at the spout, the other takes his place. It may be so; but we don’t believe it. A traveller from Cuba states that ten thousand dollars’ worth of liquor is consumed daily in the city of Havana.

By the new militia law of Conn., ministers, doctors, and students are required to bear arms. "Shoulder the load" on training days, or pay their fines. A Miss Tubb, of Troy, has recovered $500 of a Mr. Harris of Albany, for not marrying her according to promise. A pretty dear Tub for him to bargain for and then not buy. A canal boat was destroyed by fire a few nights since, some miles east of Syracuse. A carboy of ether it supposed burst in the midships part of the boat, filling it with inflammable gas, when the captain entering with a lighted candle, it ignited, burst the deck from the boat, and blew the him into the canal. The boat was immediately in flames, and the passengers narrowly escaped to the tow-path, in their night clothes, losing all their baggage. A more singular accident never has occurred on our canals than the above. An Alabama paper says, a Mrs. Patt has recently divorced her husband. She would not stay put. The editor of the Boston Morning Post says he never was out of temper in his life, but came pretty near it once when a fellow seasoned his soup with snuff.

**THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.**

*Published on Tuesdays, at No. 3 Centre Building.*

By FREDERICK PRINCE,

To whom letters and communications (post may be addressed.

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**DEATH.**

In this village, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Lucie Goodrich, wife of Mr. Alfred Goodrich, in the 30th year of her age.

**CONGRESS WATER.**—Just received at the Museum Reeces, a few doz. bottles fresh Congress Water, direct from the Sources.

**PECKED LOBSTERS.**—Just received at the Museum Reces, some fine Pincked Lobsters, direct from New-York.

S. BARBER.

**AUBURN MUSEUM,** consisting of natural and artificial curiosities, viz: Birds, quadrupeds, fishes, reptiles, wax figures, &c., &c.—located in Centre Buildings, No. 2, 3d and 4th stories. Admittance 55 cents. Tickets to be had at the Museum Reces.

**June 8th, 1835.**

**BARGAINS FOR CASH!**—E. A. Warren, having made arrangements, since his return from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E. Williams in the Tanning business, is disposed of closing his mercantile concern as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods at cost, at present stand opposite the Stone Mill, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., &c., &c., Auburn, May 21, 1835.

**BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Sennett, 11 miles east of Auburn, on the 15th of May, a Mare, supposed to be 5 or 6 yea's old this spring, with a white stripe down the back, and with no whit of the head and tail, the near fore foot being shod with an iron bandage about it. Any person finding the said mare by calling on the subscriber.

Auburn, May 23, 1835.

**Curtis Devore:** 4w.

**L**ost, some weeks since, the Sarpy Book. Information concerning it will be thankfully received by the A. M. on May 23, 1835.

**N. Weaver,** M. D., Surgeon and Botanist, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have them to make a trial of his Medicine, and then judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing that the merits, or demerits, of his practice may be decided upon at the bar of public opinion.

*Auburn, May 15th, 1835.*

**J. Knapp** continues Sign Painting, Gilding, Perspective Drawing, &c., &c., at his room, No 7 Centre Buildings, 2d story.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

**EYES & SMITH, Hatters,** have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentlemen’s and children’s Cloak Caps. Those wishing to purchase, please give them a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

**SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.**—A constant supply of wheat, cockle and chess Wire-Cloth, wove with gaged reeds, and perfect in meshes—also wrought-iron Mill Screws, with full and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

**TAKE NOTICE!**—J. McDonald & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Stable and Harness Making Business, in all its various branches, at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings, where they will sell all articles in their line as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

**FRENCH BURE MILL STONES,** manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any others made in the state, can be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

**FRESH GROCERIES,** H. G. Fowl, is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

**FRESH FRUIT,** &c., &c.—Just received, fresh Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, &c., &c., &c., Auburn, May 20th, 1835.

**DUTCH EOLING CLOTHS,** have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch andor Cloth, which we are well supplied with the consumer than any other cloths in market. Mills and Mill-Wrights, are requested to call and examine them.

A. D. LEONARD, Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

**CONFEDERATION.**—Confessions of all kinds, kept constantly on hand at the Museum Reces, No. 3 Centre Buildings. May 19th, 1835.

S. BARBER.

**JOBPRINTING.**—Cards, Handbills, Circulars, &c., &c., done with dispatch at this office.

**JUSTICES' BLANKS,** for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings, 2d story.

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THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHAPTER VI.

There is something in the solitude of a forest which inspires the feelings with awe—its silence, loneliness and dreary appearance, all are calculated to depress the mind. The wilderness of trees on every hand, that presented themselves before Ella, with their huge trunks that had braved the storms of ages, led her to contemplate upon nature's hand which planted them, and she strained unconsciously on, step after step, fancy picturing to her imagination what changes in the order of time might not take place; when the present aspect of the country would be converted from a howling wilderness to seats of civilization, and the busy hum of life and activity.

Suddenly she came to the bank of the Owasco outlet, dashing and foaming along over the bottom of a deep vale, the steep sides of which it seemed almost impossible to descend. The wild scenery around created an awe in her mind, and her thoughts wandered in contrast to her native hills and streams, where civilization with its industry had erased the solitude of a desert, and caused them once wild aspect to assume such a difference to the one before her.

She thought of her home, and the friends united to her by the ties of blood and nature, until the tears flowed unconsciously from her eyes, while again the thoughts of her peculiar situation, in the wilds of an almost trackless country, tenanted almost only by ravenous beasts and untutored natures, threw a melancholy gloom over her mind, as she contemplated the views presented before her.

At length, trembling with emotion, she sat herself on the high bank of the rushing water that moved along in foam over fallen trees and drift wood of broken branches and limbs. Scurse a sound struck upon her ears except the ceaseless, hoarse rush of the waters. "Oh, that they may be successful in finding out something," murmured she to herself, and she cast her eyes across the deep vale before her.

While looking towards the opposite bank, suddenly a terrific yelling startled her ears; and terror seized her as she saw through the trees several natives approaching the bank, and soon discovered they were about descending its steep side towards the water.

In an instant throwing herself upon the ground, she crept through the bushes near her a short distance, to the edge of the thicket; and rising, hurried with her utmost speed to the hill. Pale and breathless, she soon reached the foot of the steep eminence, and panting with her exertions, hastened her way up, clambering over the high ridge and rushed into the presence of Bond and Walker, giving them information that the savages were near.

Bond armed himself immediately, and prepared to sell his life dearly; while Walker, perfectly unconcerned, and fearless of any danger, exclaimed, "Let the Indian lubbers come on—Bob Walker is always ready to repel boarders."

A few moments only elapsed, after Ella's notice of the savages being so near, when a confused yelling of the natives told in language too plain to be misunderstood, that they were close at hand, and would soon be upon them.

"Calm your fears, Ella," said Bond,
No, Walker, hearts of oak, like yours, never quailed. But bark! hear the wild shouts—they are ascending the hill.

"Treat with them, if possible," suddenly exclaimed Ella—"Perhaps they come not with hostile intentions."

"Belay there, Miss, ejaculated Bob,—we form no treaties with those who show no quarters—if they are for fight—it's hardest fend off!"

Ella said no more; but burying her face in her hands, while the voices of the natives seemed just outside of the parapet of the place of defence.

"No, Master Bond, it's no use to hail them, and make them lay to, as the girl wants," continued Bob, scarcely noticing Ella.

"I suppose not," replied Bond.

At this instant it seemed as if one simultaneous yell burst from a hundred throats sounding from the earthen ridge, and rung in echoes back from the forest.

No sooner did this appalling noise strike upon the ears of Bond, that he rushed out of the tent, and saw a dense mass of natives just leaping the high mound of the enclosure into the area near them.

As he emerged they discovered him, and a score sprang forward with uplifted tomahawks, and knives uttering horrid screams.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Why and Wherefore.—A blue-eyed damsel, very vain of her beauty, asked a clownish fellow, in a sing-song, sentimental tone, "Why does azure deck the sky?"

Anticipating an answer from him of 'tis to be like thine eyes of blue,' when the Sagacious genius returned this laconic and sagacious answer: "Why do hogs have bristles, my love?"

The world's a book, writ by the Eternal Art
Of the great Maker, printed on man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned;
The errata will appear all at the end.
ter how he thought that the poor animal
would understand what he had said to it.
"Oh!" said he, in answer, "the bear un-
derstood me very well; did you not ob-
serve how ashamed he looked while I was
upbraiding him?" This is a historical
fact.

THINGS FOUND IN REASON.
The idea of superiority felt by a man in
a big steamboat over another in a little
steamboat.
The credit which you award to a shop
keeper, when he assures you on his hon-
or, such an article cost him so much.
The belief of any particular thing be-
cause it has been in the newspapers.
The pride of a gentleman in the boxes at
the theatre over one in the pit.
The contempt of a man who is going
the whole route in a stage coach for one
who gets in to ride only a few miles.
The dislike a person experiences against
a stranger who wears his hat rather to
please himself than any body else.

One of the miseries—Carrying a lamp
in one hand and something else in the oth-
er, which you are totally unable to disen-
gage—consequently being obliged to wait
until a spark, which has fallen from the
lamp on your hand, goes out of its own
accord.

"I'll lick you quicker than lightning," said a raw boned Jonathan the other day,
to a two fisted chap, who had given him
some slang.

"Well," said the latter, lightnin pretty
tolerable quick, but I guess as how I've
seen some things that would make light-
ning loll to keep up with 'em.

By what term of sweetness can we ex-
press the brutal act of a man's beating his
wife?—By the word Elixir—(he lick's her.)

CHIT-CHAT.—FOR THE MISCELLANY.

"Dick!" enquired the maid, "have you
been after that Sal Eratus?"

"No, I haven't."

"If you don't go quick, I'll tell Mis-
tress.

"Well, tell Mistress as soon as you
please! I don't know Sally Ratus, and
I won't go near her,—you know well e-
ough, I'm engaged to Deb."

"Have you been to the Lectures on
Phrenology? asked a giddy, rattle-brain-
ed girl, of an old maid aunt.

"I--no indeed! Do you suppose I'd
go to such a place of vain amusement?"

"Vain amusement! Why aunt!—the
lecturer says he can tell by the bumpa on
one's head whether one is to be married or
not."

"Do tell!—is that so?—why, most as-
suredly I shall go—who knows,—yes,
I shall go.

"Where are you going Tom?"

"No where.

"Stop a minute and I'll go with you."

Women have a way of appearing more
in love than they are; even while pretend-
ing to be less in love than they really are.
They pat your cheek and say, 'I don't love
you one bit,' when the truth is they do
love you—just about one bit.

A little boy, one day, looking up in his
mother's face, with an air of deep reflec-
tion asked her why she instead of mar-
rying his father, had not waited till he grew
up and then married him

EPITAPH.

Reader, pass on, nor waste your time
On bad biography, but bitter rhyme,
For what I am, this cumbersome clay insur-
re. And what I was, is no affair of yours.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

A CLOUD.

You cloud—tis bright and beautiful—it floats
Along in God's horizon—on its edge
The stars seem hung like pearls—it looks as pure
As from an angel's shroud—the white cyml
Of Purity just peeping through its folds,
To give a pitying look on this and world.
Go visit it, and find that all is false,
Its glories are but fog—and its white form
Is pilighted to some coming thunderbolt—
The rain, the wind, the lightning, have their
source
In such bright meetings. Gaze not on the clouds.
However beautiful—Gaze at the sky,
The clear, blue, tranquil, and glorious sky.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought rose to all mankind,
Old Adam called her: woman,
But when she wou'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it: woman;
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's packets trimming,
The ladies are so full of schemes,
That people call them whit-women.

The force of habit will induce some to almost any
thing, and fit them to endure which would cause
others to perish in undertaking—Years since, when
Auburn was in its infancy, there was a youth of sin-
gular habits living in the place. Few of the old
settlers but recollect Hugh Frater, or Hughy, as he
was called, He was a houseless wanderer, and his
home, the streets. One bitter cold morning in the
month of January, as one of our merchants was
opening his store, some impediment to one of the
chutes caused him to mount an empty box by the
window. Scarcely however, had he stepped on the top
when a voice from underneath assailed him, "Off of
that box!—off of that box, I say."
The thermometer
was at zero, and the bony blast of a north-west
wind had congealed every thing, seemingly, that cold
weather could freeze during the night. Judge his
surprise then, on turning over the box, to find a hu-
man being snugly stowed within, without any cover-
ings but those on his back, who, on being disturbed in
his morning sleep, woke at his disturbance, and crawl-
ed forth. It was Hugh. On being asked if he was
now cold, he replied, he had not found so comfortable
a lodging in tolerable.

 Chargers.—In a small book recently published en-
titled "Knowledge for the people, or the plain Why
and Because," it is stated that if the legs of horses be
broken, they will by their eggs without shells until
the fracture is repaired. This book also states a
new way of preserving eggs, viz. by rubbing them
with butter, which closes the pores of the shell by
which the communication of the embryo with the ex-
ternal air takes place. Varnish it is said has a similar
effect, and that eggs covered with a spirit var-
nish have been known to produce chickens after two
years, when the varnish has been removed.

The Whedon's Mill.—Capt. Townsend of the
ship Nile, states that on the ist of December, 1834,
last 45 31 S. long. 77 40 W. he saw a whale—
launched two boats and killed him. When about to
make fast for the purpose of towing him to the ship,
the Albatross, as usual, fetched in great numbers
around—and he observed on the neck of one of them
a leather bag, fastened with a piece of wire. The
boat's crew caught the bird, and the sailor's jackie
soon revealed the contents of the mail bag, which
were as follows:

"Ship Braganza, capt. Baker, of New Bedford,
for the Pacific Ocean—23 days out—no oil."

The Gazette.

By an arrival from Europe, it appears that Mr.
Littenberg and family were at Plymouth, Eng., hav-
ing arrived there on the 10th, in the Constitution,
where they were to stop several days. The frigate on
its arrival fired a salute, which was duly answered
by a royal one from the citadel battery. This arrival
brought nothing further relating to the indemnity
bill,—Intelligence from Algiers states that hostilities
had commenced between the French and Arabs.

A canna boat is about being constructed at Roch-
ester to run to Buffalo, a distance of ninety-five miles
to perform the route by daylight. It has recently
been ascertained that when a boat is propelled at the
rate of seven or eight miles an hour, the boats ride on
the swell, and creates less commotion in the canal
than the common packets at 4. The boat is to be
made narrow.

Mr. Editor.—Is it necessary to have a flute to ac-
company the organ in our church service? If so,
would it not be as well for the youthful performer to
attend behind the organ, as to be seated by the female
singers? The question is merely put, which has
been asked by

MANY.

Died.

At Port Byron, Cayuga co., on Sunday evening
the 14th inst, about 11 o'clock, William A. Roe,
who was deaf and dumb, a botanical doctor, aged
97 years and 5 months. He was a resident of the
City of New-York, and had been but eleven days
from home on his way to Illinois. His brother, a
small boy about 15 years of age, came here with him
—he has connexions there and has gone on. Mr.
R. was kicked by a horse, and died in about nine
hours. He was a smart, bright and interesting young
man, much known about the states, and we deem it
a duty to advertise his death. [Abb. Arg.]

J UST received, a fresh lot of Fruit, among which are Fine Apples, Oranges, Figs, Raisins
&c. &c. &c. For sale at the Bazaar, two doors west of the Post Office. June 23d.

C ONGRESS W ATER.—JUST received at the
Albany Museum, a few dozen bottles of fresh Con-
gress Water, direct from the Springs.

P ICKLED LOBSTER.—JUST received at the
Museum Museum, some fine Pickled Lobsters,
direct from New-York.

S. BARBER. June 8th, 1835.

A U B U N M U S E U M, consisting of nat-
ural and artificial curiosities, viz: Birds, quad-
rupeds, fish, reptiles, was figures, &c. &c. &c.—located in
Centre Buildings, Nos. 3, 4, 5, &c. &c. &c. Ad-
mittance 25 cents. Tickets to be had at the
Museum Museum.

B A R G A I N S F O R C A S H.—E. A. War-
den, having made arrangements, since his re-
turn from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E.
Williams in the Tailoring business, is desirous of clos-
ing his mercantile concern as soon as possible. He
therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods
at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill,
consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c. &c.
June 21st, 1835.

M U S E U M R E C E S S.—S. Barber has
fitted up the commodious Room, No. 3 Cen-
tre Buildings, where he invites his young friends to
all the delicacies of the season, constantly on hand
and water, pies, cakes, fruit, nuts, &c. &c. &c. may be
found. —Auburn, June 15th, 1835.

L O S T, some weeks since, the Serpent Regus,
a peculiar vessel belonging to the Auburn Musical Association.
Any information respecting the same will be gratefully re-
ceived by the A. M. A. —Auburn, May 23d, 1835.

W E A V E R, M. D., Surgeon and Botanist.
A Peysian, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn,
would say to the public that he has made a trip of his Medical
and will be pleased to judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing and then
and himself, or desiring, of his practice may be deci-
ded upon at his house at any time.

N. WEAVER, M. D. Surgeon and Botanist.
No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn.

K E Y E S & S M I T H, Hatters,
have for rent their store the most
handsome assortment of new and fashionable
Hats ever before offered in Auburn.

Among them are all kinds and all other kinds of hats, to-
together with an assortment of gentlemen's and
children's Cloths Caps. Those wishing to purchase,
will please give them a call.

AUBURN, May 19th, 1835.

S C R E E N W I R E & M I L L S C R E W S.
A constant supply of wheat, buckwheat and greasy
Wheat-Cloth, woven with grey, brown and perfect
in meshes—also wroughtiron Mill Screws, with a full
and perfect head, may be had on application to
A. D. LEONARD.

May 19th.

T A K E N O T I C E.—J. McD. & Co. round
their friends that they continue the Saddle and Harness Making
business, in all its various branches,
at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings where they will
sell all articles in their line as cheap
as can be purchased elsewhere;
and respectfully invite all to call and see.

A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

F R E N C H B U R R M I L L S T O N E S,
manufactured from selected stock and warranted
superior to any others made in the state, can be had
on application to
A. D. LEONARD.

May 19th, 1835.

F R E S H G R O C E R I E S.—H. G. Fow-
ton is now receiving an assortment of Fresh
Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will
be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected.
His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

F R E S H F R U I T, &c.—Just received, fresh
Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, &c.
S. BARBER. May 19th, 1835.

D U T C H B O LT I N G C L O T H S.—I have
just received one case of 500 yards of the
classic Dutch flax Cloth, which are worth more to
the consumer than other cloths in market.
W. Warren and Miller's, are constantly on hand.
A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

C O N C E P T I O N A R Y.—Conceptions of all
kinds, kept constantly on hand at the
Museum Museum, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

May 19th, 1835.

S. BARBER.

J O B P R I N T I N G.—Cards, Heads, Bound, Circulars,
&c. &c. &c. &c. done with dispatch at this office.

J U S T I C E S B L A N K S, for sale at this office, No. 3
Centre Buildings—3d. story.

The A U B U N M U S E U N.
BY F R E D R I C H P R I N C E.
To whom letters and communications (post paid)
may be addressed.

The citizens in the village and all others not
subscribers, who receive our Miscellany, are informed
that we have yet had no numbers on hand from the
commencement, to furnish all new patrons to the
work. Come on them! "Come simply, in pairs, or in
companies!"—You shall all be furnished.

Melancholy accident and death.—We learn that
on Saturday afternoon last, as several men were ap-
proaching the remains of a marble statue standing on the
brink of a sand-hill, a little south-west of this village,
one of the number, named Robert Thompson,
was instantly killed by it. They had undermine-
ning the base, which was about twenty feet in length,
and ascertained the direction in which it was to fall,
when at the critical time for them to stand out of its
way, on the excitement of the moment, the unfortu-
nate man took the same direction of the falling mass,
and had nearly gotten beyond its reach, when almost
the extreme end struck his head, crushing him to the earth
a mangled corpse. Truly, "in the midst of life we
are in death."

Another distressing accidental loss of life.—On
Sunday afternoon a young man named Hiram
Duff, went into one of the mills a short distance up the
Owasco creek, for the purpose of bathing; while
sporting with a log on the brink of the dam, he was
precipitated over and became wedged in with a mass
of logs, where before assistance to extricate him
could be procured he was drowned. Some time clap-
ped across a person who ventured to the spot,
whom were the Messrs. Vanderheydens, by
whom praiseworthily exertions the body was extricated
and taken out.

Rogues.—Our citizens in this and the adjacent
towns should be on their guard against rogues. No
Within the last two days, two thieves villagers have
been brought to our county jail for stealing property;
One an Irishman, for purloining property from Mr.
John Miller, of Sennett; and another, an ungrateful
fellow, for taking without leave or license, a full suit
of clothes from a young man in our village, whom they
had befriended him. They both had cleared with their
spites, but were punished and taken out.

Celebrations of the coming 4th of July we notice
were to take place in sundry places in this county be-
sides our own village—at Aurora, Fosterville, and at
Cold Spring Pump. A balloon is to ascend to the
latter place.

Cruel.—In passing through Centre-street, last
Saturday, we witnessed a dog with a tin cup or pail
fastened to his tail, on the full run. We hesitate
to say that the youths who were accessory to this
deed of cruelty deserve at least a lettering for their
miserious disposition, as well as an additional cor-
rection for their inhumanity. The last we saw of the
canine animal, he was on the full jump through Ge-

neces-street, running for dear life to his own yells
of--hi!hi!hi! Cruel sport of tormenting dogs in
this way is outrageous—better cut all their paws
off—short—close up to their ears!

An amusing little accident occurred at Barrie's Ha-
azar a day or two since. While some one was han-
dling a quantity of little torpedoes, one accidentally
exploded among them, which so bewitched the oth-
era that they went off in quick succession, creating
for a moment a miniature cannonade, threatening
disturbance to the world of little things arranged in
that part of the shop.

A new article of speculation.—Visiting one of our
manufacturing establishments a few days since, (J.
Himmans's Brush manufactory), we noticed an in-
numerable quantity of wood-saw frames, in their rough
state, which on enquiry we found were for the city
markets.

After next Monday, the Marshals in the differ-
ent towns commence taking the census of this state.
Wander how many inhabitants our village contains,
we shall know ere long.

News in a Nut-Shell.

The vice-chancellor of the State has ordered the
sale of that monstrous pile of stone and
brick known as Holts Hotel in the city of New-
York. The sale is to take place on the 13th of next
month.—Jeet! what will not be invented next?
A paper before us mentions that a Yankee has invent-
ed a snuff-box in the shape of a pistol, which by
the help of a spring, fires the snuff up the nose, without
the trouble of "snuffing."—Foot racing seems to
The Auburn Miscellany.

Vol. I. Tuesday, June 30, 1835. No. 7.

The Twin Brothers.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

Chapter VII.

"Stop a bit, my hearty," exclaimed old Bob, as he saw Bond, like a lion from his lair, bound from the tent; but his voice was drowned in the wild and confused screams that burst upon his ears.

"The Indian dogs will find him no common hand among their rigging," muttered he, turning to Ella to speak further; but she lay apparently insensible upon her couch; and his last preparation was made for the conflict by opening his shirt collar, while he moved towards the opening of the tent, from which his companion had just made his egress. Pausing an instant he saw the savages in numbers bounding towards the spot; and seizing what was nearest to him he sprang out.

One deafening shout rent the air, as he made his appearance, and all was but the work of the moment with Walker, as he followed in the track of his forward companion.

Undauntedly Bond threw himself forward to meet them, his eyes shining like meteors, while his ponderous broadsword was whirled in every direction. Aghast, the natives stopped and at once started back with awful yells, as they witnessed the destruction among them by one man; the concentrated whirlwind could not sooner have cleared the space where they stood than the tremendous sweeps of his trusty blade, which at every stroke laid some one of them a headless or a maimed trunk upon the earth.

"Give it to them!" shouted Walker, rushing forward on his wooden leg, wielding the stantion which supported the tent of Ella, which he had seized with a giant strength as he started, and was Hercules like, striking down all before him. "S Mend their timbers, my boy, and cut the pirates' laniards!"—continued he, hurling the stick of wood among them, "stave in the broadside of the land sharks!—Give it to them, my man—I'm with you from the stem to the forecastle—swep the decks of the human tigers!" vociferated he, laying around him with tremendous blows on every side.

The natives in the meantime appeared awfully appalled at the numbers that were struck down by Bond and Walker, whose destruction among them seemed more than human, and with one simultaneous yell sprang over the parapet and fled into the deep and dark recess of the forest, extending westward, with their savage voices strained to a trumpet loudness in shrill sounds, and could be heard still yelling, until fainter and fainter their screams died away in the distance.

"The infernal bloodhounds!" muttered Bond, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his forehead, as he surveyed the field of battle.

"Wood devils incarnate!" responded Walker, throwing his quid at one of the prostrate, lifeless Indians before him, and turning the body over with his wooden stump.

"It was no boys' play in repelling such borderers as these—real bow and arrow breed, these fellows, master Bond."

"Aye, Walker; but there lays a round dozen of them, who have lost their dinner."

"And grog, too, I'm thinking," interrupted Walker. "That one," continued he, kicking over a huge savage that lay at his feet, "never knew what hurt him, when this little spring touched him about the upper story, and broke his roof in."
"No,—nor this one either," answered Bond, raising the ghastly head of one of them, which at a single stroke had been severed from the body—"his carcass will not have the head-ache again."

"Blast my two eyes!" ejaculated Walker, "I guess not—I reckon you are used to mowing, I see you cut an even swath as you swung the old steel among them. You could not have cut stubble smoother.

"And you are used to thrashing, one would suppose, by the way you shed the brains from the skulls around you," laughingly replied Bond.

"Aye, aye, master Bond," said Walker, "I've swung a fiail in my day, but it was when I was very young. This is too heavy a piece of timber to move to any advantage in that way, though it has done very well for this purpose—I'll just prop up the girl's tent again with it. I suppose these landsharks will lay still where they are."

At this instant, however, he saw one of the prostrate natives apparently raise his head a little, and then drop it suddenly.

"There's life in that fellow," quickly exclaimed he, and he hobbled towards him slowly. He had approached to within a few feet of the supposed savage, when he suddenly sprang on his feet and with a yell plunged his knife into Walker, and then bounded like a deer, over the enclosure into the thick forest, and in a moment was out of sight.

The surprise of Walker was so sudden, and the blow so unexpected, that for an instant he stood alternately eyeing the retreating assassin and the wound he had received. At length he turned to Bond, smiling, "That cowardly dog won't come in my wake again," said he. "Why, the lubber might have done for me, if he had struck straight into my broadside."

"Are you wounded?" anxiously enquired Bond, running towards him.

"Only just a small hole in my dinner-pouch, here—but the scape gallow serves the captain with the boatswain's striped jacket, for not doing better execution with his knife."

"One would suppose you would rejoice that it was no worse, friend Bob, instead of sputtering because he had not had the whole of your broadside, as you call it."

"I do—I do," replied Walker; "but the Indian devil should have struck the magazine, when he had the chance," hearing his bosom where his heart was seared.—"Nothing like doing business right, when coming to close quarters."

"Then why did you not finish him, when you felled the runaway?"

"I thought I had, the pirate! but it was only a wind-stopper—look at the rest, though; think you they will ever rise again?"

"Not before the resurrection," replied Bond.

The knife of the savage had glanced after perforating a part of the dress of Walker, and only cut a small place in his side. It was a narrow escape for Bob, notwithstanding he kept cursing the Indian for not doing the thing as he ought to have done, swearing he'd show no quarters to such a land lubber who knew no better how to cut and thrust. "I say, Master Bond," continued he, "that imp of the woods never tapped any good liquor, or else he'd have made a hole in the right place of the cask."

"Never mind, Bob," said Bond, rather amused at Walker's ire against the Indian for not killing him,—"be careful you don't give him or some of his tribe a chance to unsingle your top works;—he'd no doubt take off your scalp to your satisfaction, and break your upper deck in with his tomahawk in such a way you'd have no occasion to find fault with him."

"Aye, aye! no doubt he understands that; these fellows are better stoners, Master Bond, than you or I; but in cutting blubber, they know not where the fine oil is. See, how you done your work when you clipt this bow and arrow devil?" pointing to a herculean native whom Bond had cut nearly half in two in one of his sweeps, now presenting a horrible spectacle,—"a chain-shot would not have done better execution. You only wanted more strength, to have made him half and half."

"Come," said Bond, "we will leave them now and see to the girl—there will be no more of them move, I'm thinking, until the earth gives up its slain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Auburn Miscellany.]

TO MY BROTHER IN-LAW.

Yes! take her; but be faithful still;
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now:—
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds your youthful heart;
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hours—
The home of ripen years—
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears:
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free:—
All these, and more, she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
Its good and ill to share;
And well I know, 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her!—and may fleeting time
Mark only joys increase;
And may your days glide swiftly on,
In happiness and peace. S. C. D.

Why is the sun, after disappearing in the west, like soft feathers?—Because it is down.

[THE MISCELLANIST, NO. III.]

The works and productions of Nature which come under the denomination of curious, are so many and so diversified, that it would be impracticable barely to enumerate them. The vegetable, the mineral, and the animal kingdoms unfold to the inquisitive eye, an infinite variety of phenomena, both surprising and delightful. There are plants which seem possessed of a degree of consciousness, and animals which seem to participate of the vegetable, and some of them even of the rational principle. There is a species of the feathered race, which seems to be allied to the inhabitants of the waters; and some of the latter, leaving their native element, proudly soar aloft and claim kinship with the winds of the air.

In the earth are found fossils of curious form, resembling some of the works of art, though really the productions of sportive nature. Air has wonderful properties, and sustains vapors, clouds, and fiery particles which, floating in the "invisible fluid," display, at times, surprising and tremendous appearances. Water, besides its motion, fluidity, and pressure, exhibits a very singular phenomenon, called the "hydrostatic paradox," which shows that a very small quantity is capable of balancing the greater.

To consider all the properties of light, the most useful, and, at the same time, the most wonderful substance in the universe, would far exceed our bounds. We will just mention, that it is compounded of particles of various sizes, which exhibit inherent and unchangeable colors. This was discovered by the immortal Newton, and made abundantly obvious by a simple experiment. By this means, the colors which are blended and intermingled by nature, are beautifully separated, and!
what is remarkably curious, fall exactly in "harmonic proportion." Without this variety in the parts, we perceive no variety in the color of objects; but all things would be clothed in the same uniform light, as creation is by the yellow splendor of the moon.

Not to mention that world of wonders, which is made visible by the power of the microscope, where animals infinitely smaller than the smallest seen by the naked eye, live and range at large—to say nothing of the formation of springs, the causes of tides, of echo, and petrifications; the circulation of the blood, the phenomenon of shooting-stars, and wandering fires, all of which the imagination represents as very surprising and curious—who can look around in this lovely and renovated season, and not at once perceive the most simple, the most perfect and the most curious operations of nature? The same temperature of weather that readers glad the hearts of all animals, and gives music to the groves, covers the trees with leaves, the fields with verdure, and diffuses a softening bloom over the cheeks of the fair.

Every one who has read much,必须 heard of Dean Swift; he wrote a good deal in his day, and his eccentricities and wit are often quoted:

A man and a woman one night in a most violent storm, knocked pretty sturdily at Swift's door, and at length roused the Dean from his slumbers. He rose, and throwing up the sash of his chamber window, asked what they could want. They answered they wanted to be married immediately, and had come for that purpose.

"No, but," said the Dean, "can't you wait till morning—it is now one o'clock?" They stated some urgent reasons for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. "Well," said the Dean, still keeping his head out of the window, and talking with the bride and bridegroom in the street, "if it must be so, I'll marry you now. Attend!

"Under this window, in stormy weather, I join this man and woman together; Let none but He who made the thunder, Ever put this man and woman asunder."

Excuses.—Said Paul to Publius, Why were you not at Church yesterday? It was too cold sir. And on the Sunday before? It was too warm, sir. And on the night before? It was dark, sir. And on the morning before? It was too light, sir. And on the lord's day before? It was too wet, sir. And on the sabbath before? It was too dry, sir. And on the day before? I was fearful I should take cold. And on the day after? I had a very severe pain in the first joint of my little toe.—Biblical Recorder.

Yankee!—Question.—You hav'n't none of you seen nothing of no hat no where along here upon none of these seats have you?

Answer.—We hav'n't none of us, seen nothing of no hats nor nothing of no kind no where on none of these seats nor no where else as I knows on.

What a capital fellow you'd make to pick cherries, said a wag to a man whose proboscis was shaped something like a parrot's bill. Why so? said the other. Because you could hook your nose on a limb, and pick with both hands.

Genteel Impudence.—"I'm much obliged." "Not at all sir!" Where is the difference between contradicting thus flatly, and saying you lie sir?—[Lowell Compend.]

Advertising.—Many subscribers to papers, never read the advertisements; it is wrong; they lose much humor and wit. It is not long since we saw an advertisement of a barber headed with a corrupt couplet from Goldsmith, viz:—

"Man wants but little heard below, "Ner wants that little long.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

Correction.—Will our little friend of the Auburn Miscellany, correct the error into which he has stumbled in his paper of the 5th instant, in saying the Saturday Courier is "three dollars per annum, and rightly worth it." Now as to the latter clause, that innate difference for which we have always been so remarkable, forbids our saying any thing; but as to the price, it may possibly operate to our prejudice. Notwithstanding the size of our paper, and the merits to which the Miscellany so liberally subscribes to, it, two dollars only, in advance, is the price of subscription.

[Correct the error into which we have stumbled;—Certainly! Bless your hearts, gentlemen sirs of the Courier, we will do that little thing, with the greatest pleasure. The fact is, we were so delighted with the intellectual variety spread before us in the columns of your paper—nay, so wrapped up in the perusal of the mass of interesting matter in its columns weekly, equal in quantity to a volume of a family library, that we put the highest price mentioned in the terms under your head, without looking at the reduction when paid in advance. We can inform our readers that we hazard nothing in saying that the Saturday Courier is the cheapest publication in the Union, and certainly will vie in variety with any other sheet printed. It contains more interesting matter in the same space, than any other paper we know of—our modesty not preventing us even to except our own little sheet. Now with the acknowledgment that we stand corrected, we hope our brothers of the Courier will do us the justice not to attribute our error to the heart. They know "to err, is human," and magnanimous souls like theirs, will duly acquit us of any other motive but good intention in our article.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jo Strickland," is received; but Joseph we are sorry to tell cannot have place in the Miscellany.

"N U T," came to hand duly,—his piece is too hard for us to crack, however.

"Cicero," is on file,—he may be eloquent; but his production gives poor evidence. It may appear in our columns, however, notwithstanding.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.


The Terms of the Miscellany are in line directly under its head. Some, however, get it different; one borrows it — another beggs it — and not infrequently, some steal it from our subscribers. We should not mention this, were it not for our interest to give the information that we are prepared to furnish all who wish to read our paper, at 50 cents for six months. New subscribers, who have our publications, may call at the office, and we will furnish them gratis.

The 4th of July. — This day, memorable in our annals, was celebrated in this village with the usual demonstrations — ringing of the bells, firing of cannon, a public procession, oration, reading of the Declaration of Independence, and a dinner. The Auburn Musical Association gave a Concert in the evening; fire-works were exhibited; and the bells in Genesee-street were partially illuminated. Nothing occurred during the festivities of the day to mar the hilarity of the occasion in this place; it passing off without any accident that we have heard of. The day was celebrated in several other places in our vicinity also, with public demonstrations of joy.

Pretty Fair Celebration. — We understand that the Fourth was celebrated in fair style at Festerville, and at Weedsport in this county. Twenty-four ladies emblematical of the States, walked in procession. We collect some years since of a celebration where there was a similar representation of the sister States of the Union, in which the Territories were also represented by some half grown young ladies. They were pretty typical.

Seraph — Accidents. — We understand a young man, (Mr. Cuthman, blacksmith,) in Clarksonville, was seriously injured on the evening of the 34th, while in the act of loading a fifty-six pound weight, used in lieu of a cannon. In driving the charge into the iron ram, from some cause it exploded, discharging the ram from his gun, and the man, tearing one side from his jaw bone to his eye, most shocking; and at the same time fracturing the front of his head so seriously that his life is despaired of.

Our District School. — We attended the examination last week, of the District School in North-Street, which is under the management of Mr. Clark. It was gratifying to see so many parents of the children present, as the exercises of the scholars were truly interesting, and must have been pleasing to them. Sixty or seventy of the children went through the prominent points of the studies they had followed, exhibiting improvements creditable to their teacher, and themselves. The examination closed with declamations from the male scholars, entertaining the smallest children, — certainly praiseworthy to them, and highly interesting to the audience of parents who listened to their youthful oratory. We think if parents generally, would attend on such occasions, it would be profitable to their children, — a satisfaction to the teacher, and gratifying to themselves.

Melancholy. — All for Love! — We learn a young lady of our village, made an attempt to commit suicide one night last week, by taking a quantity of laudanum. — "Something like a summer cloud" had come over her "joy" which caused the "green eyed monster" to take possession of her bosom. Prompt medical aid however, averted a catastrophe. Love takes a curious turn sometimes.

All off at last! — We mentioned a week or two since, that the buildings on Genesee street from the corner of South to Hotel street, were taking up their last drum of ball for other locations. The last of these buildings moved off a few days ago. The ground is now clear for the workmen who have commenced on the cellars of the new buildings. The walls of the block to be erected, we may anticipate will shortly grace the vacant spot.

Mrs. Hemans, one of the sweetest Poetesses of the present age, is no more! — She died recently in Dublin. No more! did we say? — Her amaranthine flowers of poetry will exhibit their freshness of beauty to future generations; and long will it be vivid imagination calls more un fading wreaths from Parnassus, or swearer numbers flow from inspiration's bowers.

Burns, the celebrated performer on the Kend Bugle, well known as formerly a resident of our village, died two or three since, in Monroe, Michigan.

Some trouble to our brother of the Journal. He must have a penalty put on his head.
An old maid is a much rarer thing than a black swan; and it is asserted that fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking trumpets as soon as they are within halting distance. If I was an old maid, says our devil, I'd set sail for Wales, quicker.

A chemist says that linen, sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Save your old shirts, then, patrons, and have them manufactured into sweetening for your tea and coffee—nothing like economy now—a-days!—Jo Smith, the Mormon Prophet, recently undertook to appear in the character of an angel, and was caught by some young men while practising the deception upon his followers—the young men handed his angelic robe with as much spirit as a printer's Indian red for his supper! A printer eat strawberries for supper! only think on't!—Well, we would do it too, if we had such a chance. —The Temperance Advocate tells a story of a cow that got tipsy on slops from a distillery. —An under strike is said has taken place among the barbers in Troy—they now shave for three prices! We hope their customers don't get half shaved. —A paper before us says the son of Bishop Onderdonk has been arrested on a charge of forgery. —An account of a marriage is published that took place recently, where the fair bride ran away twice from the altar before the ceremony was ended. There is maiden coyness for you! —We have no patience with such a squawkish editor, who has no more gallantry than to pen the following:—"Modern definition of a lady—A female in the shape of a pair of saddle-bags, small in the middle and large at both ends." —He probably would like a walrus, all the way of a size. —Two young men by the name of Delano and Cowan, were drowned in the Black River, Watertown, on Sunday, 28th ult. They were attempting to cross in a small boat—the current preventing their reaching the shore, they sprang overboard; one had nearly reached land, when hearing the cry of his companion for help, he returned to his rescue—reached and sunk with him, the other in drowning carrying him down. —A man in the Boston jail, confined under a process for damages at the suit of a young lady who sued him for a breach of promise of marriage, was recently discharged at the solicitation of the fair plaintiff, her heart relenting towards the faithless lover. —What speculation is going on down east!—only just hear about it:—"The Eastern Argus says that during the recent land sale at Bangor, a traveller gave a landlord 70 cents for the privilege of leaning against his signpost for one night. He had hardly got warm in his place before he bounded the privilege for one dollar, to a man who bought it on speculation, and speedily sold it again for 50 per cent. advance, although it was then near morning." —The Boston jail a few days since contained but one prisoner for debt. This is thought a singular circumstance by the editor in that city of notions. —A building connected with the pondermill at Lowell, blew up a few days since; no lives lost. —A Pittsburgh paper says that the probable value of the wool that will pass through that place this season for the east, will amount to a little short of two millions of dollars. —It is stated that Col. Aaron Burr is much indisposed, and cannot live long. —He put into the hands of a friend some important manuscripts intended to be published after his death. —The lion which was recently sold belonging to the government, is offered again for sale—safe and sound as it was a short time since. —"And have they all gone?" joyfully exclaimed Ella, throwing her eyes around in every direction. —"Yes," replied Bob—"all gone that could go—every mother's son of them—all shivered off into the woods to repair damages!"

Ella, with a grateful heart, felt thankful at the preservation of herself; but the unexpected encounter with the natives, and the precipitate flight of them, with so much loss of life, awakened painful emotions in her feeling heart; and she moved from the tent to where the ground was strewn with slain. As she passed one of them, there was something peculiar about him that arrested her attention:—A blank skin cap, fashioned not much different from those made of a kind of fur she had frequently seen worn, was partly upon his head, and that part of it which was not soiled by the earth on which it lay, just by the top of his head, was white as snow, and the feathers which covered it were unfrizzed and smooth.

As she stood looking at him, there was something in the form of the lifeless savage that created the instant an indescribable feeling in her bosom. He lay half doubled up, with his head resting on one arm, while the other seemed grasping something beneath a covering of coarse twilled cloth by way of vest, which set close to his person.

To a casual observer there would have appeared nothing singular in the position of the body as it lay; but to Ella, the sight of one hand clasping either his vestment, or something beneath it, induced her to stop and gaze on him for a moment.

The shuddering sight of the bleeding, maimed corpses of ten or twelve human be-
ings, who but a short time before were possessed of life and activity; and the reflection that they were buried so soon to the sleep of death—passing Time's boundaries, to mingle with the dust again, from which man was first created; tho' it caused for the instant the vital current of her veins to chill, soon passed off, and she stood with an intent look upon this man lying before her. His face was almost wholly hid from view by a profusion of long black hair falling over it; the hair was of a glossy brightness, and appeared fine as the silken threads which then hung in wild profusion down upon her own shoulders.

As her feelings of horror gradually subsided from the first sight of the slain natives lying around him, she stopped over the body, and gently took hold of the hand that seemed clenched with a death gripe on a part of his body. The fingers were not stiff; but yielded easy to her effort to unclasp them from the spot they were fastened, and the hand fell instantly to the ground. The sudden unclenching of the fingers made her start, and she thought she perceived a kind of quivering of the body to take place. A pause a moment, she watched the body; but could perceive nothing further that indicated life. At length, putting her hand upon the spot on his bosom, she felt something beneath his vesture, of a hard substance. Curiosity at once induced her to take a small clasp knife which she had for years carried with her, and to cut through the cloth. In doing this she discovered a small silver plate, fastened with strings of some kind of skin, which went through holes in it, and then passed round his body and were tied strong.

With considerable difficulty she unfastened the plate, and drew it from beneath the covering. The outside was polished bright and smooth, and the under side was hollow; the plate being raised in similar form to the crystal of a watch, but filled with a consistency resembling rosin or pitch.

The cause of this being worn upon his body she could not divine. In vain she examined the spot from whence she had removed it, to discover if it had shielded a tender point or scar; but there was nothing on the skin but the impress which it had seemingly made by being compressed with the tightness of the leather cords that had fastened it. If it was for ornament, why should the wearer have concealed it beneath the cloth vestment; and it could have been no protection as a shield to his body it was so small; and, in addition, it covered no particularly exposed point of his body which might lead one to suppose it placed there for a breast-plate.

Musing a few moments on the singularity of the circumstance, she put the plate into her bosom, and rose to leave the body. As she was about turning to depart, she thought she would again ascertain, for a certainty, if there was life in him; and accordingly, once more bent herself over the inanimate form before her. Thrusting her hand into his bosom, she placed her soft palm upon his heart. Scarce had she touched this spot, the seat of life, when a faint exclamation escaped her; for beneath her gentle pressure, she distinctly felt a feeble throbbing, as though life, still lingering, was about passing off in fainter and fainter pulsations from the vital throne. "The dying spark still glows," murmured she to herself, withdrawing her hand from his bosom, and raising his head attempted to place him in an easier position.

As she moved him, the hand that she first discovered grasping his breast, was convulsively raised by him to the same spot from which she had unloosed it, and seemed vainly attempting to clasp the place again. In raising his head, a part of his dishevelled, long hair fell back and exposed his face, and for the moment he opened his eyes. There was a languid dulness in their expression as they fixed upon her bending over him, and his lips moved as if attempting to articulate something, though no sound caught her ear.—That feeling, inherent in the female bosom, which neither time nor circumstances can eradicate, and which ever shows itself at the sight of distress, prompted Ella to alleviate the suffering form before her. To save life, though at the hazard of bringing a deadly foe again upon them, altered not her sympathetic heart; and she clasped the cold forehead of the native, and applied a small vial of camphorated and volatile spirits, carried and used by herself, to his nostrils, to revive, if possible, the almost inanimate form she was bending over. Again he opened his eyes, a new life seemed to have been given to the dark orbs of vision, and a faint smile apparently played upon his countenance; consciousness was fast usurping the suspended powers of animation.

Mentally, Ella thanked the Omnipo-tent God, as she saw indications of returning life, brought as it were into existence again, by the slender means she was enabled to use. A small tree stood near, where he lay stretched upon the ground; and she exerted her utmost strength to move and set him leaning against it. She succeeded, and for a moment sat by his side, supporting his head, which had dropped from feebleness upon one side. While supporting him in this upright position, Bond and Walker came up.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

**Mechanics.**—A portion of the world profess to call mechanics as one degree below those individuals who have a living afforded them without manual labor; but that portion is a small and weak one. No
The Ladies.—As long as there are women on the earth, there will be always something new to say about them. The Rabbins ought to be ashamed of themselves for their scandalous libel, in saying that ten baskets of chaff were let down from heaven, and that the women appropriated nine of them.

Popping the Question.—A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her consent to marry him, replied, "No, no!"

The swain looked astonished and bewildered; she referred him to Murray, when, for the first time, he learned that no meant yes!

Something just like a husband.—A Genoese lady, was asking another the number of her lovers. "Just at present," replied the Tuscan fair, "I have but one." "But one!" ejaculated the other—"What solitude! what ennui! why, it is just like a husband.

Political Pun.—A Vermont man named his daughter Embargo, upon which it was observed, that "so long as she retained that name, all commerce with her would be prohibited."

MARRIED.
In Detroit, Michigan, Mr. Simon Bachelor Brown, to Miss Maria Woodworth.

What's Wood worth now in Michigan?
Its frozen our wishes crown;
For he who long had toasted Ann,
At last has made her Brown.
The fair will long be Brown, no doubt,
And, by attention, may
Keep love's bright lamp from going out,
Till Brown himself be gray.
A Bachelor!—he still is such,
And long will be the same;
Nor can be boast of Wood worth much.
Because he changed the name.

SIGNES OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet adorned;
Law-court yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

One hundred years hence.—In this era, when newspapers are as thick as horticultural, and every item of intelligence is picked up by editors and newspaper-gleaners with as much avidity as boys pick strawberries, who can look through the vista of years and imagine what a "nut-shell" of news some editor for a journal in Auburn, may not furnish his readers one hundred years from this time. "Copy, sir," said our devil, as we set musing on the matters and things, the other day. "What's wantings now?" asked we, arrows from our refeire. "Copy, sir," again responded the grinning imp of the ink bottle and case. "You shall have it directly," muttered we, seizing the stub of our almost used up pen.

"Copy," thought we, looking over a pile of old, oft handled newspapers on our desk; "where shall we find any thing new?" The mental question however had scarcely passed through our mind, when we had the subject. Here it is:

"Anticipation of the Mail in nineteen hundred and thirty-five, one hundred years hence."—Items of News. The one hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated a day or two since, by some of the descendants of the sixth generation of the old soldiers who declared themselves independent.

Yesterday morning the balloon Mystic Comet, arrived and anchored its parachute in the area of the Auburn City Hotel, and landed her passengers in one hour and thirty minutes from New York. The papers of this morning bring the latest accounts from the Mediterranea, by the arrival of the balloon Lightning, at Boston, from Gibraltar, in twelve hours and ten minutes; by these we learn another eruption has taken place at Mount Vesuvius.

Since Saturday last, (three days) seven hundred locomotive engines with their trains of cars, passed through our city going west, and one thousand passed going east. The gigantic work of constructing a tunnel under the Atlantic, from America to Europe, is progressing rapidly. The difficulty at the Gulf Stream will be surmounted. The locomotive plough machine, one of our farmers near this city, was injured by a collapse of a boiler last week. It is said there is a horse to be seen at the Farmer's Exchange, on the dock by the lake, in the upper part of this city. A horse is a curiosity in these days; in old times, as we read, they used to use them for draft animals. The sleeve of one of the fashionable ladies who figured one hundred years ago, was shown us yesterday—it is a curiosity—there is not more than three yards of cloth in it. We learn by an old newspaper that there were a species of the male part of the human family in old times that were designated dandies—they were considered the exquisites of that age.

A useful Article.—A minister who has been laboring at the west, informs that he lately spent a night with a family which within a year had settled in Illinois; and from wrong information about transporting and purchasing household goods, they had come on without the means of comfort. The good woman of the house baked them bread in a common bakepan; then boiled them coffee in the same vessel; then stewed them some pork in the same; then dipped out some of the fat with a tea-cup, on the inner side of which she put a piece of rag to make a lamp by which they might see to eat supper; and then the minister's horse eat his mess of oats out of the same hollow of cookery.

Another Sauce Story.—The old carpenter from Lake Erie, or some other one, said to be about 75 feet long and about the size round of a flour barrel, is stated to have been seen in Lake Ontario, near Kingston, on the 15th ult. by the captain and crew of a schooner. Wonder what the critter is travelling down this way for. The next thing we know he'll be in some of our small lakes around here, the Seneca or Cayuga. If he gets into Oswego lake and eats any of our salmon trout, he'll fare hard; our fishermen here won't stand it.

It is stated that "the mercantile navy of Great Britain, including that of the plantations consists at present of 24,000 vessels manned by about 160,000 seamen."

Caspar Hauser.—Foreign papers state that this mysterious individual, who was said to have suffered so long an imprisonment, and about whose case a book was written, is now proved to be an impostor, to the satisfaction of his patron, Lord Stanhope.

Daily Papers.—Many cities and villages in the west are now supporting daily journals. One has recently been started at Cleveland, Ohio; and an-
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

other is commenced St. Louis. How long will it be before Auburn can boast of a Daily?—Not until they support the "Weekly" better, we guess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A True Biography of a Tool," is inadmissible, we be sure to end his production.

"Morning," will excuse his.

Married.

In this village on the evening of the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ech, Mr. William Culver to Miss Celia Hall.

In Geneva, on the 9th ult. Mr. J. C. Kore, (Tragedian) to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr. William Rodney, of Geneva.

Died.

At Ailora, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Mary L. Burnham, wife of Mr. James N. Burnham, aged 25 years.

At Auburn, on the 26th June, Jonathan Richmond, Jr. the second son of the Hon. Jonathan Richmond, aged 19 years.

KEYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentleman's and children's Cloth Caps. Those who wish to purchase, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS. At constant supply of wheat, corks, and elastic Wire-Cloth, woven with waxed reeds, and perfect in mesh,—also wrought iron Mill Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

May 15th.

TAKENOTE!—J. McDonald & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Saddle and Harness Making business, in all its various branches, at their present stand, No. 4 Centre Buildings, where they will sell very cheap as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

FRENCH BURL MILL STONES, manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any others made in the state, can be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

May 18th, 1835.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Flower is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

FRESH FRUIT, & c.—Just received, fresh Oranges, Lemons, Prunes, Figs, Raisins, &c. at the Museum Recus. May 19th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS.—I have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch, Japhet Oballad, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloth in the market. Millers and Mill-Wrights, are requested to call and examine them.

May 18th, 1835.

COFFEE CANNERY.—Confections of all kinds, kept constantly on hand at the Museum Recus, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

S. BARBER.

May 19th, 1835.

BOOKPRINTING nearly executed at the office of the Auburn Miscellany.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY, AT FIFTY CENTS PER HALF YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I. AUBURN, N. Y., JULY 14, 1835. No. 5.

Levi Cooper, of Waterloo, will act as agent for that place in receiving subscribers for the Miscellany.

Fire! Not exactly a fire neither; but an alarm was given in our village on Thursday last. No damage of consequence occurred.

Thunder storms.—Within the last two days, we have had several thunder storms: during one on Sunday afternoon last, we learn the lightning struck the store-house of Maj. Dill, situated north of the State Prison, shattering one corner of the house; but fortunately doing no other damage.

The New Market.—We notice our corporation have caused the old building by the 1st Presbyterian Church to be demolished—they having as we understand, purchased the site for the new market-house, to be erected at an expense of not less than four, nor over nine thousand dollars.

Taking the Census.—We notice the Marshalls in the different towns of this county have commenced taking the census. Alexander P. Morale is engaged for this.

It is rather amusing to see how political brethren of the type and kind call each other names, and when we see a good joke from either of them, we cannot refrain from laying it before our patrons: The New Haven Register calls the Whig editors "ass!" and the Louisville Journal in reply cracks upon them, and thinks that the New Haven editor must have scratched his head for that idea. We should judge from what is continually passing between these two editors, that they both have something more than common running in their heads.

Wonderful! What next?—It is stated they have a man in New-York, one Adrien, who is styled the "Prince of Magicians." Amongst other feats he performs, is that of spiriting away his own wife. He puts her into a huge canvas bag; ties the mouth of it carefully—and then hangs it up to the ceiling. Lady and all. In a few moments he cuts the rope by which it is suspended—down drops the bag—and the lady is gone. But where or how—that is exactly the one thing which nobody can find out. We have known many men who have spirited themselves away from their wires and families, by the magical effects of a still.

We will sign the petition of our correspondent below, for carrying the mail he mentions, if he will get subscribers for our paper at that spot, as we want more patrons most cordially!—the good people of our own planet heretofore won't half of them take it. Any subscriber he gets, or any other one who wishes our paper, can be supplied with the back numbers from the commencement.

Mr. Editor,—When all the balloons mentioned in your last get into operation, I calculate to petition for the right of carrying the mail to the Moon. I think the giant people of that world would give a handsome premium to hear from us. But as for your tunnel under the Atlantic, I consider it to be extremely hazardous and very fabulous—although "some things may be done as well as others." Neptune should be consulted before the work is commenced, however, or some of his leviathans will be displeased.

GULIVER.

Balloon Found.—We cut the following from the Cordial Observer of Friday last:

Found, in Homer, by the subscriber, on the 5th, in the woods, on the hill of Amos Cook's land, the wreck of an Air Balloon, with a paper pasted on it, stating, that it started from Auburn on the 3d day of July in the evening. ERASMUS DURKI.

Death of Chief Justice Marshall.—The venerable John Marshall is no more. He expired at his lodgings in Walnut-street, Philadelphia, on Monday evening of last week. In the death of this great man the whole nation will mourn. He has served his country in his highest judicial station with honor and fidelity, and descended to the tomb in the winter of his days, without a blot upon his useful career to marly a character universally admired.

Smiles and Laughter!—An editor away off west, in commenting on the weather, says:—"If there is in ordinary times, any property in saying that Nature smiles, surely we may say that the Old Lady laughs outright about these days!"
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

News in a Nut-Shell.

The first number of a new paper called the Silk-worm, is announced as being published at Albany. It is astonishing that some brother typo does not issue a paper and call it the "Sheep," in these times of extensive demand for wool. A man named Enoch Winkley, in Amesbury, Mass., has been excluded from giving testimony in a court of justice on account of his disbelief in the existence of a God; we wonder if such a man believes anything. A bank lately in at Trenton, R. I., which expected to view the bones of an Indian, together with seven guns, two iron kettles, four brass kettles, two pistols, and seven bottles of spirits. The title of a paper printed at Poughkeepsie, is a singular one, being "The Herald of Reason and Common Sense." Fudge! - The editor of the Hudson Gazette says that the Fourth passed over in a dull and spiritless manner by the citizens of Hudson. It passed off spirited, we notice in many places, judging from some accounts we have seen. A traveller says that in Columbus they have the first animal that drew blood, and thus broke the general peace, viz. the Flea that bit Eve the night after her fall. We recollect of some traveller who stated that he was shown by a monk, a dirty looking wight who was held contained some of the darkness which covered the land of Egypt. A fellow has recently been sent to the Sing Sing prison for stealing a cow & sketching her, for the inside. In addition to the imprisonment he ought to be excommunicated. A story is going the rounds of the newspapers that a noble and hearty man fell down lately and yielded up the ghost, as he was paying his newspaper bill. We don't believe anything about it, there never was a sudden death from such a cause. We hope the backwardness of our patrons in paying is not owing to the propagation of such a story. On the contrary, he who pays the Printer will be likely to live and let live. - An editor in speaking of paying printers' bills, says, many seem to be of Charles Sumner's opinion, that "paying such a people is only encouraging them." A shark was caught recently in Florida, and on opening him four large bars of soap were found in his mouth. One hundred and twenty miles of the Red River have been removed, and it is said there are only twenty-eight more to be removed; when this is done an uninterrupted navigation of 1000 miles of that river will be the result of the undertaking. The whole expense to the Government will be about $150,000. The widow of the celebrated Capt. Cook, recently died at Clapham, Eng., in the 94th year of her age. When the King of Owyhee was in England he had with him an arrow tipped with bone from the leg of the unfortunate circumnavigator, her husband. - A paper before us states that there is a boarding-house in Saratoga, where boarders never die. As soon as they are taken seriously ill, they are turned into the street - one way of raising the credit of a boarding-house. Twelve millions of shillings is stated, have been caught in Southhold harbor since the beginning of May. This beats old Connecticut! - Two members of the Ohio Legislature have had a quarrel, and one threw a quid of tobacco in the face of the other - that must be quit est loco, as the sailor said to the young collegian. The lad who murdered his cousin in Illinois, mentioned in our paper a week or two since, has had his trial - the verdict was manslaughter - he has been sentenced to state prison for 14 years. This young convict is only 16 years of age. Two of the old revolutionary soldiers, imprisoned for debt in Vermont, have been liberated with funds sent on for the purpose, by Dr. Thompson, of Albany. The papers mention a boy in Hanover, Va., that is in the habit of eating pebble-stones. It is said he voided the quantity of two gallons in the course of two weeks which he had swallowed - pretty tolerable solid food, them pebble-stones, we think. - The Albany Microscope says, it was currently rumored the other day that one of the Simms Twins had attempted to elope with a pretty Yankee girl, and to marry her; but his brother wouldn't stand it, he having resolved to live in a state of "single (double) blessedness." A trial is now pending in one of the courts in New York on an action for a breach of Promise, brought by a merchant against a faithless fair one living somewhere near Hudson. - The Gouge of Alabama, has offered a reward of $800 for the apprehension of two men by the name of McGraw, who recently, in cool blood, shot and killed a young lad about 16 years of age. - The council of Winchester, Va., have passed a law laying a tax of $1 on every lawyer and physician in the place. - A man in Albany advertises a new medicine styled mineral, vegetable, and animal go-to-bed-ical and get-up-ical medicine. We notice by our exchange papers that Omnibuses are getting all the rage in our cities in this state. New-York, Hudson, and Buffalo, have their Omnibuses running to and from one extreme part of the respective places, during the business hours of the day. - The Darien Bank robber has been arrested in New-Orleans, and $65,000 of the plunder taken from him.

Justice on a large scale. - It is stated Gov. Wolf, of Penn., within the last few months, has appointed upwards of five hundred Justices of the Peace.

AUBURN MISCELLANY.

VOL. I. TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1835. No. 9.

ORIGINAL.

The Twin Brothers.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHAPTER IX.

Ye who have seen lovely woman ministering to the distressed, can picture Ella in the humane act she was performing towards the helpless individual before her.

"She's ministering to the wounded," said Bond, as he saw her with one arm brace him up, and with the other hand wipe the placid brow of the native.

"Halloo, there, Miss Ella!" exclaimed Walker, stubbing along towards her.

"Dye think you can bring life into a dead body?"

"Robert," replied she, "life yet lingers in this young savage. Shall we, as conquerors, extend no helping hand to the conquered which the God of battles has placed in our power?"

"Yes, madam," answered the old sailor. "But has he not slipped his wind, and clean gone, as well as his messmates laying here; if not, blast me, if I do not think an Indian has as many lives as a cat!"

"I found him lifeless," said Ella, and in moving him, animation returned - Death has not yet taken place - that fearful struggle is yet to come - let us smooth its path, or if possible avert the shaft.

"Miss Ella," said Bond, "to show mercy is not always justice. Let the dead rest - earthly aid cannot save that man."

"Perhaps not," replied she mournfully, "but have you forgotten the doctrine, the mandate that burst in thunders from Sinah's mount - 'thou shalt not kill!' O, let us save life if possible! Mercy is the darling attribute of justice."

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed Walker, "but it is so, Master Bond; let's save the wounded, and bury the killed; I've been crippled in my hull, in my day, and fell into the enemy's hands. On one occasion, had not the enemy's surgeon tapped me and stowed away some physic in my hole, I should have been in Davy Jones' locker, and the moaning of old ocean's wave would have sung my lullaby until its vast waters had been dried up. - This Indian dog, too, I well remember, at the time I stiffened him, smiled as he came along side of me. I supposed it was the pirate's smile at the time, and in laying about me, I touched him. He fell as if a grape shot had passed through him - a faint yell only escaped him, when he measured himself on the earth, for I struck him between wind and water. The fellow," continued he, "wore a feather cap, I well recollect it, and he thought to rush upon me unawares; but old Bob always 'jibes' in season."

Ella in the mean time continued to support the head of the savage, determined now to use all the means in her power to save the youthful native. Bond and Walker also examined the 'bodies of those around to see if there could be any thing done to save life. They were all dead, however, but the one, which Ella had in charge; and Bond stretched all the sinew side by side. The young native was removed to one of the temporary shelters they had erected, and laid upon a soft bed of leaves, where what little aid could be administered was done.

Night was now fast approaching; and as yet Allen and the Captain had not returned. Already the sun had sunk below the tops of the towering forest trees, and Bond and Walker covered the dead bodies of the natives over with branches of the
At this moment Ella came to the spot where they were, and informed them the native was missing—having suddenly raised himself up, and wildly stared around, then darting off into the forest.

"You have warmed a viper into life to sting us, I fear, Miss Ella," said Bond.

"I trust not," replied Ella; "I have done nothing but what duty prompted."

"Never mind—never mind," exclaimed Walker. "If they board us again, they'll find old Bob upon deck as usual; and he stubbed round finishing the preparations for their night fire."

Ella retired to her tent musing on the sudden retreat of the youthful native, and tried to compose herself to sleep. In the mean time Bond and Walker continued up, expecting that the dead bodies would attract by their smell, some of the wild animals which they could now occasionally hear in the dark forest.

"This is the last land voyage I shall make with my young captain," said Walker, "for curse me if I like the interior; I give me the blue water and salt spray."

"I was in hopes Allen and the captain would be here before this," replied Bond.

"But—hark! do you not hear footsteps among the leaves?"

"Perhaps they have returned," rejoined Walker.

As the old sailor uttered the above, he felt the grasp of two powerful arms around him, and was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve dark-looking savages, who, notwithstanding his struggles, bound his arms tight, and then proceeded to fasten his legs. "Well," muttered he, "this is quick work, Master Bond;" who, as he looked around, he saw also in the hands of as many more of the natives.

The stealthy silence with which they had been surprised, did not in the least daunt the old sailor, as he now lay on the ground bound hand and foot; and kept still, changing his quid from one side of his mouth to the other, though he expected every minute to feel the tomahawk or scalping knife about his head.

In a few moments he discovered Ella rushing from her tent towards the spot where he lay, followed by several of the savages. It was but an instant before she was in the hands of one of them, who also bound her arms behind her, and led or rather carried her back to the tent.

Bond, after vainly struggling was bound in a similar way with Walker. There appeared to be no confusion among the natives. A tall, giant-looking one seemed to have charge of the whole of them. There were no wild yells; but a continued jabbering among them, which none of the captives could understand. "Curse the pirates' lingo," muttered Walker, after lying a long time; while he could discover scores of the natives building fires and preparing to take up their residence for the night. The strings which bound him were drawn so tight as to cause considerable pain; but for the life of him he could not loose them. He could occasionally hear Bond utter a curse as he lay on the ground but a short distance from him.

"Halloo, Master Bond!" exclaimed he, "what's the prospect? I'm thinking we are fairly anchored by the wood devils."

"Fairly captured and lashed upon deck, I should say," replied Bond.

"It was not a fair fight, Master Bond; blast me, if it was!" muttered the old sailor; "but, look here, can't you loosen some of the devils' lashings?"

"De'il a bit," replied Bond.

"Neither can I; so there is no other way but to snore it in the lashings until day-light. Perhaps the rascals will cut our fastenings then."

"More like, cut our throats," answered Bond; "they will revenge the death of their comrades, on us. You may take my word for it."

"Well—every dog has his day—it matters not much how an old sailor dies. For myself, Master Bond, I care not a rope-yarn. If they cut my wind-pipe, Bob Walker's voyage is ended—that's all."

While they lay bound, talking to themselves, they could discover the natives in groups, making their temporary shelters; and it was late ere they began to throw themselves on their skins which they spread upon the ground, and betook their bodies to rest.

[To be continued.]

THE FRIEND.

With kinder words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend; Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may depend; I know thy fortune is but scant, But be assured, I'll never see Dick in want. Dick's soon confin'd—his friend no doubt would free him;—

His word he keep, in want he never would see him.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE.

Not in the shadowy wood, Not in the rock-ridden glen, Not where the sleeping echoes brood In caves untried by men; Not by the sea-swept shore Where loriing surges break, Not on the mountain hear, Not by the breezeless lake, Not on the desert plain Where man hath never stood, Whether on icle or main— Not there is Solitude: There are birds in the woodland bowers, Voices in lonely dell's, And streams that talk to the listening hours In Earth's most secret cells. There is life on the foam-decked sand By the ocean's curling lip, And life on the still lake's strand 'Mid the flowers that o'er it dip; There is life in the pining pines, That sigh on the mountain's crest, And life in the corner's manse that shines As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart, 'Mid the busy haunts of men, Go there and ask thy heart, What answer makes it then? Ay! go where wealth is ringing Her golden lures around, Where the trump of fame is ringing, Where pleasure's wiles abound; Go—if thou wouldst be lonely— Where the phantom Love is wooded, And own that there—there only— 'Mid crowds is Solitude.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

If we aim at honor, ambition must be the chief object of our devoted attention; if at riches, assiduous perseverance is requisite, in order to ensure success; if at independence of spirit, a direct, unwavering course of incorrupt integrity. If self respect or approbationess,
prompts us to exalt ourselves higher than the limits of our intellectual faculties will justly allow; we must expect to fall, in time, far below the zenith of that glory which earnestly we contested for.

A deviation from the direct path to honor and undying glory, will be sadly realized by that individual who attempts competition with a powerful adversary.

For the promotion of morality and good order, let every man be responsible for his character: when vice and immorality shall be unknown, then no laws to hold our constitution firm and inviolate will be necessary.

LIFE—A BOOK.

We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be likened to an intensely interesting volume. It is a great, a glorious book; of strange and thrilling incident; of varied and ever-varying contents; of joy and love; of hope and despair; of light and shade; of misery—and the grave closes the contents.

There are golden passages in the book of life, and these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove thro' its flowry meads, and linger amid its fond enchantments. The syren Songs sings in its sun lit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest,—We take no heed of time—and weep when the chapter closes.

Next a tale of love enchains us and we rove with frenzied interest through the wildering bowers of affection. What hope—what love—what fond desires! Yet its gloomy finale shows us, that

"This is but a false, bewildering fire;
Too oft love's insidious dart
Feels the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

Now we turn to the more sober expectations of friendship. The ardent flame of love has been quenched by the damps of disappointment; and the rational hopes of friendship absorb all our interest. But we find too soon that the reality is far, very far below our fancied standard; that it is too often but a phantom, which flies away like "the baseless fabric of a vision;"

"A sound which follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Then we open upon a new page, and here is manhood's busy story. And for a while we are lost in the cares of business, and the turmoils of life. But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale; and again we turn to the—but we cannot review the book in order; let us turn to the closing chapter.

And there, what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye! Sickness—misery—a coffin—a winding sheet! The deep tones of the death bell falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "Fini!"—and the lids are closed forever!

Tom, why is this copper like a strong smell of onions?

In faith, Dick, I can't say. Why is it like an hill?

Uphill? why, really now, I don't know. Well, why is it like a bundle you've just received?

Bundle!—just received!—I can't see, Dick, why it is. Why give it up?

Yes, Yes, you say; well, why is it like 'yes?'

Oh dear! I can't tell, Dick—why is it?

Because, you numskull, it's a cent! (a cent—a cent—as sent—assent.)

SHOW.

How is the world deceived by noise and show.

Alas, how different to pretend and know!

Like a poor highway-brook, pretence runs loud,

Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud:

While like some noble stream, true knowledge glides

Friendly along, and its deep bottom hides.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A WEDDING.

Did you ever go to a wedding?

What a droll sight o' bussing it takes!

Then your mouth is hot as a pudding,

They put so much spice in their cakes.

Sigh playing and running, I never!

The gals all as neat as new pins,

I'd farly wear out my old leather,

To catch 'em, and buss 'em, by jings!

I wonder, by goll, what's the matter;

I can't get a sweetheart—I've tried—

But I sniggers, I never could flutter,

But the gals would all tell me I lied.

So, rot 'em, I am always cheated.

By gum! I will twig 'em, I vom!

If I can't be more handsome treated,

I wont go a courting, by gum!

Then I guess they will come to their reason,

If 't this means can't all be true—

If you'll let 'em alone with your teasing,

The gals will come flocking to you.

Examination of School Masters.—The Boston Galaxy gives the following:—A man applied to Mr. Riceo G. Greene, the author of a capital Grammar, for a recommendation. Greene said he was not in the habit of giving certificates till after examination, and wrote, "I don't care a sixpence whether you go or not,"—and offered it to the candidate for consideration. After looking at the works for a long while, first with one eye and then the other, standing sideways, parts of the time, he appeared puzzled. Greene felt curious to know why, and asked him what part of speech that was, pointing to the word sixpence.—Why, said the candidate, I don't rightly know, but I rather guess it's an active verb.

Another Yankee boarded with the late Mr. Patten there, the Innkeeper: He came to Portland to get a school, and was examined by a committee, and came back to the house in a bad humor. Patten asked him what the matter was. Parole of savages! and the poor fellow. What 'd you think was the first question they tried me with? Patten couldn't guess, and the young man proceeded—Why, says they, how many parts of speech is there?—pretty question to ask a fellow after he's had time to think, hey?

Figure of Speech in Swift Taking.—At a fashionable party given not long since in a place not a thousand miles from this; a flippant coxcomb addressed a lady who was passing around a neat muff-box to some of the gentlemen. "Please madam,

let me dip my digitated tips into your wonderful receptacle of pulverized particles, and inform me what effect it will have."

The lady in astonishment at the conceited top, handed him the box, telling him to apply the pulverized particles to his olfactory nerve, and it would produce an agreeable sensation in his pericranium.

The Sea Serpent.—again.—The old snake is getting nearer and nearer to us. The last Syracuse paper contains a story of a snake being seen in the millpond in that village. Taking all the testimony of its appearance together, they make it out about twenty feet, and as large round as a water pail, the whole bling. One man saw four feet of him as big round as your leg, another ten, and somewhat larger round; another fifteen, and still larger, and so on ad infinitum. Look out ye batters in our millponds, and if you see him hereabouts let us know; we will "put him in the papers."

A whole hog aristocratic.—It is stated that Lord Durham has in his castle at Lambton, reesses in the walls, into which his servants are to step when he is passing, in order that they may not touch his lordship.

Mr. Editor,—I attended the celebration of our National Anniversary at the Baptist Church in this village on the 4th inst.; and I must say I was highly gratified with the exercises, especially with the music by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Sharpes, who is, I understand, a member of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston. This gentleman is now engaged in teaching vocal music in one or two churches in this place. His style of singing is truly grand—his voice is clear and musical; and from what I can learn from those who have attended his school, he gives perfect satisfaction to his pupils. I would advise all those who wish to become good singers, to attend Mr. Sharpes school. A pupil would be amply repaid for his pains and time.

A Lover of Good Singing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sleepy Davy," would not lock well in our sheets— but we have therefore laid his communication on a bed of embers.

Lines on "The Old Fort" we shall not publish, for the reason that they would be no credit to our paper, and certainly none to the author.

The communication which asks us, "If a flute is more necessary to our public worship on the Sabbath, than female singing," must be answered by
In this village on the 11th inst., Mrs. Augusta Barnum, wife of Phileo B. Barnum.

On Friday evening, 26th ult. at his residence in the town of Southeast, Putnam county, N. Y., after a lingering illness, which he bore with pious resignation, in the 85th year of his age, Enoch Crosby.

The most important public employments of his life are written in the character of Harvey Birch, in the imaginative work, entitled "The Spy," from the eminent pen of our highly esteemed countryman, Fenimore Cooper.

Just received, a fresh lot of Fruit, among which are Pine Apples, Oranges, Pears, Nuts, &c. &c.

For sale at the Bazaar, two doors west of the Post Office, June 23rd.

BARGAINS FOR CASH! E. A. War-

den, Having made arrangements, since his return from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E. Williams in the lumber business, is desirous of closing his mercantile connections as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, crockery, &c. &c.

AUBURN MUSEUM, consisting of natural and artificial curiosities, viz: Birds, quadrupeds, fish, reptiles, wax figures, &c. &c. located in Centre Building, No. 3, 4 and 5th stories. Admission 25 cents. Tickets to be had at the Museum Receipt.

AUBURN MISCELLANY.

MUSEUM RECESS. S. Barber has fitted up the commodious rooms, No. 3, Centre Buildings, where he invites his young friends to call and patronize him. Refreshments, comprising all the delicacies of the season, constantly on hand; soda water, pies, cakes, fruit, nuts, &c. &c. may be found.

AUBURN, May 13th, 1835.

S. Barber.

KEYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentleman's and children's Cloths Caps. Those who wish to purchase, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.

A constant supply of wire, coat and chest Wire-Cloth, wave with great readiness, and perfect in meshes—also wrought-iron Mill Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had on application to

A. D. Leonard.

AUBURN, May 15th, 1835.

TAKEN Notice! J. McDonald & Co. remind their friends that they continue the Saddle and Harness Making business, in all its various branches of their present stand, No. 4, Centre Buildings, where they will sell all articles in their line as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere; and respectfully invite all to call and see.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

FRENCH BURL MILL STONES,

manufacured from selected stock and warranted superior to any others made in the state, can be had on application to

A. D. Leonard.

AUBURN, May 17th, 1835.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. For-

ler is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of all kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily being received. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 16th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS.

have just received one case of 600 yards of the new Dutch Jeker Cloths, which are worth more than cloth to the consumer than any other cloth in market. Miller's and Mill-Wright's are requested to call and examine them.

May 15th, 1835.

A. D. Leonard.

CONFECTIONARY.—Confections of all kinds, kept constantly on hand at the Museum Recess, No. 3 Centre Buildings.

AUBURN, May 15th, 1835.

S. Barber.

JUTISCE BLANKS, for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings—3rd story.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY

is published on Tuesdays, at No. 3 Centre Buildings, by

FREDERICK PRINCE,

To whom letters and communications (post paid) may be addressed.
piece of terra firma to travel such a distance without legs.—A fall of snow took place in Clermont, Sullivan co., N. H., on the 1st. That beats us in this quarter, having only had a hail-storm or two.—A professor has been lecturing on Pathology in Louisville. This science differs from Physiology only as far as the feet are from the head. The editor of the Boston Post says he anticipates a brilliant career for this new science, especially among those young ladies who are favored with a handsome foot and ankle.—A patent is taken out for manufacturing of India Rubber to be used on the roofs of buildings, as a substitute for slate, copper and tin.—New York city is getting to be the theatre of all kinds of facetious spirits: a man is there now that performs the trick of turning a white man black, and makes green peas grow on the handle of a knife.—We mentioned last week of a fellow there who spirited away his wife, tied up in a canvas bag—it is now stated that the same man cooks a cabbage-head into a rabbit, and raises a crop of potatoes from a birch broom. The editor of the New York Courier says he has seen hot boil water-crosses to the consistency of a towering powder, and actually take the yelping rascal out of the pot with a ladle! Very like, &c.—The Canada people have captured the big snake that was seen in the St. Lawrence, and he only measures 13 feet. It was harpooned and caught—on examination a number of shot holes were found in its membranes.—The Philadelphia Ice Company manufacured and deliver pure ice six times a week, at 43 cents the ton.—At East Corinth, in Maine, the ladies formed a separate procession from the men on the 4th of July, and walked dressed in uniform, under an escort of a company of light infantry. Noah says the little penny paper called the "Man," stands upright the strike of the women in Philadelphia, and other places, and pronounces it very meanly in the editor.—It is stated that there is now living in Maryland, a negro 108 years old, who walks 5 miles twice a week to see his wife, whose age is 85 years.—During divine service at a meeting-house in Baltimore, Ohio, a week or two since, a high wind arose, which blew the gable end of the church in, and killed a lady—dangerously wounded 11 other persons, besides injuring 10 or 20 others more or less.—A drunken Jack Tar attempted to drown himself last week in New-York. He says he does once, but could not go down for want of balance—which he provided himself with, in the shape of two large stones, to aid his sinking, and was just on the point of giving the second plunge, but was prevented and left off. When he got sober, he got off the notion of drowning himself.—The office of the London Morning Chronicle was lately robbed of 200l. in gold and silver, and 250l. in cheques and bank notes. This is the first newspaper office that we ever heard of the light fingered genii finding money in they generally have pit, and all that are sort of thing, but cash is as scarce as truth is in the political statements which some of them issue.—A fellow in New York a day or two since stabbed his wife with a butcher knife, in a fit of jealousy. He was arrested. His wife is supposed to be in a dangerous state.—A hurricane passed over the village of Canton, Illinois, on the evening of the 15th ult., destroying every thing in its course. Five persons were killed, one a child, which was blown a quarter of a mile, and was found the next day dead and shockingly mangled.—A consciencetricked person has sent to the Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. $10, which he had defrauded that department of.—A paper before us speaks of a large woman in Brooklyn, and says it would be extravagant to estimate her weight at three hundred pounds—she is so large, (the account says) that she is frequently three hours in getting asleep, all over, and it often takes half an hour for only her face to get fairly awake. We heard of a man once who had not the power of closing but one of his eyes, who used to always nap it during sermon time—he would always stick it to that he was only half asleep.—A woman in England came to her death in a very singular manner: in attempting to turn up a bedstead, she fell down with the bed on her, and was found suffocated.—A violent storm passed over Tompkins and part of Washington county Monday of last week. In Cambridge a young man at work in the field was struck dead with the lightning.—Tornadoes come thick, and faster, and the lightning—Thunders come thick, and faster, and the lightning,—Three men were killed, and one was thrown up a field, and was followed by a shower of sand and stones from the skies, scattered through the village. A hurricane visited the centre part of Columbia county, destroying property to a large amount.—A man in N. H. who was confined for killing his wife, died a few days since.—An editor in Indiana lately stabbed his wife several times, and supposed he had killed her; he then stabbed himself with a dirk to the heart—in the agonies of death he perceived his wife still alive, and struck another blow at her when she raised herself, he exclaimed that he believed he should die first, which was the case. She was living the last account, though not expected to survive.—The papers state that the Bostonians have some first rate rows about these days, and that there has been some heads elegantly broken; some of the ringleaders of the row have been arrested.

The Twin Brothers.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHAPTER X.

Bond and Walker, being left to themselves, considered it rather a favorable omen, and tried in vain to loosen the thongs with which the natives had bound them; but at length finding their efforts vain, concluded to make the best of their situation. "We might as well turn in, I'm thinking," said the sailor, stretching himself on the ground, and hitching himself a little to where the dry leaves were the thickest. "I've seen a harder bottom to a bunk, than this, Master Bond. We might as well sleep as keep watch, tonight; come, lay along side here, and we'll make a picture of the 'babes in the wood.'"

Bond was little inclined to sleep, or be merry on the occasion, but moved himself nearer Bob, however, muttering a curse or two at the unfortunate dilemma they were placed in, and soon composed himself on the leaves as well as he was able for the night.

Walker, notwithstanding his unpleasant situation, fell asleep, emitting his sonorous sounds as though he was enjoying a comfortable nap, and awoke not until the next morning. The first thing he discovered on opening his eyes, was a large, powerful looking savage, standing gazing at him with deep feeling of conscious superiority depicted in his looks; his broad, naked shoulders and sinewy arms, folded up, showed horculean strength, and his piercing eyes denoted the keenest of vision. Walker raised himself up to a sitting posture, with his good natured, hard countenance a little contorted after laying so long in his uncomfortable, bound state, and addressed him:

"I say, shipmate, just cut these lashings, will you? Bob Walker is not the man to escape, and leave his friends behind."

No answer to Walker's request was returned by the native, who seemed not to understand him; but strode off with a majestic tread, after having gathered up a large hearkin partly over his shoulders, which had fell low about his body, as he stood with folded arms over the old sailor.

"Still as a midshipman!" muttered Bob. "If I had you on board the Butterfly, my copper-colored boat, the swain should tickle your hull,"—and he followed him with his eye as he mingled with the other natives, who were now stirring round.

It was an hour or two after this before any of the natives took notice of Bond or Walker. They had both risen to a sitting posture, and hitched themselves close together. Bond would occasionally utter a curse against the imps, which would immediately be responded to by the sailor. All at once, they discovered a cluster of natives gathering together, and in a few moments they came towards where they sat. As they moved along, a white man was seen among them, though he looked about as savage as the crowd of dark bodies around him.

"There is a white Indian among them fellows," said Bond.

"So there is, or old Bob never took a correct observation," replied Walker: "I wonder if the fellow has turned Turk or Indian?"

"Very likely both," answered Bond.

In the mean time the crowd of natives approached where they were setting, and soon surrounded them by forming a circle.
The natives of a moment seemed not to notice the actions of their prisoners, until they saw Walker, with the most perfect composure, using his hands, taking a quid of tobacco. Of a sudden, ten or twelve of the natives sprang towards him with their uplifted tomahawks, uttering an appalling shout, and in another instant he would have been a lifeless corpse; but the tall, powerful savage, accompanied by another, who was an apparent youth, with a bound rushed before them, uttering an exclamation that instantly checked their murderous intentions, and they fell back.

The large chief immediately motioned them to follow him, and Bond and Walker rose upon their feet. Unmolested, they accompanied him to the opposite side of the area, where the shelter of Ella was and were directed to enter.

"We had a narrow escape, friend Bob," exclaimed Bond, as he entered the tent; "I'm thinking them fellows would have done for us—they probably think we are deserving a better death than to be knocked on the head with a tomahawk!"

"I suppose so," drily replied Walker, looking around for Ella; "but where is the girl, Master Bond?"

Before Bond had time to answer, Ella, pale and haggard, entered the shelter, and sunk down upon the ground; her arms were still bound, but she had been unmolested during the night. The appalling shouts of the natives a few moments before, had drove her from the tent, at the back of which she was standing when they were rescued and conducted there—

"Bless your heart, Miss!" exclaimed the old sailor, "I was fearful the natives had robbed us of your company."

"Thanks to Him who watches over all his creatures, we are at present spared from torture and death," replied Ella, "but the slaughter of the natives yesterday, I fear will shortly be revenged on our heads."

"Never fear, girl!" said Walker, "never fear—to be sure, it looks rather squarely ahead; but you know we must have a blow occasionally—the sea is not always smooth, nor the weather always fair. But look here, let me cut these lashings off, seeing her arms bound.

"No, no," faintly replied she, "they are not troublesome: to cut them now would only subject me to others again, perhaps tighter and more uncomfortable."

A terrific yell now sounded from without, and Bond and Walker sprang upon their feet, moving towards the entrance of the tent. The natives were all running towards the south part of the earthen wall with fiendish shouts, throwing themselves over the parapet; and in an instant more, the loud bark of Rover, the Captain's dog, was heard by the old sailor. "Our shipmate's have returned, I'm thinking—" I hear the speaking-trumpet of Rover," exclaimed Walker, rushing forward, to go out of the tent; but he was instantly thrust back by the tall, powerful native, who then stood in front of the entrance.

[To be continued]
fluency and regard lavished on political acquisitions has obtained the ascendancy over other literary acquisitions. If a literary luminary contemplates a superiority over many of his competitors, let him endeavor, by constant, unremitting effort, to elevate his character by political wisdom; if he desires to shine as a bright and burning star among Minerva's satellites, let him pursue, as one great object of his devoted attention, the politics of our republic; if he attempts to dignify a high and desirable reputation, in any profession, let him for a time trespass in the political library. With a resolute determination to elevate ourselves to superior greatness, we shall in all probability succeed. Let perseverentia omnis vincit, be retained, and acted upon; and an honorable reputation, and a superior respect, will wreak a crown of glory for that character which is its qualified possessor.

Grasse shot had destroyed the top of the band-box.

Charity gone a Begging.—A "respectable lady" in Cincinnati, who has plenty of money, but no children advertises that she wants a young child for adoption. The Boston Whig thinks she will find no difficulty in procuring one. Surely not, if she is young and handsome.

Anecdote.—At a court, down east, there happened to be four jurors, whose respective names were R. Cook, J. Call, C. Calvin and T. Hotchkiss, and the clerk in calling the jury to be sworn, read the names thus: Cook, Call, Calvin, Hotchkiss. I will, your honor," says Cook, and bowled out at the top of his voice, "Calvin Hotchkiss."

Lying.—There was a famous problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says 'I lie,' does he lie or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem:—Chrysippus favored the world with no fewer than six; and Philoctetus studied himself to death in his vain efforts to solve it.

"Who wrote Shakespeare?" asked a literary gentleman, of an equally intelligent lady, a few days since. "Why?" cried the astonished blue stocking, elevating both her hands, "don't you know? I am surprised! twas Miss Hemans, you minny you." "Do tell, now! hang me, I always thought 'twas Miss Sigourney."

WOMAN.

Tis woman whose sweetness beams:
Over all that we feel or see;
And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee.

GOD OLD TIMES.

I do respect the times of old—\(\text{the times of beans and pork,}\)
When our old honest dads went whistling to their work;
When old cocked hats and breeches were the fashion of the day,
And good thick bottomed shoes were worn 'with buckles shining gay.'

The times of old—the times of old; when our good mothers wore
Good homespun stuffs, and kept their muff's and tippets evermore!

When good stout waists were all the rage; and cheeks never painted were,
And borrowed curls never decked the girls with beauty dema'r.

The good old times, when home-brewed beer went round
The merry beery, where boisterous mirth and apples did abound;
When rigging maid's would hang their heads in bashful modesty,
And sprightly lads would eye their dams, and muse on them easily.

The good old times, when our old dads were fat and hearty, too
With hair combed back most gracefully, and done up in a queue.

I do respect the golden days, when fashion was in clin'd
To make her votaries wear their coats with pocket-holes behind.

Alas, they've passed with time away—those halcyon days are o'er,
And now men doit on green frock coats, with pocket-holes before.

The women, too, have taken the cue, and wear their chains of gold,
Oh for the lads, like our old dads, who lived in times of old!

[For the Miscellany.]

Anecdote.—An honest Quaker, in the name of Jonathan, had the misfortune to marry into a family of desperadoes who were haunted with familiar spirits. Some one of the family having a vision about every night, of some kind, which would become the subject of the succeeding day's conversation; Jonathan would frequently upbraid them for their folly, by telling them that it was in consequence of their evil doings that their imaginations should harass their minds. Thus that they probably thought they ought to be haunted, and, therefore, their imaginations appeared more like realities: but that if they would practice virtue—he industrious and honest, as they ought to be, they never would see the devil; nor none of his imp's. The whole family became so incensed at Jonathan's rebuke, that they were resolved upon stratagem for revenge, in order to convince him that they were right. They accordingly fitted out the eldest brother for the trying occasion, by fixing upon his head a large pair of buck's horns, a white sheet around his body, and cow's tail hanging about him in the most frightful manner imaginable. Thus accoutred, he placed himself within a few paces of the path, where he knew Jonathan would travel after dark, and stood erect, facing the path. When Jonathan had advanced within a few rods of the frightful looking object, it caught his eye—and he stopped short, as if touched with electric shock. After gazing intently for some minutes, as he exclaimed, "Of a truth, I believe thee is a spirit, surely!" He then proceeded on until he came nearly opposite the apparition. He stopped again, at before—"Well, I am convinced that there is a spirit, sure enough; but if thee is a good spirit, thee won't hurt me; and, if thee is the devil, I married the sister!" And Jonathan proceeded on undisturbed, though satisfied that he had seen a vision.

Mr. Editor.—It will be unnecessary for you to get patrons in the Moon, if some of the borrowers of my paper will take the trouble to leave their names at your office and become subscribers to the Miscellany, and some other papers which are very desirable to read. It will undoubtedly be a gratification to the Printer to receive a few pennies from those who are fond of reading without paying for it; and it would be a source of gratification to me, if I could have a perusal of my paper without getting a second edition from the editor.

Zeno.

Cripes Punishable with Death.—In the United States there are nine crimes punishable with death. The first is treason; the second murder; the third rape; the fourth arson; the fifth burning a ship of war of the United States; the sixth the robbery of the mail—(this is not usually capital, but a second offence, or an attack upon the conductors of the mail with dangerous weapons, subjects the criminal to death, which has been in numerous instances inflicted)—the seventh casting away ships with intent to defraud the owners; the eighth resisting a prisoner
JUS T received, a fresh lot of Fruit, among which are Pine Apples, Oranges, Figs, Raisins &c. For sale at the HAUN, two doors west of the Post Office. June 23rd 1835

BARGAINS FOR CASH! - A. E. War den, having made arrangements since his return from New-York, to conduct a store at the large and commodious of closing his mercantile concerns as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods at cost, at the present stand opposite the Stone Mill, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Auburn, May 21, 1835.

N. WEAVER, M. D., Surgeon and Botanic Physicist, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have their names added to his list of patrons, and his name on their door list, in the event of their being required. He is at present engaged in the interior of the earth. May 18th, 1835.

J. E. & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable hats ever offered in the city. Amongst them are silk and all kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentlemen's and children's Cloth Caps. Those desiring, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

GREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS: A constant supply of wheat, cask, and cheese Wire-Clotch, woven with ground threads, and perfect in menses — also wrought-iron Mill Screws, with a solid and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

FRENCH BURL MILL STONES, manufactured from selected stones and warranted superior to any stones made in the state, can be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

FRESH GROCERIES. H. G. FOWLER is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

DUCH BOLTING CLOTHS. I have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Anchor Cloth, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloth on the market. Millers and Mill-Wright, are requested to call and examine them. A. D. LEONARD, May 18, 1835.

JUSTICES BLANKS, for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings — 3d story.

THE AUBURN MISCALIANY.

while going to, or during the execution, and the ninth and last, is the crime of piracy.

Grenning Apple. - The celebrated greening apple takes its name from the cognomen of the gentleman on whose land it was first discovered. This fruit was first found in Rhode-Island, a short distance from Newport, near an Inn kept by Mr. Green; hence it was called the Green-Island Apple. A slight change, however, has come over the old appellation, which is now simply Greening.

Professor Stellman, has been giving lectures on Geology, in Boston. During his course, in alluding to the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, all of which are volcanic, he made some of the inhabitants of the cities of nations stare; in supposing that the bed of that vast ocean probably rested on ashes of fire; the volcanoes being merely the chimneys or the place of exit for the fire and smoke in the interior of the earth.

There is in the following short chapter on Paying for Newspapers. We commend the perusal of it to many who we could name in this region:

Pay for your paper. — If you do not pay — the Editor cannot pay — the printer cannot pay — the paper maker cannot pay — the men employed in the papermill cannot pay — the stationer cannot pay — the merchant will suffer loss — the tailor will be injured — the shoemaker may fail — the butcher and market-man will be disappointed, &c. All these will be injured — their engagements will be broken — their credit will be lost — their characters will be tarnished — their names must be forgotten — their families must suffer — their business will be ruined — the paper must cease — and community remain in ignorance for the want of it — and all because you would not pay for your paper. — St. Louis Rep.

Married.

In this village, this morning, by the Rev. D. C. Axten, Mr. Z. L. Webb, of the house of Messrs. E. Williams & Co. Leather Merchants, to Miss Polly Maria Huffman, youngest daughter of the late Matthias Huffman, Esq., all of this place.

Died.

On Friday last, Mr. John Freeman, sexton of the First Presbyterian Church in this village.

On Monday last, after a few hours illness, Julia Cheever, only daughter of Ledyell Jones Esq., Teller of the Cayuga County Bank, aged one year and one month.

AUBURN MISCALIANY.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY, AT FIFTY CENTS PER HALF YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I. AUBURN, N. Y., JULY 28, 1835. No. 11.

We are under obligations to many of our friends and dealers for the favorable notice they have taken of our Miscallany.

Feather Dressing. — It may not be generally known that there is an establishment in this village, where old beds are by a simple process made as good as new. The operation of converting old feathers that have been long used, and lost their elasticity, and bringing them back to a state equal to the original, we believe is something new — at least it is to us. We are told, however, that the establishment in this place does the rare thing to perfection, and has already metamorphosed many of our good housewives' old beds into new ones: We have seen some of the beds that have passed the ordeal of the bed-maker's machine, and should think there could be no mistake as to a wonderful change having been wrought. The operation we understand is trifling. Those who desire to test the mechanism's skill, will find the establishment, in the building on the bridge, opposite the Centre Buildings.

March of Science. — The Prospectus of a new work entitled "Eye to the Principles of Nature," has been handed us. The work is to comprise several different systems, as original, with their causes and effects — 1st, Ebb and Flow of the tides — 2d, Gravity — 3d, Magnetism — 4th, Motion of the Planets — 5th, Seasons— 6th, Saturn's Rings — 7th, Chlorine by Thomas Jefferson Eddy, of Waterford, Schoharie county, in this state. The author states that all the systems are entirely original, and the work will comprise nothing as many of the natural philosophers that have been looked upon by the whole school of philosophers as beyond the reach of human knowledge, and that have clambered in the crucible of Nature's arena from the commencement of time. If the author succeeds in throwing light upon the hidden mysteries of Nature's phenomena, which have baffled the researches of ancient and modern philosophers (and we hope he will) his fortune will be made, and his name will be immortalized until seasons and systems shall be no more.

We have been favored with the following extract of a letter dated the 13th inst. from a young man of this village, (Mr. G. S. Bennett,) now in Savannah, to a friend of his here, giving an account of a fatal duel near that place on the 7th:

"The southerners are really a quarrelsome set of people, and have, collectively, a most determined hatred to the "Yankees," as they call all who go north of the Potomac. Last Tuesday morning, by way of variety, we had a duel, just to taper off the Fourth. There was a challenge passed between two young men by the names of Stiles and Morrison: They met across the Savannah river, in South Carolina, within sight of the city, on the 7th July; and fought at eight paces. They were to fire at the word "fire," and from that to one, two, three — any time within the word fire and three. When they had taken their places, the word was given, and at the word "fire," Morrison fired, and shot Stiles on the short rifle; the ball passed through his kidneys into the spine. He lived the day through, and died next morning. Stiles was a very fine young man, highly respected, and possessed of true courage. After he was dead, he continued his aim, though he was staggering back from the force of the ball — at the word "fire," he snapped his pistol, which refused fire, and his opponent escaped unharmed. Thus terminated a duel by the loss of life — of a young man just commencing his term of manhood, occasioned (report says) by a dispute about some dark-haired beauty. I was acquainted with Stiles — took a glass of wine with him on the 4th, when he was in high spirits, and I believe the challenge had passed. His loss is much regretted by us northerners, for he was always friendly to us."

News in a Nut-shell.

A most horrible account of a man by the name of Horey, who died of Hydrophobia, is published in the papers. He was not attacked until twelve weeks after being bitten. The season has now come when those who keep dogs should look out for them. The heels of the Connecticut boys are getting pretty light : another race, in addition to Stannard, has been found there, who recently ran one hundred rods in eighty seconds. — The black woman mentioned in our last as being in Philadelphia, and 161 years of age, must be a living mummy — she is stated to weigh only 40 or 50 pounds. — A drunken man in New- York last week quarreled with his wife, and threw a pair of shoes at her — she had her infant in her arms — one point of the shoes stuck into the child's head.
and the other into the mother's breast. — Mr. Eugene Robinson has recently paid a visit to Mexico, and ascended in his balloon; the highest honors were paid him by the government of that country; the Mexicans thought him almost a witch to travel in the air—every inhabitant without distinction, seemed to almost worship him, and he has received not only empty praise, but also solid evidences that they were pleased with his performance—having cleared about $20,000 by his exhibition of ballooning. — A Yankee peddler is travelling through the country with a wagon load of wooden ware drawn by a zeb. His horned horse attracts the attention of crowds, and he finds purchasers for his "notions." — One of the Mormon preachers is now holding forth in Dutchess County. It is said he is equal to old Joe Smith himself, and Jo pretends to be a prophet. — A machine has lately been invented for felling trees—it saws them off black and smooth—A grasshopper was taken off of old Funnel Hill, Boston, a few days since, measuring thirty-nine inches in length; it has been there for years, and had been seen by thousands of persons. It was nothing but wood, however. — A man in Liverpool, England, thinks that aerostation may be made the means of travelling, by a boat attached to the balloon, which might tow it along; we had rather lie towed on the canoe by horses. — A man by the name of Brain Graham is delivering lectures in Northampton, Mass. Are there! — what a name Brain Bread is! — A man in England lately walked backward at the rate of five miles an hour—we should think that would be a tolerable quiet jog to go straight ahead. — The Chinese girl who is travelling through the U. S. exhibiting her sixty feet, has arrived at Boston, and is showing her little understandings to the public there. — At a late court in Virginia, the brother of a man's wife was sued by him for assault and battery; the brother justified himself by proving that the husband had beat his wife, she being his sister. The jury found for the defendant, and sentenced the plaintiff to receive 39 lashes on his bare back, at the public whipping-post, and his counsel to pay the costs—a righteous sentence that—every brute of a husband who быть his wife should be made to eat the whipping-post. — A brute of a fellow in Louisville recently attempted a gross crime on the person of a little girl only 8 or 9 years of age; but was prevented consuming his villainy. — The citizens, indignant at the outrage, took the villain and appointed his body with two or three hundred lashes—washed his carcass with spirits of turpentine, and then decorated him with a suit of tar and feathers. — Bishop Onderdonk's son who was recently detected in committing forgery, has, for some cause, been let off from having a trial, and been shipped on a three years' whaling voyage. — Newark in N. J. has been indicted at the late sessions of the court, for not "mending its ways," (street.) — The Tigre was said to have been seen in Middleborough woods, Mass., has been killed, and turns out to be a peregrine. — What a mistake in taking such a bird for a wild beast! — It is stated in the western papers that during the late hurricane in Canton, Illinois, a fence rail was driven by the power of the wind through an ox.— The damage done by the late storm in Boston, is estimated at about $50,000. — At a late sleep-singing in Natucket, the sleep to the number of 13,000, were confined in a pen a mile long—from such a number of sheep there was a great cry and sobs of wool. — A day or two since, a woman in Philadelphia was found dead in her bed, with four children asleep or playing around her, unconscious of the calamity which made them orphans. — It is stated that many frauds are committed in New York by marking dry goods per piece longer than they really are. A committee from the Board of Trade has been appointed to investigate and report. We have heard of merchants when selling, to make out more yards than either the tailor or dress maker could find when about to cut up the cloth. It is singular how elastic some men's necessities are—they stretch just as easy—as can be.

Incident. — A jolly emigrant from across the Atlantic, writes to a friend in the land of his nativity to be sure and come over to America the first opportunity, "for," says he, "you can get a glass of whiskey for two cents, and he gloriously drunk all day for six." — An unequalled one. — A fellow at the south swears he can eat at a meal, one hundred feet of rattlesnake, all but the rattles and heads. Wonder if he can swallow the sea serpent.

The Irish Drama. — A dark star, a real African Roscius, is now performing in the Irish theatre.— His principal performances are "Othello," and "Possum up a gum tree." This noble son of the stage is said to be the former manager of the African Theatre in New-York. —

It is stated that Mr. Woolbury, Secretary of the Treasury, on seeing the account of the imprisonment for debt at Burlington, Vt., of three revolutionary soldiers, immediately addressed a letter, full of benevolence and feeling, to a gentleman of that place, covering the means of their discharge from prison.
as if making preparations for a stay of sometime.

Old Bob and the black recounted some hair-breadth escapes they had experienced in the Butterfly, fighting yard-arm and yard-arm, and amused Bond with a history of sea adventures until a late hour in the evening, when the party composed themselves for the night, and notwithstanding their unpleasant situation, fell asleep.

The dawn of the next morning found the party in the tent all awake, and the natives busy in making preparations for something unusual. A number were fixing arrows and new stringing their bows, and a large circle were listening to one of the chiefs who was making furious gestures.

The Captain and Allen looked upon the movements which were going on, with minds ill at ease. Allen knew the spirit of retaliation of the Indians, and that some of the party, or all of them, were to be sacrificed to appease the mangles of those natives slain by Bond and Walker. Of the whole party, old Bob was the least unconcerned; he would eye the group of natives as they passed and repassed the tent where they were, and occasionally burst forth into a curse against the land pirates.

The sun had arisen to a considerable height, when a sudden the natives all began to assemble round the spot of the party; and soon after, one by one, they were brought out and fastened by thongs to an equal number of small trees, when a kind of war dance was performed around them. The trees to which they were fastened were nearly in a range, and at one extreme part of the enclosure. An incessant yelling was kept up among the whole as though they were working themselves into a rage. Several began to shoot their arrows into the trees above the heads of those that were bound to them, and occa-

sionally a tomahawk was hurled, burying its sharp edge in the bark near them.

Ella had been borne unresisting to one of the trees next the Captain, and was within a few feet of him; she was fastened with her arms clasped around its trunk, and appeared more dead than alive. Walker and the black were fastened to two trees on the other side of the Captain; and Bond and Allen were bound to two others a short distance from them, though the whole nearly ranged.

An hour or more elapsed, while the natives seemed to keep them in suspense and torture of an approaching death. The position in which they were placed had begun to become painful, and desperation was fast working in the minds of all except Ella, who appeared altogether unconscious of the fate which awaited them, when the tall, powerful native, who thrust Walker so unceremoniously back into the tent, accompanied by a light, straight, youthful, trim-built native, and two white men, dressed in Indian costume, suddenly presented themselves, leaping the enclosure directly in front of where the captives were bound, and immediately came towards them.

A simultaneous yell burst from the natives, as they saw them, and a general rush of the whole took place towards the spot, brandishing their tomahawks and knives, when the voice of the chief, sounding as from a trumpet, arrested them as if by magic. A pause of a moment elapsed, and the youthful native bounded with a knife in his hand towards the captives, cutting in quick succession the thongs that bound their arms to the trees. So sudden was the movement, that they all seemed as if simultaneously loosened, and stood in amazement looking around.

In an instant Allen sprang towards one of the whites: grasping him by the hand, and pointing to Ella, he articulated, —

"Thank heaven, we are safe! Behold your daughter." The words, like an electric shock, struck upon the ears of Ella, and she rushed into his arms, exclaiming, "O my long, long lost parent!" and emotion choked further utterance. The old man folded the lovely burthen to his bosom, and stood as if entranced, gazing alternately at her and then at the Captain and Walker, as if trying to recollect something.

After the first gush of affection in Ella had in a measure subsided, she released herself from the embrace of her parent, and raised her head, looking intently towards the youthful native who had cut their bands.

His eye was fixed on her and met her look. Advancing with extended hand, he immediately threw himself at her feet, and, in English, thanked her as the preserver of his life. Ella now instantly recognized in him the youthful savage she had with so much solicitude restored to life among the mutilated bodies which lay on the ground after the conflict of the natives with Bond and Walker.

Putting her hand into her bosom, she drew forth the silver plate she had taken from his body, and presented it to him, which he with eagerness grasped and kissed with such a fervency that in an instant brought Walker by his side, he having caught sight of what she handed him.

"Let me see that, my boy," exclaimed he, seizing it at the moment, and rubbing the back of his rough hand across his eyes. At this instant, the white man who accompanied Ella's father, rushed forward, his eyes rolling in their sockets, and stood by his side, and on discovering what was in Walker's hand, made a faint motion to clip the young native in his arms, and with a half exclamation of "my — fell insensible upon the ground.

[To be continued]
the steam from the wash-tub, and thump, rub and scold over dirty linen, suds and hot water, two bouncing lasses belonging to the family, commenced operations in washing, on a level spot near the bed of the creek, with the high bank above them. The old iron kettle was full of boiling water, when one of them discovered a huge bear descending the opposite bank, making directly for them. He soon entered the stream, and was carried by the current ere he crossed, some short distance below them. The girls, knowing that they would not have time to climb the bank and get to the house before he would overtake them, resolved to stand their ground, and give him battle, should he attempt to molest them; and soon their resolution was put to the test, for Bruin after landing, stood a moment and shook the water from his shaggy skin, and then came slowly towards them. With each of them a wooden noggin in their hands, they retreated to where their boiling water was, and ensconced themselves by the side of the hot fountain. He approached slowly,—smelling and growling along—and had come to within a few feet of where they were, when both of them dipped their dishes full of the boiling water, and gave him a stream which drenched his head and ears, scalding as it struck with such effect as to cause his bearing to turn tail to, and retreat; but, however, before a second sheet of the boiling liquid deluged him again, which was followed up with a third, as he made tracks from them as fast as possible, for a crossing place of the creek, and was soon seen ascending the bank, yelling with actual pain, from the warm reception he had met with in his first visit to the girls. Some few weeks after, the father of these Amazons of hot suds and rising water, killed a bear whose head was as clear of hair as a dressed porker, no doubt the same which had paid the visit to his daughters.

**Scrapes.**

**Puss and Meow.—** In 1783, when penalties were laid on the dealers in spirituous liquors, an ingenious mode of avoiding the information was adopted. The customers, on entering the house, cried *puss*, to which a voice from behind, replied *meow*—a drawer was then thrust forward, into which the customer put his money; the drawer being pulled in, was soon thrust out again with the quantity of spirits required.

Speaking of singular looking men, a paper on our desk mentions a man whose face was so red that his neighbor solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons!

An officer who was commanded to take the body of a prisoner, found the man lying on his back, who said he was ready; but, said the officer, must I carry you?—Certainly, replied the prisoner. Then you must wait, said the officer, until I get a cart, and forthwith proceeded to procure one, when in the meantime, his prisoner escaped.

An Indian Chief, in the act of scalping an officer of our army in the old French war, when wigs were all the fashion, seized hold of his hair, when to his great chagrin and astonishment, it instantly came off clean, leaving the man's head smooth as his hand! For a moment he wanted words to express his wonder, but recovering, vented his mingled surprise and rage in styling it—a lie!

An old lady telling that one of her sons had a singular propensity to kill rats, was told that accounted for his being so Puss-illuminous!

**Epigram.**

He who talks much, so says the ancient rule, Must often babble like an empty bell.

"I speak but little," shallow Buffo cries,
In that, no doubt, the world would call him wise.

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**The Auburn Miscellany.**

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**The History of Life.**

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping:
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow, weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languished:
Years brought me back—yet thro' her tears she smiled
In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished—I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying,
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, oh, never!

Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

H. S. O.

Some years since, when the only mill for grinding anything for several miles was in this village, then a small settlement of log houses, an honest old Dutchman, living up on the Oswego lake, brought his gist to mill to be ground; and towards nightfall, having accomplished his object, mounted his old mare, with his meal, on his return home. He had eight or ten miles to ride, and the most part of it throu' woods, with now and then a clearing. Some six or seven miles of the way was performed, and the moon which had lighted his way thus far, was nearly set, when all of a sudden, his old mare stopped short, and would not budge an inch. In vain he belabored the old beast, but start ahead a hair, she would not. It was so dark he could not see objects distinctly a few feet from him, and what "de dulation" to do he did not know. At length, diamounting, he thought he would give the critter a mouthful of meal, hoping by that means to coax her along; accordingly, he untied the mouth of his bag, and made an opening large enough for one hand which he thrust in, while the other was employed to prevent spilling his meal, as he was about drawing his hand from the bag, he felt himself suddenly embraced behind with a hug that made him grunt loudly; and casting his eyes over his shoulders, he discovered who was giving him the loving embrace, it being a large black bear. "O, ho! I see rat is de mudder now," says he, "you want de meal?" says the bear. "Vell den, and you shall have it," he continued, and drawing his hand forth with as much as he could clutch, he threw it suddenly into the eyes of bruin, which completely blinded him, and caused him to let go his hold, growing in agony, and bounding first one way and then the other. "You wanted de meal did you, you plack devil! vell den, yous got em noes; and I will leave you!" So, tying up his bag, and mounting his old mare, he sa-la-ba-la'd a hearty laugh, and jogged on his way home, which he reached in safety, tickling himself at his narrow escape.

**Sheep-Shearing.—** James Hogg, says, there are a few things that have ever amused me more than sheep-shearing; and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the fold, and set out all the lams to the hill, and then send the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well chad comfortable mamas, which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, mated, shrivelling—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheals about, and uttering a loud, tremendous bawl of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times, before the reconiliation is fairly made up. It is said a ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bawl, among a thousand, all bleating at the same time, and that the distinction of voice is perfectly reciprocal, and the lamb and ewe run to meet one another.

**Raising the Wind.—** A stroll preacher not long since held forth in the open streets of Boston, attracting together a large crowd, and among the rest, a wag of a Jack Tar, who had just spent his last shilling for grog. While the multitude was harrassed, the sailor moved among the crowd with his hat collecting contributions; after presenting the hat to all he could conveniently approach, there happening to be a pause in the declamer, he handed them for their liberality towards him, and added, that there was now a chance for any other one to try his luck; upon which, deliberately pocketing the change, he walked off. The joke was so good, no one molested him.

A look has been invented in Boston which can be changed to open 365 different ways.
A YANKEE SHOT.—A good story is told of a Yankee and a major. The Yankee says to a major, "Can you shoot a rifle, Major?" "Pretty considerably," says he. "I can hit a chip in the air," says the Yankee, "five times out of six shots." The major replied, "Well, I can beat that; I guess; for I can hit one seven times in four shots." "Well," says the other, "that's enough; we won't waste powder and I knock under."—Leigh Hunt.

LEIGH HUNT speaks of a Catholic money lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite Saint.

We wonder if every body is able to buy bread out there in Chicago. The papers from that place say that flour was selling for $25 per barrel;—mortality must be plenty, in purchase provisions at that rate.

A dispatch from Europe announces the passage of the indemnity bill by the French Chamber of Peers, with the offensive amendment introduced by General Valazac.

The Rev. E. K. Avery, it is stated, at present, resides with his father, in the western part of Massachusetts, and generally preaches once a week to very crowded houses; without any symptoms of disturbance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We solicit indulgence from correspondents this week. In our next we shall either notice or publish some of their favors.

MARRIED.

In this village, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Charles White to Miss Amelia C. Johnson, all of this place.

LITERARY NOTICE.—The subscriber is agent and receiver for some of the most popular works of the authors named, and will be at all times happy to receive subscriptions for some of the most popular works of the American and British press. Among them may be observed the Knight-Letter's Museum; Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Works, and Foreign Quarterly Review—Atkinson's Casket, and Saturday Evening Post—Parlor Magazine—American Library—The Franklin Library of Modern Literature, etc., etc.

N. B. Specimen Nos. may be seen by applying to the Agent, who may be found, generally, at the office of J. Porter, Esq., Auburn, July, 1835.

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We solicit indulgence from correspondents this week. In our next we shall either notice or publish some of their favors.

MARRIED.

In this village, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Charles White to Miss Amelia C. Johnson, all of this place.

LITERARY NOTICE.—The subscriber is agent and receiver for some of the most popular works of the authors named, and will be at all times happy to receive subscriptions for some of the most popular works of the American and British press. Among them may be observed the Knight-Letter's Museum; Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Works, and Foreign Quarterly Review—Atkinson's Casket, and Saturday Evening Post—Parlor Magazine—American Library—The Franklin Library of Modern Literature, etc., etc.

N. B. Specimen Nos. may be seen by applying to the Agent, who may be found, generally, at the office of J. Porter, Esq., Auburn, July, 1835.

AN YANKEE SHOT.—A good story is told of a Yankee and a major. The Yankee says to a major, "Can you shoot a rifle, Major?" "Pretty considerably," says he. "I can hit a chip in the air," says the Yankee, "five times out of six shots." The major replied, "Well, I can beat that; I guess, for I can hit one seven times in four shots." "Well," says the other, "that's enough; we won't waste powder and I knock under."—Leigh Hunt.

LEIGH HUNT speaks of a Catholic money lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite Saint.

We wonder if everybody is able to buy bread out there in Chicago. The papers from that place say that flour was selling for $25 per barrel;—mortality must be plenty, in purchase provisions at that rate.

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and sentenced to be suspended from the service of the Navy of the U.S. for one year. The charge of cruelty and scandalous conduct to a midshipman on board his vessel was the cause of his being arraigned.

The navy department have approved of his sentence. — in Vickeborough, on the Missouri, a mob lately seized five men, professed gamblers, and hung them without judge or jury. — The Askland, Ohio, Herald eulogizes the public to beware of a certain young "Foker," by the name of Enos Fuller, who walked away from that place a few days since, leaving his board bills, wash bills, and broadcloth bills, as gentlemen of his rank are apt to do, unpaid; and moreover, having borrowed money of the printer, to whom he also owed a handsome amount for advertising his infamous name to the public as a watch-tinker! — The city of Baltimore has been up in arms for some days in consequence of the disclosure of a villainy perpetrated by a communicative scoundrel who has been keeping a young lad's reading school. Two young lads and pupils of his, have been ruined by the fiend, who on the disclosure gave himself up to the civil authority, or an enraged community would have torn him and his house to pieces. — Account states that our Consul at Buenos Ayres has been beaten by a black soldier upon the public square in that city. Truly, the colored gentry are getting the bump of combustiveness pretty prominent. — The U. S. Revenue cutter, Ingham, of N. Orleans, has had a brush with an armed Mexican schooner, and drove her onshore in Texas. The Mexican, it seems, rather disgrace his flag than stand our American can, non. — Dr. Pedi, the learned originator of the science of Pedology is about visiting New-York, to give a course of lectures, and examine the understandings of the citizens of our great empire.

We like the city; but when any thing is mentioned so brief as to appear ridiculous, we set our face against it; look, here is a specimen: a New Hampshire paper says that there is in that state an association called the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society. It is supposed to mean N. H. Anti-Slavery Society.

The New-York Courier and Enquirer gives the following "unpleasant disclosure":—Our readers may recollect a few days since we related the circumstance of an infant abandoned by its mother, having been found in an open lot in Thirteen Street. In consequence of being betrayed by an acquaintance, the wretched woman was arrested on Tuesday last on a police warrant, and committed to Bridewell. We believe she did not deny the crime with which she is charged, but in extenuation of her unnatural conduct, stated, that the father of the child having refused to

contribute to its maintenance, she was unable to support it, and accordingly resolved to abandon it to its fate. She lurked near the place and saw it taken up and carried to the Alms House. Through the persuasion of the magistrate, and in order to make some atonement to the public for the burden which she had imposed on its charity, she yesterday made the necessary affidavit, upon which a bastardy warrant was issued against the father of the child, who proved to be a reverend clergyman of the Presbyterian church, but whose name we withhold, not from a desire to screen the offender from public reproach, but from the respect we entertain for the pious sect of which he has long been a pastor. We saw the revered sinner covering and trembling beneath the weight of fear and shame, and entreaty that he might be allowed at once to give security for the maintenance of the child and then be liberated. The magistrate at last assented to his entreaty; the bond was given, and the revered Mr. D. was suffered to depart with his friend.

It is but justice to add, that the woman admitted having received money to defray the expenses of her confinement, from the defaulter, but that he refused to contribute anything further. She is about forty years old, and is of a respectable family.

Not long since the municipal dignitaries of Providence, R. I., passed a law prohibiting smoking in the streets. From that time to this the smokers have been in a state of rebellion. No one could appear with a long nine in his mouth, and the oppressive enactment was denounced as unconstitutional and cruel, and every measure has been resorted to by the smokers to have the odious law expunged from their statute books. It has finally been done, and accounts now say, that all Providence is smoking away again like a lime kiln, or a dish of pepper-pot, all hot.

The grantees are running about with straws in their mouths, and the little boys are pulling away at bits of rattan and kite-foot: long nines are going up like fancy stories, and the tobacconists are stretching their mouths from ear to ear with delight. This Presidential change, it is said to be commemorated by the erection of a triumphal pillar, representing a long nine, rampant, on a pile of civic authorities, conical.

The liberal editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, offer $500 in Prizes for the best Original Tale, Essay, &c, the kind designated in their advertisement, which may be competed for by the 1st of Jan, next, at which time all received will be handed to the several committees of examination, who will decide upon them.

The Auburn Miscellany.

Vol. 1. Tuesday, August 4, 1855.

No. 12.

Original

The Twin Brothers.

A Tale of Fort Hill.

Chapter XII.

During the preceding scene Moses the black had stood a silent spectator, looking with an intent gaze at the youthful looking Indian. All at once he jumped around exclaiming:

"It's he, Massa Bob! I know it's he by looks of eye: It's young Massa Tom; don't you see scar on the cheek, when he fell on the sepentone?"

"I believe you're right, Snowball," quickly replied old Bob, hugging him with a bea-liking grasp, and exclaiming, "Do you know old Bob Walker, you young rascal you?"

The youth stood apparently in deep thought—the bewildering scenes before him having completely took away power of speech or action for a moment. At length he exclaimed, "I do recollect—but who is this?" pointing to the prostrate man before him.

"Shiver my timbers, if I know!" replied the old sailor. "I'm thinking it's some fellow who has turned Indian, the same as yourself and the girl's father."

In the meantime the Captain and the black, with eager looks stood a few paces off—the black holding something in his hand which he was examining critically. "Show it him Mass-a Captain," said the black, "they just alike."

Ere the Captain had time to reply, Ella's father came towards them, exclaiming "where did you find it?"

"In eagle's nest, upon tree—Massa climbed after him," quickly answered the black.

"Silence, darkey!" exclaimed Walker, stubbing alongside of his Captain, and addressed him, "Do you see that tar-colored looking chap?" pointing to the youthful savage.

"Yes; what of him?" replied the captain.

"Why, nothing, sir, only he is a brother of yours,—turned Indian, that's all."

"What?" proudly asked the Captain, starting—"has he the mate to this?" seizing the silver medal from the hands of the black, and comparing them.

"I can explain it all," muttered Ella's father.

It is necessary here that some explanation should be given the reader, which is as follows:

Few were the vessels of war commissioned by the Continental Congress of the thirteen States which formed the Union, and gave rise to the term United States. But among those in the year of —, a small continental cruiser, on coming into an eastern port, fell in with a wreck, which was boarded by one of the boats belonging to her. At first, not a living person was to be seen; but on entering the state room of the cabin, a lady was discovered in the last stage of starvation, with two mail twin children. On being discovered, she had but just strength to inform them her name, and commend the children to their protection, when she expired. Around the necks of the children was two small silver medals, of the size and shape of watch chrysalis, with the names of the children engraved on the under side. After searching the wreck, and consigning the mother to a watery grave, the children were taken on board the cruiser, and two men selected to take charge of them, one a black named Moses, and the other, a noble hearted sailor, called by the ship's crew Bob Walker. When first found, the
children were drawing sustenance from the veins of the mother which she had perforated in her fingers—thus, at the sacrifice of her life, rendering up as her last resort, the vital current of her body for the preservation of her offspring.

This was discovered by the black, who afterwards was one who had charge of them until the arrival of the vessel in port, and during the remainder of the cruise, he and the sailors amused themselves by feeding them occasionally in the same way, prickling their fingers and letting them draw their blood. A few days, however, after they were thus found, the cruiser entered port, and the children were taken to the dwelling of the sailor, and there kept at the expense of the officers of the vessel. Some few years elapsed, and one of the children was suddenly missed, and no trace could be found, or any thing heard of it. After this, the other, while in its tender years, was taken by the captain of the cruiser on board the man-of-war and literally brought up and educated on shipboard.

Young George Smith, the name which this orphan lad was found to possess, in the meantime had lost his medal; which, to preserve the engraving upon it sacred, the black and the sailor, when they had charge of the children, had filled up the hollow part with resin and pitch, and tied them round their bodies. It was about the time of his brother's being lost, that young Smith missed his relic, and when he was taken on board the vessel, Walker, in order to keep it in his remembrance, had pricked a black mark in a circular form upon the boy's breast, with his name rudely done in the centre, as near writing as could be done and be legible.

We will now go back to the time when the missing of the child took place, and enlighten our readers as it regards the rest of the persons mentioned in the preceding pages:

Ella Clifford, the female who accompanied them, was the child of James Clifford, who at a very early period embosomed himself in this region of country, before the footsteps of civilization commenced to track the wild, uncultivated waste, now checker'd with cities and villages. Her mother dying when she was an infant, left her motherless, and she was given to an aunt of the same name, who adopted her into their family, which consisted of herself and husband, and an only son, naming Allen, about six or seven years of age.

The father of Ella, soon after the death of his mother, left the banks of the Connecticut, and for years was not heard of. About the time of his disappearance, also the twin brother of George Smith was found to be missing, and after a fruitless search for him, it was supposed he was drowned in the river.

Time in its course passed on; and Ella Clifford reached her eighteenth year; and Allen, the only son of her foster parents, had some years previous arrived to manhood. He had connected himself with some for traders among the French and Indians, and was occasionally absent for some time. He suddenly returned from one of his excursions through the Indian settlements with the joyful intelligence to Ella that her father was still in existence. In the deep wilderness near one of the small lakes called the Oswasco, he and his party had discovered her father living like a hermit in a rude cabin. Allen had learnt from Ella's parent that the missing child had been carried off by him and accompanied him into the wilderness, where they lived together only a few months, when he was stolen from him by the Indians, or had been devoured by the wild beasts, as he had never since heard of him. After lo-

The death of George Smith was discovered by the black, who for the footsteps of civilization commenced to track the wild, uncultivated waste, now checker'd with cities and villages. Her mother dying when she was an infant, left her motherless, and she was given to an aunt of the same name, who adopted her into their family, which consisted of herself and husband, and an only son, naming Allen, about six or seven years of age.

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The heart of the parent, how often it bleeds, To part with their offspring so dear. When life from the tender young infant recedes, Their hope and their comfort whilt here! So is, oh, little Hellen, wreth the pride of thy friends, Till Death the stern monarch, drew nigh, And rent thee away as he constantly rends, When he robs the food parent of joy. Lo, the earth is the bed of repose for thy form, A rest from the evils of life— A refuge from worldly affliction and harm, From human commotion and strife.

Oh, Hellen, thy spirit, the tender and young, Forever with Jesus shall rest, And sing those soft strains through eternity sung To that Saviour who rendered thee blest. May thy parents reflect on the love thou hast shown; May it lead up their thoughts to the sky; That at last they may go where their daughter is gone, And meet in the mansions on high. Oh, Hellen, how sweet are thy anthems that rise To that Saviour whose love is divine Whose voice has proclaimed that infant who dies, In the concert of heaven shall join.

THE MISTAKE.

It was early on a clear moonlight evening that a young sailor just reached his home in the country, from the port he had arrived at. He changed his tarry habiliments for his citizen's dress, and on the wings of love took his way to call on his betrothed. At the mansion of her who now filled all his thoughts, he stopped—Soon with the knocker in his hand, he stood with a palpitating heart, and knocked at the door, while with shuffling foot he gently tapped the sill, as impatiently he waited for its opening.

"Is Caroline at home?" asked the youthful lover, with a smile, as the door
while consternation picture of her h. d. e ore im, and his betr othed countenance of epc ul a t e th e me?" 

"Not at home; and do you not know me?"

"I have not that pleasure, sir," answered she; "but will you walk in?"

"Is not this Mr. Smith's house, and the residence of Caroline S.?" asked he almost confounded.

"It is; but she is not at home."

At this instant another female of the house crossed the hall. "Not at home!" ejaculated the lover, with a bound springing within the door and embracing the second young lady, who shrieked and fainted. The house was instantly in alarm, and its male and female inmates came rushing into the hall. The sailor partially bending over the inanimate form of the lady, while consternation was depicted on the countenance of all.

"Who are you, young man?" demanded the father of the girl in an authoritative voice, to him as he was rising up, but at the instant, he caught sight of his face.

"Ho! welcome back again, George—Is it you?"

"It is me; but is it possible that Caroline does not know me?" replied the anxious sailor.

"Caroline—why, that is not Caroline."

"Not her, then who is she?" gasped he. At this instant the street door again opened, and his betrothed stood before him, and in another moment was encircled in his arms.

An eclai reissement immediately took place: the twin sister of Caroline, whom George had never seen, had returned during his absence, and she was the perfect picture of her sister. "It's a laughable mistake," said the father, leaving the hall to them, while George was now introduced to the new inmates of the family.

"You'll not mistake me again," said Ellen.

"Not unless Caroline is absent," said George, with delight. The next day the lovers were united; and often as memory recalled the incident, George laughed at his mistake.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Noise.—A flexible piece of cartilages, which may be easily turned up with the insignificant expression of contempt.

Ears.—Awkward looking excrescences, to which pendant jewels may be readily attached.

Fingers.—Delicate pieces of mechanism, useful for striking the keys of a piano. Also convenient for a display of rings and ornaments.

Cheeks.—Intended by nature as the seat of blushes in this refined age seldom used for that purpose.

Teeth.—Beautiful pieces of polished ivory, to be exhibited to the best advantage in conversation.

Heart.—A useless appendage. Many ladies are unconscious of possessing one.

Tongue.—A perpetuum mobile. Frequently an instrument sharper than a two-edged sword.

Head.—A convenient article to thrust into a pretty mob-cap, or a set of artificial curls.

Eyes.—Darts, flames, hatchets, tomahawks, and scalping knives.

Lips.—Very convenient to kiss or pout with.

Arms—Limbs, believed to be very delicate and beautiful, but which, being thrust into balloons, are seldom seen.

WHITE PAPER.

Observe the maiden innocently sweet, She's fair white paper—an unsullied sheet On which the happy man, whom fate ordains, May write his name, and take her for his own.

I saw them in the prime of youth, Two noble forms they were—Before their buoyant spirits knew The strife of busy care.

I saw them when the nectar fount They supped, from its purest draughts—When castle-building was their theme, And earthily fame their thoughts.

Two friends they were, of warmest ties: Warm, warm was their tented love—Their balmy days were ever spent In friendship strongly won—

Wove in their early, sunny days—Wove in their sportive hours—And now they beamed in loveliness, Two mild and spreading flowers.

I saw them sit on many a verge, Still twined in Friendship's arms, The idols of their relatives, Portraying nature's charms.

I saw them when conjugal ties Had sealed their happiness; When ease and opulence had crowned Their visionary bliss.

I saw them in the meridian Of life—in the cause of truth Imparting, in benevolence, The gifts of early youth.

Again I saw them, when old age Had gazed on their grey; And now they dreamed of heavenly bliss, At the shrine of pity:

I saw—alas! I saw no more! They returned to their mother dust; And now their friendship never ends, In the mansions of the just.

James.

We find the following tought story, translated from a late French publication, in the New York Sun:—

A save the, consisting of eight persons were recently arrested during the night, in a vil lagene Venic e, notorious for his cruelty, and the number of assassinations he had committed, was confined in an old tower, which had been uninhabited for some time—

Towards midnight, the sentinel, who was near this tower, having heard first oaks and afterwards groans, reported this to the local authority. Little import ance was attached to it, and they waited till morning to confirm the circumstance; but what was their astonishment when, at the break of day, they repaired to the tower, they found the prisoner dead, and all his limbs mangled. In order to discover the cause of such a death, they deposited in the same place several pieces of poisoned food. At the end of two days thirty-six persons were found dead in the same place.

Among the last methods that we have heard or seen of one's putting his goods, is the following:

A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity:—

"Brethren—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for a certainty, as I yesterday received from there a lot of 300 barrels fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any man for cash."

The Lowell Journal mentions the ease of a high pressure temperance man in that town, "who failed in business" on the Fourth of July. He offered on that morning to give nine-pence to every man whom he should see sober at 9 P.M. He would undoubtedly have had a loud call upon his pocket—for the Lowell folks are noted for their sobriety—but it unfortunately happened that he got so drunk himself before the sun went down that he could not see whether his fellow creatures were sober or not.

A man seeing an oyster vendor pass by, called out: "Give me a pound of oysters," "We sell oyster by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

A paper in speaking of a Temperance Address, says it abounded with scenes of sentiment, rivers of love, torrents of feeling, and a perfect deluge of sense!

There is no accounting for taste. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed a little urchin, "I wish I was an orphan!" "And if you were Jacky," said the maternal, "what would you do?" "What would I do, mother? wouldn't I eat fat bacon all day and swing upon the gale!"

A Cincinnati paper gives an account of two brothers who had a terrible fight, which they were so ashamed of that they requested their mother to give them a cowbiding—which she did with solemnity.
JUST received, a fresh lot of Fruit, among
of which are Pears, Apples, Grapes, Raisins, &c. &c. 
For sale at the Bazaar, two doors west of the Post Office. June 23.

Bargains for Cash! - E. A. War-
den, Having made arrangements, since his return
from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E. W. Williams in the Tanning business, is allowing
making his mercantile connections as rapidly as possible. He
therefore offers his splendid assortment of New-Goos.
at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill,
consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.
Auburn, May 24, 1835.

W. Weaver, M. D., Surgeon and Botanist,
Physician, No. 7 Centre Building, Auburn,
would say to the public that he would be pleased to
have them to make a trial of his Medicine, and that
judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing that
the merits, or demerits, of his practice may be
depicted upon at the bar of public opinion.
Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

K E Y E S SMITH, Hatters,
have for sale at their store the most
splendid assortment of new and fashionable
Hats ever before offered in Auburn.
Among them are silk and all other Kinds of hats,
companied with an assortment of gentlemen's and children's Cloth Caps.
Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call.
Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

G r e e n W i r e & M i l l S c r e w s .
A constant supply of wheat, cockle and
Wire-Cloth, now with gauged heads, and perfect in
meshes—also wrought-iron Mill Screws, with a
full and perfect thread, may be had on application to
A. D. LEONARD.

F r e n c h B u r r M i l l S t o n e s .
manufactured from selected stone, and warranted
superior to any others made in the state, can be
had on application to
A. D. LEONARD.
May 18.

R e a d e r ,
Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

F r e s h G r o c e r i e s .—H. G. For-
ker is now receiving an assurance of fresh
Groceries, of most kinds for family use, which
will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies will be daily
expected. His friends and neighbors give him a call,
Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

D u t c h B o l t i n g C l o t h s .
have just received one case of 200 yards of the
new Dutch Amber Cloths, which are worth more in
the consumer than any other cloths in the market.
If not expressly ordered, we will be pleased to call and
examine them.
A. D. LEONARD.
May 18, 1835.

T h e A u b u r n M i s c e l l a n e y .
Is published on Tuesdays, at No. 3 Centre Buildings.
Subscriptions accepted.
FREDERICK PROCTOR.
Who will send the names for this issue.
Auburn, July 1, 1833.

The Settlers:
Or the First White Born.
A Tale of Cayuga.

But few of the passing travellers, that now journey through this section of our
state, and behold the rising villages and
well cultivated farms, spreading on every
side, that realize that the spot where these
fortile fields which gladden the eye,
and the flourishing villages which astonish
the mind with their rapid growth, were some
few years since covered with majestic forest
— that where now public turn-
pikes cross each other, lined on either
side with farm houses, whose inmates en-
joy comfort, ease and confidence; once
were covered with an almost impenetrable
forest within whose dark and gloomy re-
cesses, the wolf and the bear,—the
panther and the wild-cat, roamed the almost
undisturbed monarchs of the wild and sol-
cial country in every direction.

It was in the early days of the settle-
ment of the vast region of wild country
which comprised the western district of
the state of New-York, that we commence
the subject matter of the following Tale;
many circumstances of which, may even
now, be fresh in the minds of some of the
oldest inhabitants of this region:

In the earliest period of the revolu-
tionary war, Francis and John Van Tas-
al, were descendants of some of the first
settlers on the North River, arrived at an
age, when they were to look out for them-
sew. They had been left orphans in
their infancy, and each had lived with a
relation, who had taken especial care of
the days of their minority.

At this period, the western part of the
state, was scarcely inhabited, by any hu-
man beings, but the aborigines: the Mo-
hawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas,
Senecas, &c. A strange notion entered
into the heads of these two young men to
emigrate into this wild, uncultivated region
of country; and accordingly, without the
knowledge, or advice of their friends or
any one else, they, one night, after some
little previous preparation, which they
kept secret, left the country where they
were brought up, and steered their course
to the west.

It is not our intention to describe the
numerous privations and difficulties, they
encountered in traversing the Indian paths
though the vast tract of country, from
Glen's Falls to the Seneca River; suf-
cient for us to record, is, that these youths
penetrated the country until they at length
reached the Seneca stream.

We here find them constructing a rude
dug out house; and from this period we date
our Tale:

The only companion these brothers had
was a large wolf dog, who had emigrated
with them, and seemed to share in their
toils and privations. The huge dimen-
sions of this dog made him a match for an-
y one wild beast with which the country
was infested; and more than once, both
of them were indebted to the faithful an-
imal for their lives.

This dog, Boase, was incessantly on
the watch while Francis and John, were
selling the trees to construct their dwell-
ing near the river.

For weeks they toiled, until at length
they succeeded in erecting a comfortable
house; and then commenced clearing the
land around for the purpose of cultivation.
As yet, they had seen none of the natives, and nothing material had occurred to them. The solitude of the country, and the lonesomeness of their situation, began to become less irksome, as they became accustomed to their daily occupation, and they began to flatter themselves of remaining unmolested in their solitary retreat.

One evening, exhausted with the labors of the day, Francis retired to rest at an early hour. Soon after, John, accompanied by their faithful dog, walked to the margin of the Seneca. It was a lovely night, numerous stars studded the beautiful arch of heaven, and brilliant, the moon threw her broad beams over the forest. The Seneca's silent stream looked shining black, its glassy surface like a splendid mirror showing to the eye, the small trees on its banks, seeming to tower to the very sky—It was a romantic scene, silence reigned around, and not a rustling leaf seemed to disturb the stillness, which pervaded the spot.

John stood gazing upon the mass of water before him, until he was lost in thought.—Fancy pictured to him a thousand visions of future greatness; and he built castles in his mind as baseless as the shadows of the surrounding trees which he saw in the water before him.

At length, a low and sullen growl from his dog, suddenly broke the stillness of the scene, and aroused him from his reverie. "Bose, what is the matter?" softly murmured he, putting his hand upon the dog whose head was fixed to the ground seemingly listening with intense attention. In a moment more, he raised his head and pressed his body hard against his master and then put it in the same posture of listening again.

As yet, John heard nothing,—but the actions of the dog told him something was near; and he drew his knife, opening the long blade, and fastening it with the spring attached to it for that purpose.

The dog still retained his listening posture, and he now stood almost breathless, awaiting his further movements.

Suddenly Bose arose, and shook himself, and an instant after, John saw a small canoe, shoot as if by magic, across the stream, a few rods from the spot.

The place,—the lateness of the hour, and the novelty of such a sight unexpectedly bursting on his view, transfixed him for an instant with astonishment; but he quickly recovered himself, and dropped on the ground into the long grass, and with his dog lay perfectly still, keeping his eye on the canoe, in which was only one person; and from the odd appearance, he could not determine whether it was a male or female. He thought it was a woman, however. She sat in the centre of the canoe, and with a dexterous sweep of a short paddle, propelled the light vessel with astonishing velocity across the stream, and drew it immediately on the land into the long grass; and in an instant was out of sight.

Continued in our next.

MODERN FRIENDS.

When fortune smiles and looks serene,
"Tis—" sir, how do you do?"
"Your family is well, I hope,
Can I serve them or you?"
But turn the scale—let fortune frown,
And ills and woes fly yea—
"Tis then— I'm sorry for your loss,
"But times are hard—good bye yea."

The world's a printing-house, our words, our thought;
Our deeds, are characters of several sizes;
Each soul is a composer, of whose faults
The Leviathan are corruptions, heavy revenue:
Death is the common press, from whence being driven,
We're gathered sheet by sheet, and bound for heaven.

—woman want the ways

To praise their deeds, but men want devises to praise.
The silence respecting the vessel his wife had embarked in for this country, induced him to leave the Canadas, and return to France, where he learnt of her embarking with his sons and that nothing had been heard of her after leaving port. Staying only a short time, disconsolate for his loss, he again bent his course for this country, and finally took up his residence among the Dutch settlers on the Hudson, where he became acquainted with the Indian traders, and was frequently through this part of the country; and often escorted travellers through the Indian tribes to the French settlements on the lakes.

At the time of our party's making the landing where he was located, he learnt that Van Valkenburgh's views were to rob them, if possible, and he resolved to frustrate his plans;—the quarrel with him, confirmed his purpose, and he succeeded. On leaving the settlement so suddenly, he overtook them, and piloted the party to the Onondaga valley, where falling in with an Indian chief who was once instrumental in saving from death, he consented to remain a short time with him.—

While with this chief and his followers, a runner came to them with the intelligence that an incredible slaughter had taken place of a part of the tribe who were visiting one of the ancient places of defence, a usual stopping place for hunting parties, and that the adopted son of the chief was among the slain. As they were about hastening to the place, the youth who had been brought to by Ella, suddenly made his appearance, who was the adopted child of the chief. He confirmed the statement of the slaughter of the natives.

Preparations were made, and he accompanied the chief & son to the place, where Ella, Bond and Walker were immediately seized and bound, it being the intention to sacrifice them immediately.—Through his intercession, however, with the chief, their lives were spared at that time, as he saw who they were and was determined to save them if possible. Finding that a part of the party were not there with them, he accompanied those who were scouring the forest for the remainder, consisting of Allen, the captain, and the black.

When Allen and the Captain absented themselves with the black, they left to find old Clefford, but did not succeed; and were returning to Fort-Hill, which they had just reached; when they were surrounded and taken prisoners by the natives who had possession, and were put into the tent with their companions. Old Clefford who was hunting in the forest, fell in with a part of the Indians, and learning that some whites had been taken at Fort-Hill and were to be sacrificed, resolved to see them, little dreaming that one of them was his daughter.

In the mean time, the adopted youth of the chief, who Ella had restored to life, missed his medal, and mourned its loss. On the morning the party was brought out, he had previously with De Faun and the chief, wandered into the forest. The Indians at this time took the occasion of the absence of the chief, to sacrifice their prisoners to appease the manes of their slain comrades, and was on the point of effecting their object, when the providential return of De Faun and the others, put a stop to the natives' operations, and by their timely presence saved the lives of the party, the Indians being just then about to shoot their arrows at them.

They had came across old Clefford, who accompanied them; but so many years had elapsed, that he did not know young Smith who he had brought with him from Connecticut River, as shortly after his embarking himself! in the wilderness, the child had been suddenly surprised one day by a party of the natives and taken off by them; and from that day he had heard nothing of him. The chief of the party who took him having at that time just lost a son, took the youth in his place and adopted him as his own.

Some years after, Clefford in one of his hunting excursions near Fort-Hill, lost the medal he took from the other child, and had a long time among other ornaments as an Indian.—At the place where he dropped it, the strings with which it had been suspended, became entangled with the underbrush where it lay, and the eagle in building its nest had carried it among the brush and twigs which they constructed their habitation.

The Captain, on the morning after the arrival of the party at the hill, in looking around with his pocket spy-glass, discovered something bright on the under side of the nest near the top of the tree, and ascended to find out what it was; when his astonishment may be judged, on finding there the identical token of his early years, which had been so long missing. On showing it to Walker, it was recognized by him and the black, as belonging to one of the twin-brothers.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Receipt for getting through the Winter quick.—Put a note in the Bank in Dec. for four or $500, payable in ninety days, and spring will come before you are aware of it. There is no mistake.

O THAT I WERE
I wish I was a little fear,
Within a lady's ear,
That I might every lover see,
And every love tale hear;
Then I should study human hearts,
And human nature scan,
Find out the cruel, crafty arts
Of the natural coward man.

I wish I were the loveliest rose
Upon a lady's breast,
Then I should hear each sigh that flows
And know why they're distressed;
Then should I study woman's heart,
And feeling, every grade
From love to pity, in each part
Of sunlight and of shade.

I wish I were a lady's fan,
At church both broad and flat,
Then should I know the happy man
Whom she is looking at;
Then should I see the winks and blinks
That pass between the pair,
And understand as much, methinks,
Of sermon and of prayer.

I wish I were a drop of blood
Within a lady's heart,
I think I'd know of all the good
That's passing there apart.
Ay, study all, as through the tide,
Of golden roses I'd rove,
The height of woman's lofty pride,
And depth of lady's love.

O that I were a box of snuff,
So oft to melt in bliss,
Until Macbeth cried, hold, enough,
Enough, enough of this.
Or that I were a letter, made
The messenger of love,
Post-mark'd, the first with that word paid
Which all so much approve.

Then would I see the tears of bliss
Roll down her blushing cheek,
Receive the oft repeated kiss,
And hear what she would speak;
O that all this could be my lot,
Through each transforming spell,
And then with not one word forgot,
Come back the tale to tell.

Printer's misery.—When one line only is wanted.
Variety.

ORIGIN OF A NAME.

The origin of singular names of individuals is sometimes truly laughable.—In illustration of this we give the following:—

The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, in Conn. For some time prior to his settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middletown, some few miles from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee, for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox, and contention therein." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth, that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her fare-well. The kind and lengthened word pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone, and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress relented beckoned to him to stop, exclaiming, " return Jonathan! —return Jonathan." Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed upon a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, which the father in commemoration of the happiest words he had ever heard spoken, had baptised "Return Jonathan," who rose to distinction and subsequently to the office of Post-Master-General of the United States.

Power of Eloquence.

The eloquence of the celebrated Whitfield it is said was at times irresistible.—The accomplished aecptic, Chesterfield was present when this popular preacher presented the rotory of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a little dog. The dog had broken his string. The

blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, groped his way unconscious to the side of a precipice. As he fell along with his staff, it dropped down the descent, too deep to send back an echo. He thought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he tred on vacancy, poised for a moment, and as he fell headlong—Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "By heaven he is gone!"

Advice to a lady.—This was given by the housekeeper to a maiden lady of 30, who at last had thoughts of entering into the holy bands: "Take my advice never marry ma'am. Now you lie down master, and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage ma'am, he slapped me because I put my cold feet to his'n. You don't know men, ma'am, so well as I do."

Scrapes.

A schoolboy who had been studying the Shorter Catechism, (as all schoolboys have to do in Connecticut) was asked by the man of bick, "What is the substance of things hoped for?" The boy replied, "Good beer." "How so?" "Why, daddy says that beer is the substance of barley, and he is hoping for a good crop of that next summer." A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the lamb if he had not been for the mint sauce.

Art of Love.—A woman told her husband that she had read the Art of Love on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I had rather use love without art," said he.

Virgil, was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box full in his pocket, and which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day do tobacco.

The crooked streets of Boston, are proverbial. Not many years since the town of sent a new representative to the General Court, who had never been in that city of tortuosities. He started at the usual time for the capitol, to watch over the interests of his constituents, who were not a little surprised at seeing him back in less than a fortnight after he set out. On being asked the cause of his return, he replied that he said in too city ten days—wore out his boots—cut up all his bread and cheese—Could not find the state House—and so he thought it best to return and report progress.

An English paper relates, that a Baptist minister from Derbyshire being engaged to preach at Sheepehead took for his text the 6th chapter of Matthew, 5th verse, "If any man will sue thee at law, and take away the coat, let him have thy cloak also." In the course of his sermon, he strenuously enforced the Christian duty of overcoming evil with good; but with not little astonishment, when he was about to enter his gig, which stood in an adjoining yard, he found his cloak and coat were both gone—the thief having written on the wall with chalk, "I have taken your cloak and hope you will give me your coat!"

Turn out, turn out, or by golly I'll serve you as I did a man (other day)," hallooed a Jonathan, who, with his gal in his lumber box, was about coming in contact with a dandy in his fine gig. —The affrighted beast, sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, turned out, and as brother Jonathan was passing, asked how it was he served the other man. "Why, I turned out myself."

Chance.

"Tis priesteraft all, the impious atheist cries, "The world was made by chance—the Bible lies." "Tis useless such assertions to repel; But what if chance has also made a hell?"

"Mother, I am next to the head; bawled out a little urchin, just come home from school, "you said you would give me something when I got to the top." "I will, my son; but how many is there in our class?" "O, only I and another boy."

AUBURN, August 12, 1835.

Wishing to make our volume as interesting as possible, we have this week commenced arranging the matter somewhat different.

Being under the necessity of acting in the quadruple capacity of editor, printer, journeyman and devil, our "Cable Quotations" duties must be an apology, if any is necessary, for the want of variety in our pages.—Our patrons who knew any thing of our business, however, will acknowledge we must have had variety in our occupations, if we have not laid the same before them.

We mentioned three or four weeks since that the Philadelphia Ice company were engaged in manufacturing pure ice. Our joking friends the editors of the Saturday Courier of that city, say they are inclined to think we are in an error. It may be so, but we stated it in good faith at the time, taking it coolly and deliberately from their "Domestic Summary" of the 11th ult. Ours an old natural brothers, however, say they may be mistaken on the subject; and will take advantage of the first cool morning during the dog days, and ascertain, if it is so, they promise to apprise us of the chilling fact. — Do, gentlemen, do; for we burn to know.

News in a Nut-Shell.

A French chemist, at Bordeaux, has lately been making sugar from the stalks of corn; but it costs more to procure it, than from beets.—A patent has recently been taken out, in Paris, for a machine to thread needles, even the very smallest, which it does so certainly and readily that a blind man can use it, the name of it is Fiihier.—A man in jail at Hall, advertises that "if the person who was guilty of the offence for which he was imprisoned, would come and confess the same he shall be handsomely rewarded. —" we guess he won't come. — The Newburyport Herald, remarking on the rage of hard speculation down east, says, "It is rumoured, that one evening last week, two paupers escaped from the Bangor almshouse, and though they were caught early next
 morning, yet in the mean time, before they were secured, they had made eighteen hundred dollars each by speculating in timber lands."—Pretty fair, that.

We can assure the ladies that we take no blame for the following ill humored toast:—"Women, Je-
gals in petticoats, but Devils in breeches."—It
is stated the Nunnery in Pittsburgh, has been found to be in rather a singular flourishing state—Parents
who have sent daughters there recently, found them with little nuts in their arms.—Mrs. Bogdel, ag-
ed 94 years being her with her garters, in Chat-
ham township, on the 22d ult.—The Glasgow
Courier says that the Irish monopolize every thing in
Scotland—the Scotsmen cannot ever get the use of their
gallows—it being all the while occupied by
them.—We suppose the editor wants to hang some of
his delinquent subscribers.—It is stated that there is an organized band of
their
for six.
1st
of
Noah
av
on
of
themselves, as he perfectly willing that the
merits, or demerits, of his pretence may be de-
cided upon at the bar of public opinion.
Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

F R E N C H  B U R R  M I L L  S T O N E S .
manufactured from selected stock, and warranted
superior to any others made in the state, can be
had on application to
A. D. LEONARD. 

H. G. Pow-
eri is now receiving an assortment of Fresh
Groceries, of mort kinds for family use, which
will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are
daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.
Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

D U T C H  B O L T I N G  C L O T H S .
have just received one case of 500 yards of the
new Dutch Dunk Cloth, which are worth more money
per yard to the consumer than any other cloths in our
stock. Miller and Mill-Wright's, are requested to call and ex-
amine them.
A. D. LEONARD. 

J U S T  received, a fresh lot of Fruit, among
which are Pine Apples, Oranges, Figs, Currants,
&c. &c. For sale at the Half-moon, two doors
west of the Post Office, June 23.

R A R G A I N S  F O R  C A S H  — E. A. War-
ton, having made arrangements, since his return
from New-York, to connect himself with Mr. E.
Williams in the Tanning business, is desires of
selling his mercantile concern as soon as practi-
able. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New Goods
at cost, and if present stand approved, the Stock
consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Auburn, May 21, 1835.

A U B U R N, N. Y., AUGUST 18, 1835.  
No. 14.

THE Settlers;
OR THE FIRST WHITE BORN.
A TALE OF CAYUGA.
(Continued from our last.)

Full of wonder and amazement, John
said there by the bank of the river about
two hours, or more, awaiting the reap-
pearance of the ferry-woman, every
moment hoping again to see her; and all
the while vainly conjecturing who it could be,
and for what purpose a delicate, white fem-

male could be in the wilderness at that
time of night, thus alone. He knew not
that any civilized human being was with-
in miles of their habitation,—and the sin-
gularity of the circumstance, led him into
a thousand wild conjectures:—It could
not be fancy, that had conjured up the
age he had witnessed,—no, it was a liv-
ing creature that he had seen:—the canoe
was a reality, and the person was a fe-

male; for the moon-beams showed him
plainly that it was a girl,—a milk-white
cap, apparently of fun, covered her head;
and a profusion of curling hair hung over
her neck and shoulders.

His impatience increased to almost mad-
ness, as he lay waiting anxiously for her
re-appearance; at length the distant howls
and noises of the wild beasts, brought him
to think of returning, speaking in a lan-
guage too plain to be misunderstood, that
it was dangerous to be thus exposing him-
self unnecessarily; and further, Boase,
began to place himself in a listening pos-
ture again, and to occasionally utter a
growl, as if something was not right near
them.

"Boase," said he, in an under tone,"we
will go;" but the dog kept his position,
and began to breathe hard. Upon
which, John raised himself up from
the long grass, and cast his eyes in every di-
rection to ascertain if any thing was near
them.

About three rods from the place where
he was, a black spot appeared in the gass,
and he watched it intently to see if it moved;
it looked like an animal, and yet it
stirred not for some time.

At length it began to move slowly to-
wards him a short distance. He eyed it
closely,—it suddenly stopped short for a
moment, and finally turned; and with a
quicker movement receded from him un-
til he gradually lost sight of it.

He now aroused Boase, who seemed
sensible that there had been danger, which
had now passed, and appeared then will-
ning to go; for he silently licked his mas-
ter's hands, and walked slowly by his side
towards their rude dwelling,—every
moment or two, however, he half stopped
and sniffed the air,—then putting his nose
close to the ground, and once he uttered
one of his low, sullen, growls; on hear-
ing which, John threw his eyes around,
but seeing nothing, hurried to the house.

On entering the dwelling, he was more
astonished than ever; for he saw a part
of a deer, dressed, hanging by their door.
He went in, and found Francis was fast
asleep as he had left him, when he started
on his evening walk. Where did the
venison come from? thought he, and who
has been here and left it? Nothing of the
kind was hanging there when he left the
house. He could think of no one else,
but the female,—and who was this fe-
male? "Blixum!" exclaimed he, to him-
sell, "I would give a guider to know."

He revolved for some time in his mind
what he had seen.—not knowing what to
do; but finally, he resolved to retire to rest. Accordingly he fastened the door, and without disturbing his brother, retired.—Sleep, however, was a stranger to him for some time; the thoughts which crowded on his mind, conspired to drive slumber from his eye-lids.

Towards morning he fell asleep, resolving not to inform his brother of what he had seen on the bank of the stream, until he ascertained something more.

It was early the next morning, when Francis arose to begin the labors of the day. He knew nothing of his brother's evening excursion, but supposed that he had retired as usual.

On going out of the door, however, he saw the venison hanging in sight. Where did this come from? thought he, filled with wonder at the sight; and he immediately aroused John from his morning slumber, by asking him if he knew where this piece of venison came from?

"I know not," replied John, rubbing his eyes, and rising, "some one has kindly provided us with a breakfast, I suppose. It is a friendly omen, brother! The natives scarcely would do such a thing from any bad motive. I wonder if there are any whites near us?"

"That is more than I know," answered Frank, musing on the circumstance. "Would the Indians have hung up a piece of venison, by way of forming an acquaintance, think you?" asked John.

"I think not," replied Francis; but the donor, whoever it was, must have eluded the ears of Boose when he approached so near us; for it must have been done after we retired, and the pup you know never sleeps, but he has one ear open.

John was on the point of confessing his absence with the dog, but the idea of the female boatman crossed his thoughts, and he remained silent on the subject.

"I have seen several times," continu-
to his daughter. He, however, made no discoveries, as the wily natives, showed nothing, by which he could judge of any hostile intention, in thus staying after the rest had departed.

Towards the afterpart of the day, the natives commenced wrestling near the tent where Ella, and her father, were sitting,—she sat, melancholy, with her head reclined against him, while he was relating to her some of the scenes he had passed through since the death of her mother. Walker and the black were also setting just without the entrance, looking on the wild pastime of the savages, and making their remarks on them.

The natives pursued their sport for some time, much to the amusement of Moses, who roared and laughed, as he saw one after another of the Indians measure their length upon the ground, hurled there by the giant strength and skill of one of them who seemed to surpass the rest in such athletic feats.

"That feller bully of the ring, Massa Bob; but I guess old nigger could tow him on the deck," said the black, and while speaking, he arose and stretched himself, gesturating to Walker some of his wrestling theory.

"Throw him, yes; I think so," replied Walker.

The natives observed the black in his gestures, and one of them came forward, putting forth his arms,—seeming to court a struggle with him.

"Try him, snowball!" exclaimed Walker.

"Try the land lubber, and give him the Butterfly trip—a pint of old Jamaica, my boy, if you throw him on his beam-ends! Blast my old timber shin! if I had the leg I lost off the Cape, I'd try the swarthy looking swab, myself."

"I trow him as quick as lightnin, Massa Bob," replied the black, stepping out towards the native, "come colored shipmate," continued he, "try old nigger once," and laughingly he seized hold of the Indian. A smile of satisfaction seemed for the instant to pass over the native’s countenance, as they now grappled together; and the black soon found, he had no weak, emaciated lump of flesh and bones to contend with.

For a moment or two, they struggled together, when the Indian, by main strength, lifted the black from the ground, and was about hurling him down, when Moses striking one foot against the legs of the native, both came to the earth together, the black being uppermost.

"Well done, darkey!" roared old Bob, "you had the softest part of that fall," said he, and he chuckled and laughed, as he saw the negro and Indian both rise and grapple again.

For several times successively, the black threw the native; when the one who had been the bully of the ring as Moses called him, stepped forward with eyes flashing bright from his recent success. —As he came towards him he stretched forth his large, bare, muscular arms and ere the black had time to think, he found himself stretched his length upon the ground.

As he fell a yell of approbation burst from the body of natives who stood looking on; and the wild shout of the Indians was joined in by the black, who somewhat disconcerted, quickly arose, exclaiming, that there was no throw in the feat; and grinning rather reluctantly, he prepared himself for another trial with the native.

"I'll double the dose of old Jamaica snowball, if you capsize that fellow, roared Walker, somewhat excited and singing upon his legs,—'give him the Butterfly trip, my hearty!"

"Nebber you fear old nigger, Massa Bob,—I trow him now, so quick, he'll know how he fall!" and the two grappled together at arms length.

The sharp, penetrating eye of the Indian was fixed on the black, while he braced himself for the struggle; and they both stood an instant, as if rooted to the ground, gazing at each other.

At length, they began to exercise their strength, and to each move a leg—both, however, wary and careful, of his antagonist. Soon the Indian with a mighty effort raised the black, and seemed to put forth all his strength to hurl him down; but Moses was too well skilled in the exercise to be thrown in that way; and he waited a moment without putting out his exertions, until the native began to flag in his efforts. Then suddenly he braced himself, and grasping with a tighter grip his formidable antagonist. "I trow him now, Massa Bob," he exclaimed; and in a moment the native seemed quickly raised with apparent ease, swinging in a circle round, suspended as it were horizontally in mid air, and in a twinkling was threshed upon the ground with a force that extorted a hollow groan from him; and he lay half astounded with the concussion, with which he met his mother earth.

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted Walker, in a trumpet voice which rung through the solitude of the forest.

In an instant the ivory of the black was perceptible, as he heard the shout of Walker, and stood proudly over the fallen native, who lay quivering from the shock of his fall. "Didnt I tell you I trow him so quick he know nothing! ha, Massa Bob!" exclaimed he. But the vain boast of Moses was drowned in a loud simultaneous yell from the savages; and three or four bounded towards him—all seizing hold of him at the same time, and attempting to bear him to the earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
justice expected it to be of another nature, pursued it, and finding what it was, said in a great passion, "Vat de tevi you brings dis to day vor?" "Why," replied the constable, "see whether or no it is not returning this day, and should I neglect my duty, you would no doubt with great propriety, report to the grand jury, and in all probability have me severely fined." Upon this the justice, with a loud voice proclaimed, "I adjourn this court till next Wednesday," and calls to his son, saying, "Hanne, look off de abananch, and see as dat will be on de Sabbath’s day."

Hard Licing.—We have it from good authority that there lives an old bachelor in the city of New-York, who is very rich and keeps a store, in which he employs two clerks. These clerks' salary he pays by allowing them extra privileges in the store. He is so damn'd close that he sleeps in the store upon the bare counter. His meals consist of two pennies' worth of dried apples for breakfast, eaten dry and without drink; for dinner he drinks a quart of water to swell the apples, and for supper he eats and drinks nothing the year round.

This is but little better board than the Dutchman got, when apprentice to the tailoring trade, who never had any breakfast given him; for dinner he'd get a good hollaging, and for supper which was left from dinner warmed over again. He would have almost starved, had it not been for the cabbages.

Curious Bill.—The following is a Copy of a joiner's bill, for jobbing on a Catholic Church in Bohemia, literally translated from the German:—"For solidly repairing St. Joseph, 4d.—for repairing the Virgin Mary, before and behind, and making her a child, 5s.—for turning a nose for the devil, putting a horn upon his head, and glueing a piece on his tail, 4s. 4d.—Total 10s. 4d."

Pleasures of Expectation.—A drunken fellow, at a late hour of the night, was sitting in the gutter. A friend of his happening to pass, recognized him and said, "what do you do here? why don't you go home?" The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, I'm just what I want—(hiccup)—but the place is all going round—(hiccup) and I'm waiting for my door to pass by."

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue who sat in the chimney corner, cried out to him, "Sir you'll burn your spurs presently!" "My boots you mean? no sir, they are burnt already."

Smiles.—"I hope I don't intrude," as the knife said to the oyster, "Come in," as the spider said to the fly, "Come on," as the man said to his boot, "You make me blush," as the lobster cried out to the saucepan, "I am all in a stow," as the shin bone said to the soup kettle.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am I don't live now, I'm married," replied the girl.

YANKER!—Question. — You haven't none of you seen nothing of no hat no where a long here upon none of these seats have you?—

Answer.—We haven't none of us seen nothing of no hats nor nothing of no kind where else as I knows on.

Time.—Time is the candle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture. 

THE AUBURN MISCHELANY. [For the Auburn Miscellyny.] When days and scenes long since gone by, Are by reflection brought to mind; A fond recollection brings a sigh, A tear,—release daith's find.

There is a charm in youth's fond day, That age can never possess; A charm that promises a way To prosperity and happiness.

'Tis then our hopes are bright and fair— Our future prospects clear, Pure and undefiled as the mountain air, Is pleasure ever near.

We look not then to a future year, To fortune, war, nor sorrow; We shed not then the bitter tear, In reflecting on the morrow. The present, is a sunshine, clear and bright, The past, we view as dead; We see not the dim cloud of night, That hovers over head.

But when time with bold and rapid stride, Its onward course doth speed; Discovering the folly and the pride, To which these pleasures lead: Then is it that we sip the bitter draught, And taste of the bitter cup; Which in our early days were wrought, And in youth were trasnured up.

AGUAS.

AUBURN, AUGUST 18, 1853.

Our Miscellyny has progressed in the volume, with the present number, to one hundred and twelve pages,—the Tale of Fort Hill occupies about thirty-five of them, and is nothing near concluded. Each number from the commencement of the publication are on hand, so that new subscribers can be furnished from the beginning.

Village News.—Where is all the village news? In the bank and the store, where the bank and store are known by the name of Lynch bank. What is the name of Lynch bank? A German professor, Strube, has published a pamphlet to prove there will be no severe winters for the next 100 years. We hope he is correct, for wood is getting scarce. Baltimore determined not to be out done in fireworks by New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., has had a real genuine Ro of the mob destroyed houses and furniture, and among others, the Mayor's house—some lives were caught in the spirit of speculation, and young arches are seen trampling on the ruins, in kites, &c.—There is no village news this week worth recording.

We did, indeed, hear it stated that one of the Vicksburg gamblers passed through here a day or two since; but whether it is true, or not, we don't know.

If you have your beds dressed.—We are requested to state that Mr. A. A. Hoxon, of Skaneatles, has purchased the right of the Patentee, for dressing feather beds for this county, and that he is preparing an establishment in this village for that purpose, in the building on Prison-street, three doors north of Palmer's store, on the corner. Mr. H. has tried the process on feather beds of wealthy and respectable citizens of other places, and given the most perfect satisfaction. Twice heretofore we have noticed this process of manufacturing old beds into new ones, and again bespeak a word in its favor.

Steam Mill.—A steam flouring Mill, has recently been put in operation in our village, by our enterprising fellow citizen Mr. Walter Weed. It manufactures first rate flour.

News in a NutShell.

A New Orleans paper, in a notice of Mrs. Knight, the singer, intending to be very complimentary, says "she's a sentiment!" —The editor of the New York Star, in speaking of a certain editor, says, "he is as crooked a crook as will be found in the whole political and religious east." —A gentleman in Tennessee offers to run his mare against any horse in the United States, for a wager of $2500. —A machine has been invented in Pennsylvania, that will cut 10,000 shingles per day. —It is said that by attaching a piece of flannel or sponge, wet with camphorated spirits, to a thread tied to the top of a bedstead, mattresses will leave the room. It is worth trying by all who are not fond these blood thirsty, devouring little rascals. —It is said a new daily penury paper particularly for the ladies, is to be started in N. York. —It is to make its appearance each day, just before tea-time. —Since the Southerners have adopted the Lynch law, the broad brim white hats now worn, have received the name of Lynch hats.

A German professor, Strube, has published a pamphlet to prove there will be no severe winters for the next 100 years. —We hope he is correct, for wood is getting scarce. —Baltimore determined not to be out done in fireworks by New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., has had a real genuine Ro of the mob destroyed houses and furniture, and among others, the Mayor's house—some lives were caught in the spirit of speculation, and young arches are seen trampling on the ruins, in kites, &c.—There is no village news this week worth recording. We did, indeed, hear it stated that one of the Vicksburg gamblers passed through here a day or two since; but whether it is true, or not, we don't know.
LITERAL NOTICE.—The subscriber is agent and will be happy at all times to receive subscriptions for some of the most popular works of the American and British Press. Among them may be found the Knickerbocker—Little's Museum—Wallace's Select Circulating Library, and Literary Portfolio—Boston Pearl—Ladies' Companion—Blackwood—Metropolitan and Foreign Quarterly Review—Alkinson's Casket, and Saturday Evening Post—Parlor Magazine—American Magazine, (sold in monthly parts, 16 cts. per number).—The Franklin Library of Modern Literature—etc, etc.

E. B. TUTTLE.

A N ACCOUNT OF THE SASEBO CATASTROPHE.

(Continued from our last.)

"They say that persons dream of what has been recently running in their heads," replied Frank. "It was just so with the dreams you mention. They turned out to be sure, just as our aunts dreamed, but the whole neighborhood, you know, said the horses were drowned, long before aunt Deb dreamed—she accidentally heard of it, and their opinion was on her mind.

As for the silver tea-spoon, it was found near the hog-pen, the evening before aunt Katrine dreamed and sent word to look at that place."

John shrugged his shoulders at the explanatory reasoning of his brother, and putting on a serious air, while he replied, "Well, I dreamed I saw a white female cross the river in a canoe, last evening; and it was not a natural person, it was a ghost. Do you believe in ghosts, brother Frank?"

"I will not say there are no ghosts, though I never saw one," answered Francis, laughing, "unless the shadow that I have seen two or three times gliding past the trees at a distance from me, was a ghost. It looked to me, however, as something like flesh and blood. Your dream, in my view, amounts to nothing, if you have seen any thing in reality, I should like to know it."

"Well, then, I have seen something," replied John, "and I should like to know what it was. Do you suppose a ghost could paddle a canoe?"

Francis, by this time, began to be impatient at the prolixity of John, which he knew was a prelude to some disclosure of importance to them; but knowing the way of his brother, was always to raise his curiosity before he communicated anything direct; he answered this last question as before, "that he never saw a ghost, and consequently had no opinion respecting them."

John began to laugh heartily at his brother's impatience, and when he had indulged himself in his merriment, informed him of his evening excursion, and concluded, by proposing to go immediately and ascertain if the canoe was there still, on the opposite side of the river, where he saw the girl cross over.

Accordingly they proceeded to the river, and constructed a kind of raft, with which they ferried themselves over; but after examining for a long time in every direction, they returned, failing in making any discovery,—there was no canoe to be found.

It appeared singular to them,—and they examined the place where he had seen the black-spot, tracing a kind of track to the edge of the river, and then it ran a winding course, which led into the forest, where there was nothing more of it visible. Where there was no grass, they found the prints of human feet. This astonished them the more, as John supposed until then that what he had seen in the grass, was nothing more than a bear. Now whether these tracks were those of a white person, or one of the natives, was beyond their knowledge; and whether they were made before or afterwards, equally was a mystery to them.

The piece of venison which they had found hanging by the door was fresh and

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

No. 15.

The Settlers:
OR THE FIRST WHITE BORN.
A TALE OF CAYUGA.

AUBURN, N. Y., AUGUST 25, 1835.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

had undoubtedly been killed the day previous. "As we cannot make any discoveries," said John, "we will eat the provisions, and when we ascertain where it came from, return our thanks to the donor.

A day or two after the event above related, it was agreed that Francis should take an excursion, and try to ascertain whether there were any whites settled in that vicinity. The dog was to accompany him, and if they did not return before evening, John might reasonably suppose that something serious had happened to them.

Accordingly the next morning, at early dawn, Francis equipped himself with his rifle, and with Boase saddled out on his expedition.

He entered the pathless forest, carefully marking the trees as he proceeded, that he might have a guide to conduct him back,—nor was this all the precaution he took; for at convenient distances, he broke the twigs of the small trees, bending them in the direction of his home.

He travelled until towards noon, taking a large circuit through the forest; as yet he had seen nothing that looked like a human habitation. Soon after, however, he came to a beaten path,—a kind of highway, which formed an opening, and had the appearance of having been travelled by horses. This he followed for some time, until he thought it was time to set his face towards home; but thinking that as he had taken a circular route, he might with safety strike across, and intercept his path, thereby shorten the way, and arrive sooner home, than to retrace his steps.

No sooner had he resolved on this plan, than he left the highway, or kind of path, he was then in, and struck into the thick forest again, cautiously proceeding as he had done before.

As he now made his way through the forest, two or three times he thought he saw some one ahead, swiftly passing by the trees, and once or twice he hailed to them; but as he received no answer, and could see nothing more of them than that transient glimpse, he concluded he must have been mistaken.

Finding night drawing near, and not coming to his path which was to direct him home, he began to be alarmed, some lost he should not reach there before dark. It seemed the farther he proceeded, the less prospect there appeared of coming to it; he, however, rushed forward with all his speed. His anxiety at length increased, and soon he became so bewildered in the mazes of the forest, that he could not after a short time, tell which direction he ought to steer; and to add to his disappointment, his pocket compass, which he supposed he had with him, he had lost or left at home.

We must here leave Francis, and return to his brother, by giving our readers an insight into their character, and relate some other events, which will form the subject matter of the continuation of the settlers in our next paper.

Continued in our next.

EPITAPH.

John Pathyman, who lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year;
And here his mother lies,
Also his father when he died.

A queer fellow—an English farmer—says, that when he bought his farm there was but one blade of grass on it, and that two rabbits were fighting for that. We should like to know if this is not the same person who had to put a weight, or an anchor, to the tails of his hogs, to keep them from tumbling over their heads while in the act of rooting for a living?

Why is good conduct like boiling water?
Because it raises a steam (estover.)

AUBURN MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1835.

No. 15.

ORIGINAL.

The Twin Brothers.

A TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHAPTER XV.

The success of the black in throwing the champion of the natives in the sport they had commenced, and the exultation of Walker, maddened the savages, who alone had lingered behind, to gratify their disappointed vengeance, at the unexpected rescue of their victims from their hands. They had only waited for a favorable moment to again seize them for sacrifice.

The situation of the black at this time, therefore, caused them to rush upon him, and so suddenly was the onset, that they had nearly accomplished their object before Moses could recover himself; but in an instant he stretched his body up and shook them from him. Quickly several more came up, and again they all pitched upon him.

On seeing the attack upon the black, whose herculean strength seemed put forth in his own defence alone, Walker could not contain himself, but loudly cheered him. At first, Moses suffered them to tumble him around without much resistance; but when three or four would take hold of each arm, and, bracing themselves, pull as if to wrench his joints asunder, the eyes of the black began to show the rising anger which they were gradually arousing. So many had fastened themselves to his body and limbs that his utmost strength had to be put in requisition to keep them from bearing him to the ground. Summoning, therefore, all his efforts in one grand display of muscular strength, he released his nervous arms from the gripe with which they had seized them, and with one sweep he overturned two or three, and sprang from among them towards Walker, pursued by half a score or more.

"Avast, there, and heave to, ye hell-hounds!" roared Bob, as the black bounded up to him, panting from exertion, with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes. "Nigger must fight, or die, Massa Bob," exclaimed he, and he turned facing the revengeful natives.

"Stop! or, by the Eternal Spirit! some of you wood devils will bite your mother earth!"

He spoke, however, to demons; they were frantic with disappointment at the overthrow of their champion; and on they rushed, with the speed of race horses, determined to seize the black.

"Massa Bob, stick to old nigger while he fight'un," said the black, seeing the Indians were bent on attacking him.

"If they injure a curl of your black wool, may Bob Walker live to revere it," replied the old sailor, throwing off his old tarpaulin hat and stepping in front of the approaching savages. "Look here, ye infernal's!" exclaimed he, "if you hurt Snowball, you hurt old Bob—it's hardest send off, d'y see?"

He had scarce uttered the last word, when a powerful native leaped towards him, but was met with a blow from Walker that sent him reeling to the earth, and half a dozen sprang forward and seized him. He struggled a moment beneath their hands; but finding it unavailing, yielded finally, and they bound him hand and foot.
In the meantime, several natives sprang upon the black: the first was seized by him with both his arms; and he hugged him to his bosom with an iron grasp. The native yielded in agony as the black strained the clasped body to his own, determined to crush him with his strength. The Indian struggled as if in the throes of death, and his starting eyes and gasping breath, livid looks and relaxed limbs, told to the black that he had nothing to fear from that one, and he loosed his embrace.

He saw the native sink at his feet as he let go his hold; but, surrounded as he was, further resistance now appeared vain, and he suffered himself to be thrown to the ground, where his hands were fastened.

In the mean time, old Clefford witnessed the fury of the natives, and trembled for the fate of his daughter. He rushed from the tent among them attempting to address them; but his voice was lost in the deafening yells which they now franticly uttered; and in an agony of mind bordering on distraction, he returned again to the tent where Ella was.

She had fainted with terror, and lay motionless,—death's relentless hand seemed to have stamped the seal of release from all further earthly trials on her countenance, and the old man clasped her inanimate, fragile form in his arms. "Spirit of Heaven! reanimate her!" exclaimed he, bearing her to the open air.

As he emerged with the lifeless form of his daughter in his arms, he was met by three or four of the infuriated Indians, with fire flashing from their eyes, and looks of vengeance pictured in their countenances. The sight before them for an instant seemed to make them pause:—Supported in his arms, her head rested on the old man's shoulders, with her hair hanging in dishevelled tresses,—Her eyes were closed, and her countenance as she, appeared pale and white as the autumnal frost, or the snowy mantle of stern winter.

Unheeding them, Clefford tottering forward with his burden, was about passing them, when the brawny hand of one of the natives seized hold of him, while two others tore Ella from his embrace and bore her from him. He struggled in the powerful hands which had seized him, a moment; but old and feeble, and overcome with the strong emotions of his mind, and the fears for his daughter, who he saw borne off by the two natives, he sunk to the ground exhausted, while they bound him hands and feet as they had done the black and Walker.

The demon yells of the exasperated natives, rang loud and long, in shrill and terrific sounds, as they now dragged their bound victims to the front of the tent, where they were thrown in.

Not a word was uttered by either of them, for some minutes, until Walker strength broke the silence, and addressed Clefford.—

"What, think you, will be the next movement of the Indian devils?" asked he of the old man.

"They will put us to death, shortly," replied he. "I feared this, when I saw the chief depart, and that these natives lingered behind."

"D'you hear that? blackee!" exclaimed Walker.

"Aye, yes, I hear 'em, Massa Bob," but 'd you 'spose old neger 'traid of grim death—old feller threaten blackee too many times, and no come, to make 'm scare now!—one 'ting, can't die any once, Massa Bob."

"Right, chalky! but you old black mender, they will take off the woolly covering of your top works, and then stave your skull in."

"Neber mind,—may as well die dat way, as any other," replied the black. "I'll die like a man, any how, Massa Bob."

"I know it, I know it!" quickly answered Walker, somewhat affected at the calmness of the black; "but we have weathered too many tough storms at sea, to be at last foundered in this way. It's a hard cruise, this blackee."

"Yes, Massa Bob," replied the black. "we've stood many hard squalls together afore dis;—neber know you flight; and you neber know black Moses grumble. I spect we now hab to receive our discharge.—Da say Ingins show no quarters to dem thar mean to kill."

"And I for one, ask none," answered Walker. "Old Bob will die as he has lived; but look here, blackee, should they send your old shipmate, Walker, to Davy Jones' locker, and not slip your wind at the same time, just tell the young captain to kill one Indian dog to revenge me, d'ye hear?"

"I hear 'em, Massa Bob, and will tell him,—if I hab chance," said the negro.

"Save your breath, companions,—you will have no chance to revenge your deaths; for as sure as the morning sun lights to-morrow, they will sacrifice us," interrupted old Clefford, arousing from his stupor, at the conversation of the black and Walker.

"And if they do it, the curse of an old sailor be on 'em," muttered Bob.

"And mine too," exclaimed the black.

"When a man's conscience is clear, he can die easy," said Walker, addressing Clefford, "I have fought many a battle, and killed many enemies; but as I hope Heaven to rest my soul, I never yet used the conquered otherways than with kindness."

"Savages never forget revenge!" replied Clefford, "mercy to their conquered enemies, is unknown to them. You helped slay their warriors, and they will glut their vengeance on you, at least."
The Auburn Miscellany.

The Rail-Road Directors, we understand, have decided on the route of the Syracuse and Auburn Road, and its point of termination in the village—the steam cars stopping near the Prison and the final termination of the road to form a junction with the Oswego canal, near Mess. Leonard & Warder's Mill.

The mob, and riot mania which has raged in several places in the Union for two or three weeks past, has we believe subsided. We see no new cases announced in any of our exchange papers. What our brother types will do for news in that line, we don’t know. The elections are approaching, however, and some of them anticipate glorious news of broken heads and bloody noses, about those days.

News in a Nut-Shell.

An ungenerous editor of one of the Boston papers, in speaking of Miss Fong Moy, the Chinese lady now exhibiting her little feet in that city, says, a homely Indian squaw with her feet cut off, and her ankles stuck into a couple of turnips, would be as well worth looking at. We infer he is an old bachelor. A Buffalo editor says they carry babies to the theatre in that city—he don’t like the music they make. A man down by Cape Cod has invented a machine to split cod-fish. A printing office in Philadelphia was broken open last week, and robbed of $400. What business had that printer with so much money on hand—he ought to be robbed—never heard of such an instance before. A bank cut open. A barber of Modena, Italy cut his throat lately; and on being opened, there was found in his stomach, 59 Venetian sequins, 72 imperial ducats, 18 half doubles, of Parma; 2 Louis, 8 half sovereigns, and a quarter. The barber no doubt cut his throat to save himself from the yellow jaundice. Another French paper states that there is a female in prison at Bremen, who is charged with having poisoned 65 persons, amongst whom were 3 husbands and 5 lovers! A Book has recently been published in Boston, entitled “P’ and Q.”—The last title for a book we ever heard. One of our papers gives a new way of catching rabbits, by placing apples in the parts where they frequent after sprinkling them with snuff; when they come to sniffel, the sudden effort to sneeze which they make, never fails to break their necks, in some cases they have been known to throw their heads a foot beyond their tails. A Bookseller in Tuscumbia, advertises as follows: “Persons indebted to the Tuscumbia Bookstore are respectfully requested to pay their last year’s accounts forthwith. It is no use to hand the money, payments must be made at least once a year, or I shall run down at the Presbyterian Church.

Auburn, August 25, 1835.

My Wife, My Cat, and Me.

Let winter come with chilling look, And strip the summer bowers; He cannot rob me of my Book, Or philosophic hour.

Yes, let him come, with aspect chill, The leaves strip from the tree, There’s three that can be happy still! My Wife—My Cat—and Me.

The storm may howl, the snow may fall, The frost may glitter bright; I hid them not, while on the wall, The hearts fire shows its light. Nor care I how the winds may blow, If it’s from a dun I’m free, For little will suffice you know, My Wife—My Cat—and Me.

And when old age with silent pace, Strews over our heads the snows, Plough furrows deep upon the face, And steals the full blown rose.

How sweet ‘twill be, when death shall come, To know that then we three, Shall sleep together in one tomb, My Wife—My Cat—and Me.

The following rhyme was often quoted by Dean Swift:

A pigeon, a plover, a pig and a lover, Should never be cold.

Spanish Maxim.—Perfect equality exists only among the dead.

Turks.—Some years ago a French frigate was being at Boodroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles in the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work, and in a short time the frigate returned with the necessary firman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgment of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed.

Arrived at the outer gate, “Effendi,” said the governor, “the orders of my Imperial Master must be obeyed.”—Let me in, then, exclaimed the impatient captain. “Undoubtedly,” replied the Turk, “for so I am enjoined to do by the firman; but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we pass the drawbridge.” The French commander not wishing to put such hazardous irony to the test, departed.

A Sailor turned Farmer.—A tar not long since, growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing, with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jim. The sailor, being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, eights, and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stays, and by turning the yoke, threw Jim and the oxen all down in a heap together.—Jack frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked, "What’s the matter?" "Matter! matter enough, by conscience," replied Jack, "the larboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jim has got foul of the rigging, and they are all going to mischief stem foremost."

"Johnny, where’s my razor?" bawled an Eastern shoreman, as he stood before the looking glass, dally prepared for the operation of shaving.

"Why, daddy, I’ve just done opening oysters with it."

Well, turn to the boy, run and rub it on a brick bat; and, by gosh, if you ever do the like again, if you shan’t grind it."

An eminent barrister had a case sent to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred in the mind of man, and concluded by asking, whether under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen and wrote:

"Yes, if the witnesses will be too; but not otherwise."

An Irish lieutenant, who had exchanged from the 24th regiment to the 32d, was asked what induced him to do so?

"Because," said he, "I have a brother in the 31st, and I wanted to be near him."

A gentleman inquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts on going into action, was answered, that they were unwilling to have any check to fighting.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses? for, what’s loud and senseless talking, buffing, and swearing, any other than a more fashionable way of braying?

The following rhyme was often quoted by Dean Swift:

A, a pigeon, a plover, a pig and a lover, Should never be cold.

Spanish Maxim.—Perfect equality exists only among the dead.
heal. Every body says, how well that man Wood-raft is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not, positively, spare change enough to buy myself a shirt, or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, in trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares that in Virginia, where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is moreover, a downright vulgar Yankee piece of business altogether. Come, come, pay up! friends keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my breeches right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear sir, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant. D. Woodraft."—Poor fellow!—A man with fleas harness'd, bridled and saddled, is giving exhibitions in some of our cities. It is said they break to the bit or harness as easy as any young horse. We hope this flea groom will visit Auburn, as we understand the fleas here, are outrageous.

[For the Auburn Miscellany.]

BOOKS BY MAIL.


For sale by E. B. Tuttle, Agent.

P. S. The first part of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful-Naval Officer, &c., just received, price 1 shilling.

W. Waver, M. D., Surgeon and Botanic Physician, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have them make a trial of his Medicine, and then judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing that he merit, or demerit, of his practice may be decided upon at the bar of public opinion.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

LAW BLANKS.—Deeds!—Mortgage & Warranty Deeds, Bonds, &c., &c., just printed, and for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings—third story.

JOBPRINTING.—Cards, Handbills, Circulaires, &c., &c., done with dispatch at this office.

JUSTICES' BLANKS, for sale at this office, No. 3 Centre Buildings—third story.

LITERARY NOTICE.—The subscriber is able and will be happy at all times to receive sub-
scriptions for some of the most popular works of the American and British Press. Among them may be found the Knickerbocker—Littell's Museum—Wales's Select Circulating Library, and Literary Portf.

Bargains for Cash.—E. A. Warner, Having made arrangements, shall return from New York, to connect himself with M. E. Williams in the Tanning business, is desirous of closing his mercantile concerns as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New England works at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crocker, &c.

N. B. Specimen Nos. may be seen by applying to the Agent, who may be found, generally, at the office of J. Perry, Esq.

Auburn, July 25th, 1835.

BARGAINS FOR CASH.—E. A. Warner, Having made arrangements, shall return from New York, to connect himself with Mr. E. Williams in the Tanning business, is desirous of closing his mercantile concerns as soon as possible. He therefore offers his splendid assortment of New England works at cost, at his present stand opposite the Stone Mill. Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.—A constant supply of wheat, eelkle and other Wire-Cloth, woven with gauze and reed, and any variety of meshes—also wrought-iron Mill Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. Leonard.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

FRENCH BURR MILL STONES, manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any others made in the state, are on hand for application to A. D. Leonard.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

FRESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Park, is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of the most salted and fresh, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING-CLOTHS.—I have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Aker Cloth, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloths in this city. Mills and Mill-Weights, are requested to call and examine them.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY

is published on Tuesdays, at No. 3 Centre Buildings, BY FREDERICK PRINCE.

To whom letters and communications (post paid) may be addressed.
THE AUBURN MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1835.

The black procured the knife, and in a moment they were all free from the bands which fastened them; but, at the suggestion of old Clifford, they remained perfectly still and quiet.

As evening approached, the natives built their fires, and placed several of their company to watch over their prisoners; where we leave them for the night, and return to Ella.

When Ella was taken, she was carried into the glen on the south side of the mount, where several rude cabins had been constructed hastily by the natives. In one of them she was put and left in a state of insensibility. When she came to collection, her emotions on being separated from her father and the rest, sunk her spirit, and she was fearfully exercised for the fate of her companions, and as to what purpose she was thus removed. In the evening, however, as she lay upon her bed of leaves, in the place where she was left, a flickering light shone into the cabin, and she saw one of the natives enter bearing in his hand a blazing pine knot. Terror for a moment completely took away all consciousness; but he shortly stood over her, and gazed for some time in silence, while she lay apparently as if asleep. At length she heard his voice addressing her in broken English.

Surprised at the intelligible sounds that struck upon her ear, she was quickly on her feet. "What would you have of me?" inquiringly she asked, while her trembling agitated frame seemed ready to sink upon the earth again.

"I would rescue you from the horrors of captivity and death," Maiden, replied he. "Fear me not. You see not before you a native of these wilds: chance has thrown me only among them."
"And can you save us, noble man?" asked Ella, placing her hand upon his muscular arm, while her eyes flashed forth joy, glistening in tears that rushed unconsciously into them. "O, do not deceive us with false hopes."

"I swear by Him who rules the red men—aye, Him whose spirit inspires them with fear, that you shall be safe."

"And the rest, too?" faintly ejaculated she, mindful of her new found father.

A silence for a moment ensued, while the apparent savage pondered. "There is one," at length he said, "whom earthly aid cannot save: the warriors he has slain and hurried to sleep with their fathers, cry aloud for vengeance. His fate is fixed, and no interposing arm can save him."

Ella knew who he meant. It was Walker; and from what she had seen of him, she knew too, that his fate would be met with heroism, and that he would be unappalled in the last trying hour. "Heaven send him comfort!" exclaimed she—"But is there no way of rescuing him? must he be sacrificed by the merciless and cruel savages, whose companions he has unconsciously slain in his own defence?"

"Savages know no love towards their captives. Sudden ebullitions in their favor, from the powerful and strong among them, only saves the victim," replied he. "And have you not the power?" faintly articulated she.

"No," answered he, "I would alone save you."

"But my father!" chokingly uttered she, "he is innocent—no warriors have fell by his hand."

"I know it," answered he; "but disappointed vengeance in the natives will not discriminate between him and the others."

Ella replied not, but sat the picture of woe, while the man gazed upon her with pity and compassion. At length he stooped and whispered in her ear, to be calm and resolute, and hope for the best; and in an instant glided out, leaving her in darkness and alone.

The night passed off with most intense anxiety by Ella, solitary and desolate by herself. She knew not what was to follow, and she awaited the morning's dawn with feelings better conceived than described.

In the meantime, those in the tent had rather slumbered than slept; even old Walker turned and tossed on the ground, feeling anxious to see a termination to his present situation, resolving, however, to sell his life dearly, whenever, the crisis should approach.

Just after daylight in the morning, they were aroused by terrific yells from the natives; and their unusual gathering together at so early an hour, told them that something important had, or was about to transpire.

Old Clefford watched the movements of the natives, and saw at once that they were in a state of alarm, and that other objects than their prisoners, were agitating them.

"Something unusual has taken place; the natives expect an attack," said he to Walker. "From whom? Do the devil's imp expect to be attacked by us, after having bound us hand and foot?" muttered he in answer.

"Aint bound now, Massa Bob," replied the black. "Correct, blackee!" answered Walker, "and curse me, if old Bob has any more lashings put on him while he is alive."

While they were talking, the barking of a dog was heard, and the black started: "Hear that, Massa Bob!" exclaimed he.

"That's the hait of Rover, or else the ears of an old sailor are deceived. Our Captain has returned," replied he.

"They have not been to the lake," said Clifford. "Hark! Do you not hear confused sounds of voices?"


He had scarce spoke when a body of the natives rushed to the tent where they were, with tomahawks and knives in their hands. In an instant they levelled it with the earth, and rushed upon the defenceless captives.

As one man, they all sprung upon their feet, old Walker seizing the pole that supported the canvas, and with a giant strength poised the piece of timber for an instant.

"The French have attacked the natives," exclaimed Clifford, starting back, as the Indians with fury in their looks, sprang forward.

"Haven't!" vociferated Walker, as with a tornado sweep, he swung his enormous club among them; while the black grasped one of the forward natives—wrested his tomahawk from his hand, and with one blow struck him dead to the earth.

The natives utterly confounded at finding their prisoners unbound, and assaulting them, with yells of disappointment left them; and at the instant, Walker saw a body of armed men leap the enclosure, and shortly after, Allen, De Fau, and the twin brothers, rushing towards them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A person in a public company, accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

Proverb.—The more you stroke pussy's back, the higher she raises her tail.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM C. EBRIGHT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung;
And to the work of warfare swung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills sang the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to war,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound,
In the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The rules where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the souls of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and mother gray,
Saw the young warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flown at Lexington,
Like brooks of summer rain.

The death stain on the April sword
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footsteps of a foreign lord
Pronounced the soil no more.

Variety.

A man of all Work.—There was formerly in Havana a certain Thomas Nichols, of Worcestershire, England, who kept a boarding house. In addition, he was an undertaker, and made the coffins himself. When a foreigner landed, old Nichols would shrewdly scrutinize his face; if he betrayed a bilious disposition, or otherwise give a fair chance of the
stranger paying his sad toll, by way of
yellow fever, for a passage into the other
world, Tom would sily steal behind him
and measure his length with his cane, pre-
cisely three feet long; the rest of the mea-
sure he took with his eye, and if his store
happened to be out of coffins of the requi-
site size, he was quick in filling up the
gap. A man was once dragging himself
along, half dead, in the streets of Havan-
na, when he discovered Nichols busy a-
bout him. "Out of the way with you,
you bird of death!" exclaimed the man,
when the ever ready coffin provider repli-
ced, with the best natured smile imagina-
able, "Why, Mr. Smith, you know very
well you will not die a moment the sooner
for my measuring you. It is not only an
innocent precaution but a necessary one;
sometimes I have not sufficient hands
to get a coffin ready as quick as a gentle-
man might require after dying in this
climate." Nichols served as nurse to pa-
tients of the yellow fever, and physicked
you like a good fellow, if you trusted
yourself to his care. He made the coffin,
he digging the grave, and lastly, read the
English church service over you. In
health, sickness, or death, he provided for
you; his faithful companionship survived
you. What a Hoffmann! In 1832, when
the cholera raged in Havana, Tom died of
this disease; and expressed on his death
bed great regret at being obliged to make
his exit just in so fine a season, of which,
his successor would reap all the benefit!

Next Illustration.—The possibility of a
great change being introduced by very
slight beginnings (says the London Quar-
terly Review,) may be illustrated by the
tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who,
having offended his master, was condem-
ned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower.
At night his wife came to weep below his
window. "Cease your grief," said the
sage: "Go home for the present, and re-
turn hither when you have procured a live
black beetle, together with a little ghee,
(or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of
the finest silk, another of the finest pack-
thread, and another of whipcord, finally
a stout coil of rope." When she again
came to the foot of the tower, provided
according to her husband's commands, he
directed her to touch the head of the in-
sect with a little of the ghee, to tie one end
of the silk thread around him, and to
place the reptile on the wall of the tower.
Seduced by the smell of the butter, which
he conceived to be in store somewhere
above him, the beetle continued to ascend
until he reached the top, and thus put the
vizier in the possession of the roll of silk
thread, who drew up the pack thread
by means of the silk, the small cord by means
of the pack thread, and by means of the
cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining
his own weight—and so, at last, escaped
from the place.

THE FARMER'S CHOICE.
A little house, well fill'd—a little wife, well fill'd—a little land, well till'd.
Our ancestors lived on bread and broth,
And woot'd their healthy wives in homespun cloth;
Our mothers, nurtur'd to the moulding red,
Gave all their daughters lessons on the wheel;
Though spinning did not much reduce the waist,
It made their food much sweeter to the taste;
They plied with honest zeal the mop and broom,
And drove the shuttle through the noisy loom.
They never once complained as we do now—
"We have no girls to cook or milk the cow;"
Each mother nurtur'd her red check'd son and daughter,
To bake and brew, and draw a pail of water;
No damsel adorn'd the wash tub, birem or pail,
To keep unsightly a long grown fing'ring nail.
They sought no gaudy dress, no waas-like form,
But eat to live, and worked to keep them warm.
No idle youth—no tight-laced mining fair,
Became a living corpse for want of air!
No idlets, faintings, fits of frightful blues;
No painful corn from wearing Chinese shoes.

Splendid Pictures—The Temptation of Adam and Eve, and the Exulsion from Paradise. —These paint-
ings, from the classic pencil of Dohyle, a pupil of
the celebrated David, are about being exhibited in the
Courthouse in this village. They have been ex-
hibited in the principal cities of Europe, and in this
country. Their exhibition in our village commences
this evening, and we understand will remain only for
a few days. Having as yet had no opportunity of
viewing them, we avail ourselves of the following notes,
taken from the New York Commercial Adver-
siser. All should see them. Wherever they have
been exhibited, but few but what have availed them-
seves of the opportunity. Our citizens of the vil-
lage and vicinity, will take "time by the forefoot," and
not lose the present occasion.

"The first painting represents the temptation of
our first parents, in the garden of Eden. Adam is
portrayed seated on a broken bank, with Eve lying in
a recumbent posture at his side; the left arm of Eve
is gracefully interlocked with Adam, and with her
right hand she places in his unconscion grasp the fa-
tal apple. The attitude and air of Adam is manly
and noble—that of Eve delicate and graceful; but
what shall we say of her face and expression? It is
the very soul of poetry, simplicity, truth, feeling
and loveliness; if she had descended in a snow flake
from the regions of purity, she could not have looked
more fascinating and lovely. Her eyes speak eloquent
persuasion to the wavering mind of Adam, half
doubtful, and fearing but to err; if he gazes upon
the resistless angel at his side—he looks upwards
on the fair face of Heaven—but there all is calm
and serene; the sky rolls on in beauty, and the lion
sleeps in amity at his back; no sound of murmuring
life in animity of his roce, save the subtle and envenomed visions, which crawl unseen
and unheard upon his bower of innocence and love.
He comes, but in unearthy silence, to turn his para-
dise into a burning hell; red wrath and malignant
malice glare from his horrid eye ball's, petrifies
deleterious nature into the charmed ear of Eve;
her lids droop from the spell cast upon her—her
beauitied accents of the spill is potent upon her—the innumerable eyes of Adam are
amused and unsuspecting ears of the common mother
beasts and broken pillars of mankind, and she falls, a blasted and broken pil-
lar of the composite order of beauty, grace and love.

The tints which pervade the picture are cool,
cheate and mellow, imparting a vigorous freshness
and boldness of relief, to the coloring of the figures,
truly admirable. There is a harmony and beauty,
united with a delicacy of finish about this noble paint-
ing which bespeaks the hand of a master, and you
are at it with surprise, conviction and astonishment
—certain of its unequaled merit, and scarcely be-
heving it to be a work of art.

Its companion, the "Exulsion," to which the
attention is immediately drawn, is terrifically sublime;
the elements are at war! Lightning gleams—the
sea rolls and rises, black with impending destruction
—the oak falls, riven by the thunder bolt; and the
red artillery of Heaven has shorn its leafy honors to
the stem! The lion so lately slumbering by the side
of the lord of creation, is up, and britting off, with
a tremendous scowl of defiance. And the benevolent
and once innocent creatures, routed uncheeked
and untrammeled, through the fragrant bowers of
Eden, are prostrate and despairing. The lurid glare
of sulphurous fire is streaming over their agitated
bodies. Fear is in their hearts and unavailing tears
of contrition in their eyes. Hope has fled; and
Saturn triumphant is extolling under the form of an
angels of light, over his prostrate victims. All is in
perfect keeping—graphic to subtlety—the hand of
genius has passed over it. To see, understand, and
feel its beauties, you must stand still and gaze upon
it in silence.

Let no passion stir—
Wake all to reason—Let her reign alone.
Then, reflect and ponder upon the destiny of humani-
ty. We know what we are; but what will we be,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil—
The question is at every dying moment at issue. To
all who have not seen these celebrated specimens of
the French school, we say go! and contemplate them—the pictorial entertainment will sink deep into
the heart, and by its softening power, assist to make
it happier and better.

News in a Nut-Shell.
The premium for the Price Address for the opening
of the Franklin Theatre New-York, has been
adjusted to a proper inmate of the Almas house.
$50 was the award—a snug little sum, that, for a
poor poet.——The farmers in Conn. have commen-
ted the raising of Tobacco. We shall soon see some
of the peddlers with Yankee pig-tail selling among us.
Look out for Yankee segars made of oak-leaves, with
Spanish wrappers.—At a southern meeting a few
days since, a resolution was adopted, offering a re-
ward of $3,000 for Arthur Tappan's ears.——What in
the name of common sense, do they want of this
man's ears?—they can't want for ears,——It


AUBURN, AUGUST 25, 1833.
The cheapest Re-publication yet offered to the public, is the Franklin Library of Modern Literature, published weekly (novel size) price 12¢ per No. and sold in parts as may suit purchasers. This No. already published contain the following Popular works: Beauties of the English Annals for 1835. The Last Days of Pompeii. Tyneley Hall. Three nights in a Lifetime. Jacob Faithful. Tales by Sheridan Knowles. The Bond Man. Select Poems. Tales of Women's Trials. Real Life Peter Simple. The dark Lady of Douro. (all for 20c.) the present cost of three of the above works, is 40¢.

P. S. The first part of James in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Naval Officer, &c. just received, price 10c.

N. WEAVER, M. D., Surgeon and Botanic Physician, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have them make a trial of his Medicine, and then judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing that the merits, or demerits, of his practice may be decided upon by the bar of public opinion.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

KEYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale at their store the latest fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and all other kinds of hats, with an assortment of gentlemen's and children's Cloak Caps. Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call. Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

SCREEN WIRE & MILL SCREWS. A constant supply of wheat, oak and chestnut wire-cloth, woven with gauze reeds, and perfect as machinists also wrought iron Mill Screws, with a full and perfect order may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

FRENCH BURL MILL STONES. Manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any made in the state. For sale at A. D. LEONARD, Auburn.

FRESH GROCERIES. H. G. Faw- ten is now receiving an assortment of Fresh Groceries, of all kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call. Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS. have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Jumper Cloth, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloths in the market. Millers and Millwrights, are requested to call and examine them. Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

The Auburn Miscellany is published on Tuesdays at No. 3 Centre Buildings, by Frederick Prince.

To whom letters and communications (post paid) may be addressed.

For a moment he stood rooted with astonishment at the voice, which gradually gave way to pleasing emotions, as his wandering mind tried to conjecture what it could mean. "That was not Francis' voice—neither was it the echo which thus spoke different words," and he again halloed with a loud voice, raising it to the utmost strength of his lungs, and exclaiming "Francis! Francis!"—the echo only repeated the name back to his ears,—he listened for something else, but nothing further was heard.

"It is strange—Francis is safe!" repeated he to himself. "It was a human tongue that uttered these words;" and again he hallooed loud and long, "that if any one was on the other side of the river, for them to speak!" but nothing save the echo was returned, and then silence reigned again.

At length wearied with the disappointment and the mystery, together with the fearful thoughts that irresistibly rushed on his mind at his brother's long stay, he retraced his steps again to the house. No Francis had arrived; and he waited with anxiety almost insupportable for a long time.

He conjectured a thousand probable circumstances that might detain his brother; and that something had happened to him, seemed forcibly to rush upon his mind—the mysterious voice which had uttered the words that his brother was safe: what could they mean? Did they not imply that he had been in danger? There was something inexplicable in the circumstance, which he could not reconcile in his mind.

He rose and stood in the door of the house, and gazed towards the thick part...
of the forest, in front of the dwelling.—

Suddenly he saw the shadow of some one rapidly pass in review before him, but was quick out of sight. "Francis!" exclaimed he, thinking his brother had come, but no answer was returned.

"There are human beings, other than the natives, living near this spot," muttered he to himself—"but, oh, my brother! where art thou at this time?" thought he, shutting the door, and again seating himself almost in despair.

At length he resolved to retire, and if his brother did not return that night, he would rise with the morning's dawn and seek him in the forest.

Full of this thought, he composed himself to rest determining to start early in the morning.

We now return with our readers to Francis, whom we left benighted in the forest:

On Francis' finding himself bewildered in the forest, and night fast approaching, he became alarmed:—He wandered he knew not which way, and frequently came back to the spots where he had started from. At length fatigued and discouraged, he sat himself down with Boase by his side, and his rifle in his hands.

He sat some time, thinking what was best to do in his present case of emergency. He was aware that his brother John, by this time, must be alarmed for him; but to continually wander, without knowing in what direction he was travelling, seemed only to perplex him the more:—shortly, however, his attention was attracted by the actions of his dog. Boase had unhesitatingly followed him passively, without leaving his side all the day; but now that he stopped, he seemed impatient and exhibited signs for proceeding on.—

He would raise up and start a few feet, and return and rub his head against his master, wagging his tail, and look wistfully in his face—occasionally sniff the air, and then start a few feet, apparently scented tracks, and then return and place himself directly before him.

At the actions of Boase, he at first paid but little attention; but soon the thought struck him that possibly the dog might scent his way back, or at least, into the path that looked beaten, and so much like a highway.

Accordingly he rose up to start; but at this instant the dog placed himself before him and uttered one of his tremendous howls, which sounded loud and heavy thro' the forest. Francis raised his rifle and stood looking intensely ahead, while Boase opened his large mouth, and belched forth his tones of defiance to something near by.

As yet he could see nothing through the gloomy darkness; but in an instant after Boase darted from his side, encountering a large black animal, which he quickly discovered was a bear. At first he was but little concerned, knowing the power and fierceness of his companion; however, ere he was aware of it, Bruin had Boase clapped in his fore paws, and was hugging him with a force that made Frank tremble for his safety.

For a moment he stood trying to penetrate with his eyes through the thick darkness which surrounded the scene of combat, in order that he might despactch the bear with his rifle without injuring the dog; but both bear and dog being black, he could not, without going directly to them, ascertain one from the other.

Continued in our next.

Dean Swift says—"It is with little scaled people as it is with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out."
Where am I?" faintly articulated she, staring wildly at him.

"You are with one who will not harm you," quickly answered he, "the savages have all fled."

"My father!" exclaimed she, "where is he? O, bear me to him—the merciless natives have not slain him."

"He is safe," replied her protector.

"Let us then away to him," said she rising, as if new strength had suddenly been imparted to her; and she gazed at the man with intense earnestness.

At this instant quick steps were heard, and the twin brother Tom stood before them, panting, and knelt before her:—"Thanks to the Mighty One, you are safe!" exclaimed he. "Come, the army of the whites will protect you!; and in a brief manner he informed her of the French incursions, whom they had met, and accompanied back, reaching Fort Hill just in time, probably, to save the lives of her father, Walker, and the black.

The sight of the twin brother, whose life she was instrumental in preserving, caused the heart of Ella to throb with quicker motions, and she accompanied her two friends back to Fort Hill.

As they neared the mount, they were met by old Clifford, Allen, De Faun, and the Captain, his son.

"What!" exclaimed De Faun, "Van Valkenburgh, you here?"

"Yaw, replied the strong built youth, mentioned in the first part of our tale.

"And where is Derrick Van Hetter, my quondam friend?" asked De Faun.

"Dead," replied Dan: "He pursued you with hate knitting in his bosom, and in swimming the Mohawk, from some unaccountable cause, straggled a moment, and sunk a lifeless corpse. Chance brought me to the spot on my way to the trading house on the lake, when I discovered his body; and chance brought me here like.

wise yesterday, with one or two friendly natives; and finding the critical situation of those whom you escorted, I resolved to save this female from the sacrifice the natives intended.

The party then with two or three French officers, gathered around Ella, who, with her father by her side, now accompanied them to the hill.

The French division of Canadian forces which had met the party, on their way to the lake, induced them to turn back, except Bond, who took his leave of them, and accompanied a small detachment of the French, which the commander of the invading army sent back as an escort to two officers who were taken sick after the expedition had set out on their line of march through the almost trackless forest to subdue the natives. De Faun, now proud of his twin children, looked upon them in their manly forms with no ordinary feelings. Mysterious Providence had in an unexpected moment restored them in full maturity to him from ocean's grave, where he supposed, in their infant years, they had slept with their mother.

The day now passed off. It was a rare scene, and Walker and the black congratulated themselves that soon they should tread the decks of the Butterfly.

"When Captain goin' to heave up anchor, Massa Bob?" asked the black.

"To-morrow we steer our course for salt water, Snowball," replied Walker.

"Right glad of dat," Massa Bob.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

**Variety.**

**Editors.**—An editor is like a gosse in some particulars—he generally writes standing on one leg, flourishes his quill without observing how he may scatter his ink, and would be willing to save Rome at any time, if he could by mere gabbling, Talk of grammar to an editor, forsooth!

Does not Mr. Hypercritic know that the "more copy devil" sometimes runs away with the nominative case before the editor gets to the verb, and that, unless he goes out collecting, he never knows the possessive from the objective case, and, often, when he calls on his patrons, is under mistake in relation to these, and finds, when he looks for the possessive, he gets nothing but the objective. How often, too, when he feels a little in the indicative, does the editor sit down at his table with his legs in the subjunctive, feeling the imperative spirit of genius, and looking mighty potential, to find, after all, upon laboring his brain, that his ideas are in the infinitive. We editors write copy—we don't write grammar. Some body said, a long time ago, that "any thing was good English that a man could understand," and this, though "vent at all times expense vulgarity," is a convenient rule for an editor. He must if possible, make himself understood, and this we know he often succeeds in doing, even where he don't understand himself.

TO MY INFANT.

*Sleep, blest one, day may dawn,*
But not my babe to wake;
*It is but the first beam of morn*  
Thy gentle rest hath shone.
 worldly,

Sleep,—for thy mother's arm
Are round thee gently twining,
And dear are those soft infant charms
Upon her breast-reposing.

Sleep,—nor may aught but love
Around thy pillow hover,
And the holy Power that dwells above
Thine heart from anguish cover.

Start not,—'tis but the beam
Of the sun that glances, crests,
Yet it wakes thee, from thy baby dream.

What is it, love, thou fearest?

An American artist of the name of Jenkins, has produced quite a sensation at Florence. A portrait of Leopold has established his fortune and fame.

**HOPE.**

There is a star whose heavenly light
Dispels the gathering shades of night,
And sheds a bright benignant ray,
To gild the lonely wanderer's way.

That star is hope! Its lambent glow
Illumes the bowing clouds of woe;
Subdues and checks the rising sighs,
And drives the tear from Minerva's eye.

'Tis thus, that cheers the lonely cot,
Where, all deserted and forgot,
Like gems concealed in ocean's bed,
Neglected Virtue hides her head.

'Tis hope in God, 'tis hope of Heaven,
The dearest boon to suffering given,
That lights even death's imperious gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

Oh! star of Hope, forever shed
Thy cheering light around my head;
Still let me hail thee from afar,
And claim thee for my guiding star.

Then, when, at last, the hour shall come,
That calls my exulted spirit home,
Thy beams shall light the dreary road,
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.

**Trick of a Lawyer.—** Several years ago the son of a rich Jew was about to be married to a Christian; on which the father, with not so much objection to the religion of the lady as to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with the young man, and told him that he might have a person with more money. The son, however, was firm in his resolution, and replied that whether the father consented or not, he would marry the object of his affections; and if he refused to give him a proper share of his fortune, he would himself turn Christian, whereby he could claim the benefit of an old English statute, and obtain half of what he possessed. Upon this the old man was greatly confounded, and soon after went to consult legal advice, and to inquire whether there was any such law in existence. The counsellor replied, there certainly was; and that his
son, upon turning Christian, would have a right to half his fortune; "but," added he, "if you will give me ten guineas, I will put you in a way to disappoint him; and the graces - rogue shall not be able to obtain a farthing." At this the old man's hopes revived, and putting the ten guineas into the lawyer's hand expressed an impatience to know how he was to proceed, when the counsellor replied with a smile: "You have nothing to do, sir, but turn Christian yourself."—London paper.

It was quite amusing a day or two since to see a white man sawing a cord of wood while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving directions in the following strain:

"Likat tell a lecture - furder to de middle ob de orse; stop, stop, put dat tick on de top and saw dem bose togedder.—Likat tell dog out de gutter. Make hase. Saw away fast, you haze rascal, you don't am de salt ob your porridge."

A gentleman just then stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which he [the black] had been engaged to do?

"Cause me p'lyem fur de job!"

And how much do you give him?

"Four and sixpence."

How's that? you are to have four shil- lings, the usual price.

"Oh, neber mind, it's wof sixpence to be a gummam."—East Ec. Gaz.

A stout country fellow, inured to hard labor, complained frequently at breakfast, that he could not eat such nick-nacks as ham, eggs, sausages, &c., he wanted something solid. The good lady of the house finally told him he should have something solid the next morning, when she set him a table by himself, on which she placed a quart of hard cider, and a large pewter platter containing a beetle and wedges.

A hint to wits.—"If I'm not home from the party to night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," said the lady, significantly, "I won't wait but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

"I say, friend," said Jonathan to an honest farmer, "you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't ye?" "Yes, I don't," was the reply.

Flowers.—Flowers furnish gorgeous imagery and beautiful thoughts. They constitute the most delicate and touching language which affection could devise. They speak directly to the heart. No marvel is it then that women loves them. They bear such touching similitude to their own history—registering with grateful fragrance and beauty the hand that cherishes them, and dying beneath the blossoming influence of this world's coldness and neglect.

Talking Nonsense.—Any body can talk common sense, but few can talk nonsense, well. The way to strike a reader as a singular remark, but let us examine it. Common sense conversation on common sense matters is the gift of every body, with any intellect at all—of any man not an idiot or not insane. Everybody is ever talking common sense, and it becomes familiar, just as every body can talk of religion and politics, who can talk of nothing else. But skilful, graceful, elegant nonsense demands education, wit, wisdom. How few can trifl gracefully!

My Old Coat.—It is better to turn the old coat, said my aunt Prudence, than to run in debt for a new one. But soon, replied I, there is a hole in it. Never mind that, said she, put in a patch; a patch up on the sleeve is better than a writ upon the back; the old coat will set easier at home than a new one in prison.

Proverbs.—One might as well be out of the world as be beloved by nobody in it.

Shakshures are the devil's bellows to blow up conversation.

A print lady.—She looks as if she were fed thru a quill, and when she opens her mouth to yawn you would fancy that she was going to whistle.
ty years since, and is now the very top knot of the fashion. It is stated that the late destructive fire in New-York was the work of an incendiary.

Sheep.—We have heard of a man that made his boast that he would never lose a half cent in his purchases. Half cents were so scarce, however, that he was frequently under the necessity of buying each coin, paying a penny for a piece. Did he gain any thing by being always ready to make the change when the half cent was wanted?

Tollerably Tough.—A man was saying in company, that he had seen a juggler place a ladder in open ground upon one end, and mount it by passing thro' the rounds and standing upon the top erect. Another was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen the man who had done the same thing, but with the addition, that when he arrived at the top, he pulled the ladder up after him!—[East Times.

HIBERNIAN EPITAPH.
Beneath this stone lies poor Pat Mound, Who was lost at sea and never found.

Married.
In Wetumpka, Alabama, Mr. John Lait, to Miss Julia S. Nutter, aged 70 years. Better late than never, she probably thought.

WILL OPEN, FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY, ON TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1, AT THE COURT-HOUSE, THE TWO GRAND MORAL PICTURES, THE TEMPTATION OF ADAM & EVE AND THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE, PAINTED BY DUBUQUE.

Here each picture—16 feet 4 ft. by 16 feet.

These sublime works of art, painted for Charles Xth, and exhibited at Somerset House, London, and many of the principal cities in the United States, to the universal admiration of upwards of 120,000 visitors. They are perfectly chaste and beautiful in conception, uniting a deep poetic imagery to the charm and power of truth, such as cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the mind of every beholder.

10 Admission 50 cents. Open from 8 A.M. till 9 P.M., and illuminated in the evening.

JOBSITE PRINTING.—Cards, Handbills, Circulars, etc., etc., done with dispatch at this office.

BOOKS BY MAIL!

For sale by E. B. Tuttle, Agent.

P. S. The first part of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Naval Officer, &c. just received, price Ishilling.

N. WEAVER, M. D., Surgeon and Botanist. Physician, No. 7 Centre Buildings, Auburn, would say to the public that he would be pleased to have them make a trial of his Medicine, and then judge for themselves, as he is perfectly willing to have the merits, or demerits, of his practice be decided upon at the bar of public opinion.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

K EYES & SMITH, Hatters, have for sale their store the most splendid assortment of new and fashionable Hats ever before offered in Auburn. Among them are silk and other kinds of hats, together with an assortment of gentleman's and children's Cloth Caps. Those wishing to purchase, will please give them a call.

Auburn, May 15th, 1835.

S CREN WIRE & MILL SCREWS.—A constant supply of wheat, cockle, and chess Wires, also plain and patterned, and perfect in meshes—also wrought iron Mills, Screws, with a full and perfect thread, may be had on application to A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

F RENCH BURR MILL STONES. manufactured from selected stock and warranted superior to any other mill stones, can be had on application to A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

F RESH GROCERIES.—H. G. Fowler is now receiving an assortment of French Groceries of the choice kinds for family use, which will be sold very cheap. Additional supplies are daily expected. His friends will please give him a call.

Auburn, May 19th, 1835.

D UCH BOLTING CLOTHS. have just received one case of 500 yards of the new Dutch Jute Cloth, which are worth more money to the consumer than any other cloths in market. Millers and Mill-Wrights, are requested to call and examine them.

A. D. LEONARD.

Auburn, May 18th, 1835.

THE AUBURN MISCELLANY

Is published on Tuesdays at No 3 Centre Buildings, by FREDERICK PRINC, to whom letters and communications (postpaid) may be addressed.

AUBURN MISCELLANY.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY, AT FIFTY CENTS PER HALF YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1. AUBURN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1835. No. 16.

The Settlers; OR THE FIRST WHITE BORN.
A TALE OF CAYUGA.
(Continued from our last.)

At length the piteous howls of his dog told him something must be done quickly; and he approached to within two or three yards of them and levelled at what he supposed the head of the bear. As the loud report of the piece roared through the forest, a death growl from Boase struck upon his ear, and transfixed him with horror. He had wounded the enraged bear, and shot his faithful dog dead, while clapped in the paws of the formidable beast.

A spirit of revenge instantly succeeded his first emotions, and indignation nerved him to now destroy the author who had caused him thus unintentionally to kill his valuable companion, which no money could have purchased from him.

Bruin still held fast to his prey, as Francis sprang forward with the butt end of his rifle raised to knock him on the head—but just as the heavy piece was descending, he dropped his load, and with a desperate movement of his paw, warded off the impending stroke, and by the sudden alant given to the direction of the weapon, it flew out of Francis' hands, and the same instant he received a blow on one of his legs which tore the flesh almost to the bone. He sprang as well as he was able, to recover his gun; but ere he reached it he received two more wounds, one on his arm, and the other on his unwounded leg.

It was now that being severely wounded, he became desperate—he seized his rifle with vengeance nerving his arms, and by a well directed blow struck his formidable black antagonist to the ground. Immediately repeating his blows, he quieted him for an instant, when with his knife he succeeded in dispatching him.

It was a critical moment for Francis, while engaged with this ravenous beast of the forest. His faithful companion was slain by his own hands; himself wounded and bleeding; suffering excrutiating pain from the blows which he had received, and no help to be obtained. Death, or victory over the lawless tenant of the wilderness, was the only alternative. "God be praised," said he, after despatching the powerful beast, which as near as he could judge, must weigh five hundred pounds.

After the combat was over, what to do he did not know; soon, however, his situation imperiously called on him for attention, and he began to examine.

He found himself seriously wounded in both of his legs, and one of his arms; and in addition to this, he had split the stock of his rifle into splinters. His faithful dog lay dead before him, and the pain of his wounds was intolerable. He sat down on the carcass of the bear and gazed on the body of Boase, while the contending emotions of sorrow for his untimely death, and gratitude to the Allwise disposer of events for his own preservation, alternately swelled in his bosom.

Our readers can better conceive, perhaps than we describe, the situation of Francis: alone in the midst of a pathless forest, without knowing which way to direct his course—the dark curtain of night adding to the natural gloom of the forest, and shrouding in two fold blackness the surrounding objects. Like a ship at sea, wrecked on the vast ocean, without rudder or compass, and exposed to the mer
The Auburn Miscellany.

Vol. I. Tuesday, September 15, 1835.

No. 18.

Original.

The Twin Brothers.
A Tale of Fort Hill.
Chapter XVIII.

The many scenes of danger and suffering which Ella had passed through, and which she had borne with truly heroic fortitude, now that an end of her trials appeared in view, re-awakened her spirits, and spread a glow of animation over her countenance. The tent which she occupied, was a kind of lewce, and a number of the French officers were continually thronging around her.

Old Clifford looked upon his daughter with delight as she appeared the point of attraction which drew all attention. The twin brother Tom, Allen and Van Valkenburgh seemed to vie with each other in their attentions to her, while a French officer, by the name of La Villain, fiery and impetuous, and of commanding aspect, sought every moment to ingratiate himself to her by acts and looks.

The unexpected sight of encountering a lovely and interesting girl in the solitude of the uncultivated waste of country, tenanted only by the fierce and hostile natives they were sent to conquer, awakened also an interest and curiosity among the French subalterns, as well as the officers of higher grade. La Villain, however, looked upon Ella as something superior to the general order of females, which had ever come under his observation—his one object being to win her charm, he felt for the Struck with her charms, he felt for the presence, which the gay circles of beauty and fashion, from which she had oftentimes mingled in, that this girl was worth the jewels that adorn the crown of our sovereign;—who would have thought of stumbling on such a diamond in the recesses of the wild woods?

"Caught at last, La Villain," replied his companion; "but that brilliant is not for your possession—other claims, you perceive, have fastened to the gem. The new found brother of the American naval officer—the savage whose life she saved, is wrapped up in her; his untutored mind, which heretofore only contemplated on the dark skin of the red hair of the forest, is now enamoured with her, the preserver of his life."

"What!—the savage youth who wears the Indian costume?—he is a lover of hers? I must supplant him. I'll not be deterred by such a rival," answered La Villain.

We have already said that La Villain was fiery and impetuous. He could ill brook an impediment in the way of any favorite project he had in view. He saw at once that young Smith presented a strong barrier to his favor with Ella. To have such a rival to contend with, who he looked upon as but one degree different from a real savage, stung his feelings to the quick, and created an animosity in his bosom against the unconscious youth, who hovered around her with grateful emotions for the preservation of his life, which had put him in possession of a brother and a parent.

It was concluded by De Fuau, the Captain, and Allen, they had better start immediately, and hasten their return to the sea-board, ere the French commenced their attacks on the natives. They therefore decided, that the next morning they would commence their journey.

The French commander deeming Fort Hill a favorable spot for stopping a few days, until he could make his arrangements...
for an attack on the Indians, who were assembling in the valley of the Onondaga, and finding the party were about starting for the Hudson, took the occasion of sending a few select men with them as a kind of scouting party.

La Villiam and six men were accordingly selected and notified to accompany the party as far as was thought consistent, and make what discoveries they could of the movements of the Indians. Nothing could have suited the French officer more than this resolution of his commander, and he hastened to put himself in readiness, and impart the intended accomplishment to Ella and her father.

On issuing from her tent, after having made his communication, he met the twin brothers, who, arm in arm, were walking around, and with a haughty air, ironically informed them, that his commander, solicitous for the safety of Miss Clifford and those of her party, had selected him as a kind of body guard to protect them from the natives, on their route to the sea board.

The captain with a contumacious smile heard him, and replied, that they should not feel themselves under infinite obligations to his commander for furnishing such a formidable escort, and added, that, although they were without fears of danger, it was very kind in him also.

In the evening, the twin brother Tom, whose knowledge of the Indians' manners and customs of war they thought might be of service to them, was consulted by the commander of the French invading party. Tom, after giving them much valuable information, bade him beware of indulging in the expectation of easily subduing the Indians, as they were wary and jealous of their rights. La Villiam, who was present, thought the youth's caution and language implicated the courage and ability of the French—spoke of the natives as cowardly dogs, fit only to be hunted down in the forest as wild beasts of prey; and treated the youth with a scorn and derision which brought a crimson glow of indignation across his countenance; and on receiving some short reply from him, called him an Indian bratling, reared in such a way as to deprive him of the title to civilization.

The youth replied not quickly, but fixing his dark, keen eye, flashing from his insulted feelings, upon him, while his hand instinctively grasped a dagger kind of knife, stuck in his belt. The working of his sunburnt countenance could be discerned as he essayed to curb his indignation and utter contempt, which was pictured in his eyes. "Try me, dastard, insulter!" at length said he, compressing his lips, while the deep thrilling tone of his voice startled the assemblage of officers who were present; and casting a glance of defiance around him, moved to depart, fire flashing from his eyes.

"Stop!" cried La Villiam, "You go not so, by my life! youthful braggart!—A test must be put to that fierce demeanour!"

"Follow me!" abruptly replied the youth, in a tone that blanched the cheek of La Villiam, for the instant, but who rallied himself as quick, and looking around saw the frown of his commander lowered upon him.

La Villiam held the rank of Colonel, and was of high birth, proud, arrogant, and domineering. Duels he had fought ere he left the sunny, wine cultivated land of his nativity. His anger was up against the youthful rival, towards whom he entertained bitter feelings of jealousy, and which now rankled in his bosom.

This sudden rupture of harmony between the French and the ruling star of the Fort Hill party, caused by the inconsideration and fiery temper of La Villiam, put the French commander to his shifts. He was a Colonel, and in birth noble, tho' his rank was inferior in command to others. Anticipating, however, nothing serious would take place, as Tom left the conference with his indignant looks and glance of defiance, he had no idea that La Villiam, on the spur of the moment, would be so rash as to follow the insulted youth, though honor should dictate the course; but follow him he did.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Variety.

Singular mode of Discovering Irishmen. — Some years since, a number of facetious gentlemen emigrated from the province of Ulster to Philadelphia. On their arrival they perambulated the streets, admiring the regularity of the buildings, but ascertained they had not met a single Irishman among their peregrinations. In the evening, when over a social bottle, they had naturally expressed to each other their surprise and disappointment, on the occasion, when one of the party, a man possessed of infinite natural humor, undertook to discover his countrymen, if they were not involved in everlasting sleep.

With a basket over his arm, he sallied forth into the street, and with a well-toned tenor voice, he began to cry out in a musical recitative, "Fine Oysters! Fresh Carlingford Oysters!" Roused and astonished at the well-known sounds, every emigrant from Dundalk, Newry, Armagh, Raphall, and Portadown, in short every Hibernian that had enjoyed the flavor of that delicious fish, surrounded him in less than twenty minutes.

The following is the heading of an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper —:

"Joseph Nock, Thief, and Fire Proof Chest and Lock Manufacturer."
one side for the purpose of being repaired. Among other tools which had been borrowed from the United States sloop of war, Vincennes, then at anchor there, was a hammer, which just before the first shock, was lost overboard. The captain of the brig, who was then leaning over the quarter, where he was unperceived by the sailors, overheard the following conversation between them respecting the loss of the hammer.

"Bloody nouns and pronouns! there goes the United States hammer overboard, Jack!"

"Well, what do I care," said Jack, "I didn't lose it overboard."

"No Didn't I," muttered the first knight of the marlingspike.

In the midst of this dispute the sea was seen to retire, while the inhabitants of the deep, stunned with the unusual turmoil of the water, rose in myriads to the surface. On shore, the spire of the church within the castle of Callao, 'totted and tumbled, and thick volumes of dust rose over the city and its suburbs.

"Halloo, Jack!" cried one of the sailors, "what do you call that when 'tis boiled?"

"Why, man, it is an earthquake—see what a dust it has kicked up."

"Log me! that's a good one," ejaculated the first sailor, slapping his shipmate on the back—"We'll tell the Skip that the earthquake shook the hammer overboard!"

**Doctors' Commons.**—A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wits are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if these were all bibles! "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "they are testaments."

**Coughing at a mark.**—Two young girls speaking of the salutary effects of the whooping cough, of which both were but recently recovered, one said how "her whole frame was affected, and that the blood ran out of her eyes and ears at the same time."

"That," observed the other, "was nothing to what I felt, for I coughed one of my shoulders out of joint."

**A simile.**—An old lady, not very remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said, "It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made everything as light as a feather."

**Mrs. Hemans' Last Poem.**

The following beautiful lines were the last ever written by the late Mrs. Hemans; they breathe that pure spirit of devotion which characterized all she wrote. The Dublin University Magazine says they are "the last verses ever dictated by her, which she sent to us a few days previous to her death."

They are entitled "The Poetry of the Psalm."

Nobly thy song, 0 ministrel, rushed to meet
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him, as a marble deck,
And charburn to waft his flying seat.
Amidst the hills, that smok'd beneath his feet,
With trumped voice thy spirit call'd aloud,
And bade the trembling racks his name repeat.
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain, than by the thunder's roar.
Than flashing torrents, or the ocean roll,
Jehovah spoke through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
With the deep worship of a living soul.
Dublin, April, 1835.

**The Portrait.**

From the French of Madame Segur.

Poor Martin had a clamorous wife; she filled his house with noise and strife,
And was the torment of his life,
As it appears.

A painter took his lady's face,
Such skill she showed in every trace,
Her husband passed with quickened pace,
And stopped his career.

Women exceed the generality of man in love; but men have the advantage in friendship.

**Auburn, September 15, 1835.**

Oratorio of Sacred Music.—It will be perceived by a notice in our paper to-day, that an oratorio of Sacred Music will be given next week at the Baptist Church, by a committee of our citizens, under the direction of Mr. A. Sharp, teacher of vocal music. From his well known talents, we think our citizens may anticipate a treat of music seldom afforded for their enjoyment.

Since the celebrated Paintings recently exhibited at the court-house, have left town, we notice Mr. Schwingeaffler, one of the Magician's of the present day, is amusing everyone with his grand illusions at the Western Exchange. His performances are said to be wonderful.

**Frakt.**—There is an unusual quantity of fruit this fall. The orchards of our farmers literally have been reaped with their loads. Every kind of fruit this year, in season, we believe, has been abundant.

There seems to be but little news of importance—By the last accounts from Europe, we notice an accident to the Empire, and a loss of the King of France, by an infernal machine composed of loaded firearms, both by terest, and simultaneously blown up by machinery and simultaneously exploded. The King being at a certain house discharged when the King was passing a certain house in reviewing his troops. Several distinguished officers were killed; but the King escaped unhurt.

**The Auburn Missu.**

A family where the great father of the universe is duly revered; where parents are honoured and obeyed; where brothers and sisters dwell together in love and harmony; where peace and order reign; where there is no law but the law of kindness and wisdom; is surely a most delightful and interesting spectacle.

A lady wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

**Auburn.**

**The Story of the Sun about the Moon,** still continues to be doubted by our brother editors. The only reason one gives for his doubts is that he doesn't believe everything he sees is in print. We don't either.

As an illustration of the general prevalence of the speculation fever in Maine, as well among professional men as among traders, the Bangor Republican states that a physician, the other day, when asked by his patient how she should take his pills, replied "one-fourth a dram, and the remainder in one, two, or three years."

A contemporary in speaking of the travelling by rail roads this season, remarks, that when we have a few more rail roads constructed, there will absolutely no body be found at home.

The following ingenious theft is about as clever a thing of the kind as we have seen:

On Friday, a gentleman accidentally slipped down in a flock street, and put his arm through a pane of glass in the shop window of an extensive linen draper.

The shaman ran out and demanded payment for the broken pane, which he said cost three pounds. The party offered at first 5 shillings, but at length agreed to give a sovereign, but pretending he had not enough, tendered a 10 pound note. The proprietor of the shop, on getting hold of the note, said "now I shall take the three pounds," and consequently gave seven sovereigns to the gentleman, who pretending to be greatly alarmed, left the house, asserting that he should seek reparation in another quarter—It was afterwards discovered that the note was forged one.

**News in a Nutshell.**

The Crawford Messenger mentions a horse in that town that was recently stung to death by bees. He had been rode hard, and was unfortunately kicked near a beehive, and immediately covered with them.

It is stated that the people of Providence, R. I., are about to pass a law that no female shall have more than six yards of cloth in her sleeves. The New- York Transcript has been publishing a long and well written account of an aerial voyage to the moon, made by Baron Hans Haplall. The adventures of the voyage is all moonlight. The grand jury of the voyage have formally presented the Anti-Ontario county, have formally presented the Anti-
BOOKS BY MAIL.

The cheapest Re-publication yet offered to the public, is the Franklin Library of comic literature, published weekly (novel size) price $1.00 per No., and sold in parts as may suit purchasers. The 90 Nos. already published contain the following Popular works: Beaudry's English Annuals for 1834. The Last Days of Pompeii. Tyranny Hall. Three nights in a Lifetime. Jacob Faithful. Tales by I. Sheridan Knowles, The Bond Man. Select Poems. Tales of Woman's Trials. Real Life. Peter Simple. The Sacred Tree. (all 20s.) The present cost of three of the above works, is 50 cts. For sale by E. B. Tuttle, Agent.

A. B. TUTTLE, 

P. S. The first part of Jupet's Search in a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, is now published, for subscription.

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A. D. LEONARD, May 18, 1835.

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hand, rose in black wreaths, curving and seeming to centre around his head and bared hair, which appeared also of a darkish color.

Such was his. His forbidding appearance, the person presented to Francis, as the blazing light exhibited him to his view.

On taking a survey of his host he instinctively shuddered—his forbidding appearance and ruffian looks, for an instant, caused the crimson current in his veins to rush with coldness through his system, and a kind of dread almost unmanned him; yet he stood erectly, holding his head high, and formally praying that it might not fall to speak to him in his heart, where every other appearance in the person before him, indicated something otherwise.

The man seemed not to have discovered the wretched situation of Francis as yet; for in a moment after striking his light, he turned towards a ladder at one end of the room, and anxiously waited for the person whom he had summoned by the name of Betts.

At length his impatience burst forth, by exclaiming, "Are you coming, man? Betts! I say, are you coming down?"

"Yes, yes!" answered a shrill, female voice from what had nothing of the softness of the voice in it.

"I am coming down," he replied, "as fast as I can." Francis could perceive, he thought, that this answer did not exactly agree with the disposition of his host, who, in hearing the reply, muttered to himself something which he did not distinctly hear, and could not understand.

In a moment, however, the man turned towards him, holding the light, evidently with the purpose of examining who was his guest.

"I have no idea what Francis stood, while he approached to his side, when the man started back in horror at his appearance—lighted pin stuck through his head, and he uttered an unnatural cry of "Blood and thunder!"—who did this to you, man?"

Francis was ready to sink down with pain of blood; and the sudden darkness which came over him on the extinguishing of the light, which went out as it fell from his hand into the ashes on the hearth, disconcerted him so much, together with the exclamation of his host, that it was not until he heard steps on some stairs above him, that he was able to act with presence of mind, in answer to the exclamation of the man: "I am badly wounded, sir!—I am, sir, on fire!—I am, sir, on fire with a pin which I destroyed a strange distance from the house;—I am, in answer to the exclamation of the man: "Are you a woman, sir?—said Francis looking pityingly towards her, "have you no feeling of the sex to which you belong, or will you see a fellow in danger, and not fear dying with his wounds and not bind them up?"

At this appeal to her feelings, a momentary, musing smile played around the shrivelled visage of the woman, which was succeeded by an answer that made Francis tremble:

"Me, a mother!—a woman! Yes!—would to heaven I had never been! You had better leave this house!—Dry is not what I once was;—no, the woman replied, and utterance for an instant choked her, as she faintly muttered in her throat something; but added, "and, Luke! Ah! Luke! is absent; I am not what I once was;"

"I am Luke!" hastily enquired Francis.

"Luke?" said she, "Luke is my son, now he is not what he once was. Here she stopped, as if involuntarily, but added, "and, Luke! Ah! Luke is absent;"

At this instant, the voice of footsteps was heard in the room above, and she took his arm as if to urge him off; saying, "reach the hollow maple and you will be safe!

But although he had something of the Indian character and manners; yet he had little of that savage disposition of those around him—was he known by the title of Dry. For although, however, he may speak more at large of this non-descript, aboriginal, to revere the time when Davy and his family left the Indian tribe where he had been held in captivity, and located himself in the wilds of what is now denominated Cayuga County.

Although Davy and his wife had been compelled to live among the Indians for years, by force, and afterwards continued so to do for the sake of his son, yet they still preserved to themselves all the trappings of the tribe in its pristine state.

Betts then started in accordance with the wishes of Davy in turning Francis aside, but when he
made his appeal to her as the mother of children, all the feelings of a mother for an Instant rushed on her mind, and she was on the point of dissembling him and braving his displeasure by ministering to Francis's wants. It was in accordance of these feelings that she directed him to the hollow maple-tree without informing Davy of it.

Davy, when he came into the house, after Luke had left him, was pleased to find Francis had gone.—He flattered himself that he would wade through the forest, and die, either for want of assistance, or by some prowling wolf or panther. He therefore went to rest contented that night, resolving in the morning to take a course through the forest, and ascertain whether there was any other white settlement.

Luke, thought he to himself, had gone to watch his traps for the night, and will consequently want to sleep to-morrow, I shall have a good opportunity to go along and discover whatever becomes of this white settler, and he went to sleep pleased with the idea of exterminating any white he might find.

The reader will recollect the noise of footsteps which were heard in the room above, about the time Betts urged Francis to seek shelter in the hollow maple-tree; he proceeded from one who was listening to all that had taken place, and who, unseen, had been near Francis during the greater part of the day. A hound of wild grape vines made an easy ascent from the ground to the house outside, to the upper floor, where, a square hole, sufficiently large to admit one person, had been made by Luke to enter after the rest had retired. A large black with wings attached made of touched hide, seeming in an instant, and was a kind of sentry, as necessary required. It was unknown to Davy and Betts, for the vine did it on the outside, and within was a small room petitioned off where Luke kept his valuable skins which at certain seasons he bartered away, and no one but Luke was supposed to enter it, as the other member of the family occupied a small room by the side of it, while Davy and Betts usually slept below. Who the other member of the family was, would be more acquainted with in due time. We will return to Francis, who we safely lodged in the great hollow maple tree.

About daylight he awoke, and was surprised to find himself covered with a large bear-skin; and as he first opened his eyes, he saw the glimpse of a human being sitting by the fire, and caught his eye to the manner in which he was seated, near his feet, who, as soon as he stirred, glided out of his view. The indescribable sight which he had of the person, was not sufficient, hardly, for him to determine whether it was Betts or Davy; he thought, however, that it was Davy, not that he did not appear like old Betts.

On seeing the person darken the entrance of his lodgings apathetic and immediately disappear, he attempted in spring from his rude couch and looked out of the cavity of the tree; but found he was so stiff and lame, that he felt back in his place, and could not get up. However, he crawled as quick as possible to the opening, and looked out in time to discover the re-creating form of a female gliding swiftly between the tree-tops other than a forest path, and was streaming in the moonlight. Her form was light and airy, and she bounded off like a deer pursued by the hounds of the hunter.

His view of her, however, was so momentary, and his attachment so great, that he hardly knew how to describe her, she was retreating fast, and was soon out of sight.

He got out of the tree and raised himself up, gazing intently towards the spot in the forest, where she disappeared from his view. "Can this be the female of whom she spoke? Can it be some wood nymph, who watches over the destinies of the tenants of this forest?" But, whatever she was, she was gone, and fatigued with standing, he again entered the cavity and threw himself on his leafy bed.

Here he for some time mused on the singular circumstance of the case, until hunger, although began its cravings in his stomach. He now thought it was time he started to again seek his way home and to tend to his wounds.

Accordingly he arose, and starting on a short distance, he came to what he denominated the highway; and in this broad path he heavily trod a long. He had not, however, proceeded far before the rustling of leaves, cracking of dry sticks which struck in the earth, until hunger was heard behind him. He stopped, and looked around. In an instant more he saw an Indian, as he supposed, pursuing him on horseback.

He seated himself on a decayed log and waited until the horsemans came up; who, on reaching the place, inquired there he was, and tendered him the horse, and stood before him. The man was clad in the Indian costume; but no other appearance of the savage showed itself in his looks. He immediately addressed Francis in a friendly voice, offering him his horse to ride, and tendering him his services as a guide to his habitation.

She told you where she was in the hollow maple," said she, "but ere I reached that place you had gone. I followed your track, to assist you to your habitation. I have it by the river, and will give it to you." He answered her, he knew nothing of the young Faun's, daughter, and knowing the country where the young Faun is, and her child—and the young Faun and Faun's safe, eluded her question.

Davy, Betts and Belts had the race of white men: not even their own children were always exempt from their hate—they led the natives to exterminate the settlers. Davy's orders that you should be rescued to the danger of the tree, and that you should be killed, rather than by his hands. You are marked as his victim; but Luke and the young Faun will save you.

Francis listened with a shuddering feeling, as the words of Luke struck upon his ears. "What have I done to incur their hate? they never saw me before last night!" exclaimed he, looking earnestly at Luke.

"Yes, Davy hassey you once by the river, and lost for the young Faun would have disappointed you. He was not, however, that his motions are watchful, and all plans frustrated by the young Faun and myself.

Without saying anything more, Francis now went to the assistance of Luke, as soon as he was on horseback, and followed him to the long man to support himself, they moved off, Luke leading the way, and the horse following after him.

By a winding path through the forest, which had been marked by the absence of being often trod before, they proceeded some distance, until they suddenly became inapparent on all sides, they appeared to be on a sandy plain in a thick forest, and came out of the forest by a broad track, which hid the path, they proceeded on a low road a mile or more, and came out suddenly into the forest and caused a plain on the road, and, ere Francis saw away of it, Luke pointed to the log by the road, saying, "Here we are at almost the end of our journey!"

On Luke pointing to the dwelling, Francis answered with entire freedom, that his people are all at some miles of his habitation. He is in a different light, he exclaimed, that I was so near him when he travelled the distance I did last evening, and not to cross it.

"God Almighty reward you, my good friend, at length exclaimed Francis, grasping the stranger's hand, and rising to accept of the proffered assistance. Come, the gentle one, told me I should be rewarded," replied the stranger with a smile, while a gathering tear started in his eye; "She who is she, the gentle one, you spoke of asked Francis in amazement: "You said some one told us was in the hollow maple." "Yes, she, the Young Faun watched over you, and then came to tell me of your situation."

"Who is the young Faun? who is it that watched over me and covered me while sleep was mourning me over the eventfulness of my gains?" asked Francis in a beseeching tone.

"Man!" replied the stranger, looking Francis intently, "eyes have seen you that looked on the distressful and unfortunate, without attempting to harms, you know me not, but only know me, why they are of my blood unless,—she is my sister!"

"Your sister! and Luke!" exclaimed Francis, "what is your mark when it missed you?"

"A long beard," answered Luke, "the young Faun's knife, however, soon entered him, and the knife is now to have a dark night, in the young Faun's pocket, but the young Faun and Luke are not on the same road." "Yes, you attacked me, answered Luke. "Philip, I asked Francis earnestly, recollecting the words of old Betts, on his saying in the log house that he had encountered one of those bears that had been foul of him, which had long ears and a dark night.

"Yes, he attacked me," answered Luke. "Philip,

"What was you attacked by? asked Francis earnestly, recollecting the words of old Betts, on his saying in the log house that he had encountered one of those bears that had been foul of him, which had long ears and a dark night.

"Yes, he attacked me," answered Luke. "Philip, he replied. "It is not true, however, that his motions are watchful, and all plans frustrated by the young Faun and myself. Without saying anything more, Francis now went to the assistance of Luke, as soon as he was on horseback, and followed him to the long man to support himself, they moved off, Luke leading the way, and the horse following after him.

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“Does she ram the forest alone?” exclaimed Francis, as he passed by him, his eyes fixed on the huntsman.

“Ah, William!” exclaimed the huntsman, “where is it now? Is your mistress here?”

“Come,” he said, “we must go to our master, and bring him back before it is too late.”

Luke turned and went on his way.

“Their lordships should not be left alone,” Mr. Villiers said to his servant.

“I will see to it,” replied the huntsman, “I will return as soon as possible.”

But to Luke, who had been watching the movements of the men, it seemed that they were preparing to attack the forest.

“Look out!,” he called, waving his hand. “They are coming!”

The huntsmen turned and ran, and Luke, seeing the danger, hastily returned to the house.

“Your brother is not at the house,” he said to Mr. Villiers.

“Hardly,” replied the huntsman, “he has just left the house, and I am sure he will be back soon.”

So Luke returned to the house, and found his brother and sister waiting for him.

“Are you going to allow them to do this?” he asked.

“My dear Luke,” replied his sister, “we must consider the safety of the forest.”

But Luke was determined to prevent the attack, and so he and Mr. Villiers set out to stop the men.

As they approached, the huntsmen drew their swords, and Luke, seeing that a fight was inevitable, drew his own.

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourselves?” he said, laying down his sword. “You are the men who have been hunting the forest, and now you come to attack it.”

But the huntsmen were not to be deterred, and they continued their attack.

“Take care!” cried Luke. “You are only making yourselves feel stronger.”

And so he and Mr. Villiers fought with all their strength, until at last the huntsmen were driven back.

“Thank you, my dear Luke,” said Mr. Villiers. “I am sure your brother and sister will be very grateful to you.”

And Luke, who had shown himself to be a brave and忠 sed young man, was rewarded with the praise of his friends.
The Auburn settlers; or the first white born. A tale of Cattaraugus.

Continued from our last.

Our readers by this time, perhaps, may be anxious to know something respecting John: we will tell them, he left Francis for a short time, while we attend to his business in particular.

It will be recollected that on the evening Francis was absent, encountering the events which have already related, that John retired to rest with a determination to rise at early dawn and seek his brother in the forest.

There was one time after he went to bed, that evening, before he could get to sleep, for his anxiety respecting his brother's absence prevented the embrace of the somnolent god. At length, however, he fell asleep, and dreamed of that his brother had found white settlers nearby, and he was thinking whether that had attacked the horse, and was roaming in the forest, uncertain which way to reach his home safely.

This dream impressed his mind so much that he awoke, and immediately started up. Though there was no reality in his dream, yet on his mind was not so much confusion, and soon after, that his brother had no more, and had gone to the woods.

In Marcellus, on the 24th inst., by Rev. W. Montgomery, Mr. Bishop Gower of Auburn to Miss Annabelle Copeland, of the former place.

In this village, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. W. Montgomery, Mr. William H. Van Tuyll to Miss Emeline C. Casey.

In New-York, on Tuesday evening, Mr. Jacob R. Diller, of Auburn, to Miss Sarah Margaret Dederer.

Died.

In this village, on the 16th instant, Mr. Stephen Barker, aged 30 years.

At Detroit, on the 13th inst., George Cary, Esq., in the 33rd year of his age.

In the residence of his son, in this village, on the 27th inst., Mrs. Sarah Ann Sted, widow of the late Jonathan Sted, deceased, formerly of Granville, Washington Co.

In this village, on Saturday evening, Mrs. Sarah Chadwick, wife of Mr. Samuel Chadwick, on the 25th inst., of paralysis. James Mann, of the Franklin House, aged 77.

Look here!!! All persons inclined thereto are requested to make immediate preparations, as I am thinking it will be for your interest which it will be for mine. Yours respectfully,

E. A. Garrett.

Auburn, 23rd Sept. 1835.
strange of it, it was only rather late in the day for him to go on an alarming excursion.

In the mean while Davy, by his object, pursued his way, looking carefully around him as he went along, until he came to the river; but discovering nothing, he turned the course of the stream a short distance, and then began to return in the direction of his home: it was not long now, before his eyes discovered something at a distance, and he stopped short, as the thickest part of the forest, and the trunks of the trees, in the distance hit him from sight, while he wathed the motions of what he saw.

Davy had discovered John, who was anxiously pressing his way between the trees, fixing his eyes in every direction in hopes of discovering some indication that his brother had been in that direction.

"What! did you see my father, was he seeking?... I saw a large copper gun, he said that he was armed with a rifle, and knowing that Francis was without any, at the time of his being at his home, he rightly judged it was not. "His another daughter would have done it, and he examined his piece, raising it slowly for his mark.

John, in the meantime, was unconscious of any danger; he was a human being in that spot—his eye was wandering; of a sudden, however, he saw the glimpse of something that was a vast distance from him, rapidly passing an opening in the trees; he did not see it long enough in the distance to tell what it was; but he pressed forward towards the place where it disappeared, and in an instant heard the snap of a gunlock. He stopped quickly, and looked sharply around, but he could see nothing, and not a leaf seemed stirring. "That scare must have been a gunlock," muttered he to himself, and again he started on, wondering what it was he had heard and seen.

Davy’s rifle at John, as he saw him coming direct towards him, where he stood concealed; but, fortunately for John, he missed fire. "What!" murmured he, addressing himself, "I cannot believe it, you never raised your arms, and I left no impression on him; oh, Davy! Davy!" It was one of the most important sights of John’s life, and the naked, yet not well formed, 'little' as he was before Davy, after a pause, on hearing John’s question.

"I am a new comer in this wilderness," answered John, "and I have no weapon."

"Davy...

In the mean time Francis was just recovering from the shock of his wound, and received in his encounter with the hostile party, the wound he received, if it was in the head of a lunchman. Davy had the interview in the wilderness, and one of the parties was so much excited as to be able to disorder the party, and to notice the steps in the way.

As he appeared among the number of Indians standing in the tree, and in the grove a short time before, he had no wish to be involved in the affair, either in another blaze ascended to his height, as he was his fate, alternative, and was not far from Davy. It was a sound he heard; therefore, he must be restrained from his hold in the tree, and showing dropping from his hand. Davy had no wish to be brought to death, and if he must die, let it be fairly and promptly. While he was hesitating, Francis had, he had not the time of his life, and he was the last of his family.

Davy, however, had turned, when a soft voice whispered in his ear, "your brother is safe at home in your house; he awaits your coming anxiously—your mother will return to the river and follow the course of the stream; it is your nearest way." These words were repeated with the quickness of thought, in a low, whispering voice, by the old man’s daughter, who had ridden to him, and, on uttering them, had immediately followed the rifle of Davy again.

John turned in an instant and was about to ask a question, but seeing Davy’s large head, and that he was busy looking at the look of his rifle, while the girl, as if anticipating what he would do, immediately put her hand on his mouth as a token of silence, and waved her other for him to go.

Without saying a word, therefore, he started, following the same track he had taken, and proceeded to the river, where he soon arrived, and after following the direction of the stream for about half an hour, all at once he came in sight of his dwelling, the roof of which had been moved up, letting the light in from above.

Thus barreled as it was, he thought himself secured from observation, and was determined to wait the appearance of one who he could not fail to see, because just reached the spot where next to the dead buck.

While he was congratulating himself on his narrow escape, he heard the report of a rifle within a few feet of where he was, and he turned to look in the direction of the report, to see what he might have done; but he had no wish to be involved in the affair, either in another blaze ascended to his height, as he was his fate, alternative, and was not far from Davy. It was a sound he heard; therefore, he must be restrained from his hold in the tree, and showing dropping from his hand. Davy had no wish to be brought to death, and if he must die, let it be fairly and promptly. While he was hesitating, Francis had, he had not the time of his life, and he was the last of his family.
The Auburn Miscellany.

THE TWINS BROTHERS.

The midnight hour had passed and all was still among the French soldiers. The sentinel was on guard and the sentry and the commander alone slept; for La Vailly lay feverish on his bed with a wound and restless, while two of his followers were near his couch half asleep, ready to administer to his wants. Our party which was to start at the morning hour was still all but Wilder and the black, locked in the arms of sleep. They lay together under the cover of a kind of lodge which the Indians had made of branches of the trees, and lay recounting to each other some of the hair-breath escapes they had experienced in their numerous cruises on the ocean. Walker had just concluded another long yarn, when the black suddenly raised himself up, saying: "What's that noise, Massa Bob?"

"No, I hear nothing, but the singing of the crickets and bugs, among the leaves," answered Walker, starting up; and they both emerged from their shelter, carefully locking the door.

"Oh, a sudden wail shrill struck upon their ears, and the report of two pistols succeeded; and instantly a number of discordant voices mingled with appalling yells, rang through the forest, and the sounds of the chase were heard in every direction. The Indians, garrisons, and skirmishes, with the occasional report of musketry, filled the air with their hoarse, grating laugh, and through the smoke and dust that had settled around them, the figures of the violators of the peace, appeared full of the natives, starting up, as if coming from the ground, all with hideous yells running towards the French forces.

The soldiers rushed from their tents half asleep, and were rapidly stricken down with the tomahawks of the Indians, and grunts, shrieks and imprecations, with the occasional report of musketry, filled the air with their hoarse, grating laugh, and through the smoke and dust that had settled around them, the figures of the violators of the peace, appeared full of the natives, starting up, as if coming from the ground, all with hideous yells running towards the French forces.

The French forces had been overpowered by the night and the darkness, and they immediately retreated to the woods, leaving behind them theFrench forces had been overpowered by the night and the darkness, and they immediately retreated to the woods, leaving behind them the

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of his friend, and they both fell to rise no more,—a score of javelins had cut him down, but not before he had with a great strength crushed the savage in his embrace, and they both fell together.

It was at this instant, when a hundred knives or more flashed before them, ready to be sheathed in their bosoms, that the tall, powerful chief, who we have herebefore mentioned, together with Tom the twin-brother, suddenly springing into the midst of them; and the chief's voice, louder than a trumpet, burst upon their ears. In the moment the natives fell back, and stopped, as if the mandate of the Mighty Spirit had burst in thunder upon their astonished ears.

The next morning, found the natives in the possession of the hill; and not a solitary soldier was to be seen except the slain, that lay thickly strewn upon the ground, mangled and bleeding; and when the sun like a globe of fire rose above the tall trees of the forest, the party, preceded by a long train of natives, were seen entering into the forest, on their way towards the sea-board; not, however, before the brother, that had paid the last and tribute to the remains of those who had rescued them from ocean's grave. —Walker and the black were deposited in the earth,—the brothers bent over the new raised mound, and then rose. Each one lingering and look at the spot where they in death repose, and then departed, leaving them forever. * * *

Two years after the events of the preceding, the Butterfly arrived in port from a cruise, and a wedding took place on the bank of the Connecticut river, at which, Ella Clefford, and another fair girl, were the brides to the Twin-Brothers, who often after recoucted to their children THE TALE OF FORT HILL.

CHARITY.
The plume that decks the warrior's brow
May weep in world of tears,
And fame, with sunny radiance now,
Grow dim in after years;
But thou bright spirit, Charity!
Shalt bloom forever young—
And pale oppression cling to thee,
Thou loveliest child of song.

The tear that hangs in famine's eye,
Thy power shall wipe away;
The pang that springs from sorrow's cry,
Thy healing wing shall stay,
And, thou, sweet spirit, caught from Heaven!
A She shall drop from every eye,
As zephyr from the musk-driven wind,
In blessing on the world.

And when the dark destroyers come
To sweep with clouds of fire,
The trembling mother from her home,
Her children, and their fire—
Then thou, bright spirit, Charity,
Shalt gather round the throng,
And pale oppression cling to thee,
Thou loveliest child of song.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter; and those sentiments of friend ship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

Biographical Curiosity.
It is asserted that the greatest charac ters the world has known, have arisen from obscure origin. The following list in proof of this assertion, might be greatly enlarged, and particularly those who have been, or now are, eminent in the United States,

Gentleness, was the son of a foreman;
Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freeman;
Theophrastus, of an old clothier's family;
Rousseau the poet, of a shoemaker;
J. J. Rousseau, was of a watchman; Rollin, the historian, of a culter; Masson, of a tanner; James Cook of a very indigent peas-
A story is in circulation, and printed, of a neat old lady, who was so very neat that she rubbed her floor with sand until she fell through into the cellar, and broke her leg, causing death.—We don’t believe it.

A schoolmaster of Boston punishes those of his scholars who indulge in a propensity for wrangling, by making them drink cold water, tumble up after tumble down, till they get cool! The same remedy might be advantageously applied to many of the violent politicians of the day.—The experiment of making wooden pamphlets is about being made in New-York. It is intended to cover them with a coat of tar and sand. The plan is after the Russians.

In Pennsylvania, lately, a director of schools would not admit an old lady’s grand-children into the school because the provision of the statute said “children,” unfortunately not mentioning any thing about grand children. A nice distinction, truly.—It is stated in the papers that one man in New-Jersey this year, will realize by his peach crop from $10,000 to $12,000. Very pretty that for one man in the *slag-stones* state.—Somebody has presented to the Norfolk Herald a pippin weighing twenty-four ounces, and measuring fifteen feet in circumference.—The steamboat Com. Perry, burst her boiler in the Detroit river on the morning of the 26th inst. Two cooks and one passenger were disabled to death and one passenger jumped overboard and was drowned. —It is stated that in France, among the young men only 33 in a hundred can read and write.

The mammoth Hotel, in New-York, called Holt’s Hotel, has been sold for $175,000. The property cost Mr. Holt $300,000.—Accounts from the Council Bluffs represent the cholera as making great ravages among the Pawnee and Otto tribes of Indians.—Bunker Hill Monument is progressing. It has reached 69 feet. —Tigers are, it is said, 90 millions of sleep in Vermont, producing $4,000,000 worth of wool.—The ladies of Fall River (R. I.) had a “Clam Bake,” all to themselves, on the 25th ult.—A young wife at Lowell (Mass.) has presented her husband with five children in 11 months.

On the 22d ult. there arrived at Providence from Pawtucket, a saw-ark and tender, with a two story dwelling house, about 30 by 40 feet.

A Mississippi tragedy is going the rounds of the newspapers, of a cat which was shot out of cannon during a celebration at Beaville, in that state. The cat passed from the cannon over the festive board and went through the body of a lady, killing her instantly, and afterwards the cat’s head went through an inch board. The account states the cat to be now alive and well, and that $500 is offered as a reward for the miscreant who was the author of the diabolical cat-astrophe.—Puss must have had a hard head.

**Destruction of Printing Materials.**—Scarcely a week has passed this season, but many of our brother types have suffered from some destructive fire. The Printers in New-York recently had a tremendous hot sweat; and last week the Boston types had an awful singing,—$60,000 worth of stereotype plates, and eight large steam presses were destroyed at the latter place.

**A Portable Church.**—The good people of Ohio came nearer to a realization of the long promised desideratum of bringing the “gospel to every man’s door,” than any body else in the world. The Anniversary Exercises of Oceana College were held lately in a big tent capable of holding 3000 people, and which was pitched during the month of August and September in different parts of the Western Reserve for public worship, where no stationary meeting houses are to be had.

A Boston editor in accounting for the high price of beef, says the whale ships have raised it; and that ships with the fattest beef for the whaling crews, get the best whales. —This is very like a whale!

A route for a rail-road is being surveyed from Cleveland, U. C., to the Rice Lake—and another from Toronto to Lake Sineca.

**Married.**

In Aurelius, on the 1st inst. Mr. Isaac Trufant to Miss Ellen Dumont, all of that place.

In Washington City, on Sunday inst, Mr. Wm. Emmons, (Biographer of Col. Johnson,) to Miss Ann Royal, Editor of the Paul Pry.

Orator Pop has just pop’d in you see,
To the lovely arms of Royal-ty.

**Died.**

In this village on Saturday, the 2d inst. Mrs. Pau- line Miller, mother of Hon. Elijah Miller, aged 85 years.

**NILES of the MISCELLANY** complete from the first No., for sale by the publisher at the subscription price.

**LOOK HERE!!!**—All persons indebted to me, are requested to make immediate payments, as I am thinking it will be for your advantage— I know it will for mine.

Yours Respectfully,

E. A. WARDEN.

Auburn, 29th Sept. 1835.